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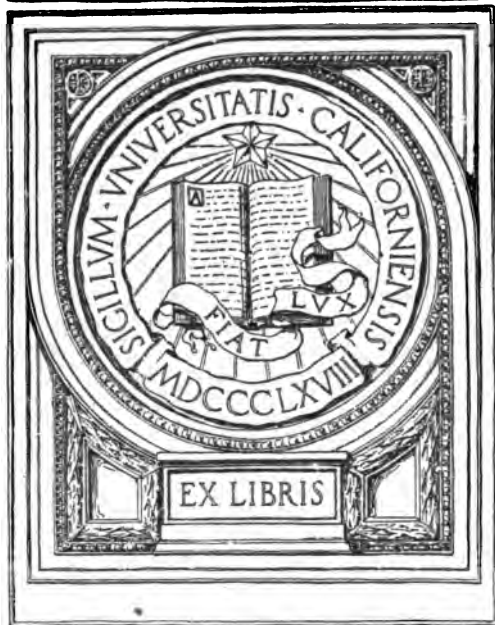
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LACONICS

THIRD EDITION

HANFORD L. GORDON

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Hanford Lennox Gordon
Sept. 1-1913.

LACONICS

(THIRD EDITION)

HANFORD LENNOX GORDON



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PREFACE.

For years I have made a practice of keeping notes of such thoughts and laconic expressions as I deemed worth preserving. Out of the mass I have now sifted and arranged the contents of this volume with additions.

There are not many thoughts in this book that have not been expressed by others in some form. I have aimed to prune and improve, and have perhaps produced a few hybrids.

"Though old the thought and oft expressed,
'Tis his at last who says it best"—Lowell.

I have followed the advice of Horace —

Misce stultiam consiliis brevem.

I have quoted often—perhaps too freely—from my "*Indian Legends and Other Poems.*"

In this edition I have added many apt quotations and have given credit therefor.

Hanford Lennox Gordon.

Los Angeles, Cal.
September 1, 1913.

LACONICS

A

Abuse. Our appetites are for use, not for abuse.
Everything has its use and abuse.

Accept. We must accept things as they are.
—*Napoleon.*

Accident. The accident of an accident.—*Mirabeau
on Robespierre.*

Acknowledgment. If you have done a wrong
thing, do a manly thing—acknowledge it.

Adjectives. He is loaded with adjectives—mostly
superlatives.

Admiration. We always like those who admire us;
we do not always like those whom we admire.
—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Adversity. Only in adversity do we come to know
ourselves.

Adversity leads the wise to prosperity.

The winds of adversity blow egotism out of us.

Adversity winnows out the chaff and the chaff;
the wheat remains.

In adversity—calm; in prosperity—calm.

They that sow in adversity may reap in pros-
perity.

The courage of the brave grows in adversity.

In prosperity beware of your friends; in adversity
they will beware of you.

Prosperity is a great teacher; adversity a greater.
—*Hazlitt.*

Sweet are the uses of adversity.—*Shakespeare.*

Advice. Be careful whom you advise, lest he pursue the adviser instead of the advice.

All can give advice; few profit by it.

"It is more blessed to receive" advice than to give advice.

Seek advice rather than praise.

It is easy to give advice after it is done.

Take a few drops of your own advice.

Nobody charges for advice but the lawyer and the doctor; and the less you buy of them the better.

Don't feed advice to a fool: he can't digest it.

Affectation. We had better appear to be what we are than affect to be what we are not.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Affliction. Strength is born in the silence of affliction.

A proud man, like a generous vine, runs wild and fruitless, unless propped by wisdom and pruned by affliction.

The gem is polished by friction, man by affliction.

The crushed rose gives the sweetest perfume.

The bitters of affliction are a good tonic.

After. It is easy to give advice after the event.

Any doctor can tell what ails you after you are dead.

After-thought. His head is full of after-thought.

Every old hat is full of after-thought.

Age. That man never grows old who keeps youth in his heart.

That man is already too old who has lost confidence in himself.

Agriculture—is the chief foundation of nations.

—*Napoleon.*

Ahead. Hope, ahead; regret, behind.

Look ahead or you will fall behind.

Put your face to the front, and go ahead.

Aim. Take aim or you will waste your ammunition.

Air—airs. Fresh air, free from care, a walk in the sun, and a little fun, are better than pills for you, my son.

Don't put on airs, you will only air your littleness.

All. One thing is a part of all things.

If we knew everything of one thing, we would know all things.

All for each and each for all.

Alms. The best alms you can give a "hobo" is a sledge-hammer and a rock-pile.

Alone. I was never less alone than when alone.

—*After Gibbon.*

Alter. The case is altered; that alters the case.

Ambition. Ambition is the germ of noble deeds.

Ambition may sour, but never satisfy us.

Ambition, the last infirmity of noble minds.

—*Milton.*

Ambition can creep as well as soar.—*Burke.*

Amend. If you would amend men, begin with yourself, and stay with it.

If you have wronged yourself, make amends.

The Legislature cannot amend or repeal the laws of Nature.

Amusements. Innocent amusements are blessings.

Amusement is as necessary to man as labor.

Unstring the bow or else the bow will break.

No man is wise who is not all his life, betimes, a boy.

Anarchy. Anarchy was born in Hell.

Where *Grex* is *Rex* God help the helpless land.

The hundred-headed monster Cerberus.

Mothered of hell and fathered of all fiends.

See Liberty run mad and Anarchy,

Bearing the torch, the dagger and the bomb,

Red-mouthed run riot in her sacred name:

Men lapse to savagery and turn to beasts.

Hell-broth—hag-boiled.

Maelstrom of madness, lazar-howled, hag-shrilled.

Discord, demented, flaps her ruffled wings,

And shrieks delirium to her screeching brood.

—*Men.*

A rattlesnake bit an anarchist's hide;

It was the rattlesnake, not the man, that died.

Mad Murder raves and Horror holds her hell.

—*Men.*

****Men murder-mad

Slay for the love of murder.—*Men.*

Government by the multitude is anarchy.

In time of anarchy a dictator is a savior.

Where law ends anarchy begins.

Republics breed demagogues, thieves, luxury and poverty, and end in anarchy.

Anarchy is a cancer on the body politic.

Ancestry—ancestors.

The further back you trace your ancestors the nearer you get to the brutes.

He has degenerated through a long pedigree from noble brutes.

He apes his ancestor-apes.

The noblest line in Europe runs back to a robber.
Your forefather was Adam.

The son of an illustrious man stands in the shadow of his father.

Praise your noble ancestors less and imitate them more.

The family tree of nobility is like a potato-top—its roots bear all the fruit.

After all, birth is much. "Do we gather figs from thistles?"

From a noble breed a noble steed.

From good seed a good breed.

The virtues of our ancestors are good, but virtues of our own are better.

Our ancestors were fine fellows, but they fought like Kilkenny cats.

He is more deserving than any of his ancestors, and most of them were hanged.

Here is a little man strutting over the bones of his ancestors—turn 'im out in the pasture; green feed is short and the cows need him.

"I can't boasht av me ancestors," said Pat to the English lord, "but I kin boasht av me posterity, fer Biddy an' me hez twinty-wan av 'em."*

If you take pride in your ancestors read back to the baboon.

I am my own ancestor.—*Junot, Duc d'Abrantes.*

Angel. A man may look like an angel and act like a devil.

The on'y time I iver got badly "done up" wuz playin' poker with a feller with a angel-face on 'im.—*Bronco Bill*.

Angels?—I 'spose they hev wings an' tail-feathers like ether birds.—*Bronco Bill*.

Anger. Anger begets anger.

Furious rage is for beasts, not for men.

Life is too short for revenge.

Anger costs too much.

The wise man's anger is like fire from a flint—a flash and no more.

Anger is the last argument of a fool.

Temper anger in "sweet oil."

Never go to bed angry: you had better sit up all night.

An angry man "stirreth up strife," and wounds himself.

An angry man is like one who attempts to quench fire with kerosene.

There is an anger that is just—the anger of truth betrayed.

Anger is the match that kindles a fire that burns a city.

Antagonist. Our antagonist is our helper.—*Burke*.

Anticipation. Anticipation is sweeter than enjoyment.

Why add the burden of to-morrow to the shoulders of to-day?

Look ahead or you will fall behind.

He anticipates in dreams and dines on a crust.

He hez a "broiler" fer breakfast ez soon ez the hen cackles.—*Bronco Bill*.

Antiquity. How many fetters we willingly wear because they were forged by our forefathers!
Go back to antiquity—to the chimpanzee and the gorilla.

If you take pride in your ancestry read back to the cave-dwellers.

Anxiety. Anxiety is the canker of life.

Reasonable apprehension is safer than too confident security.

No shoulders are broad enough to carry the anxieties of to-morrow on top of the burdens of to-day.

Don't borrow trouble of to-morrow.

Aphorism—Apothegm. Aphorisms are distilled thoughts.

Proverbs are the gold dust of ages.

Diamonds from the drift of ages.

Appendix. "Doctor, I suffer with headache after a hearty dinner." "Clear case of appendicitis, Madam: I will call in the surgeon"—(his silent partner).

The author recently received a letter from which I quote: "He was taken to the hospital yesterday P. M., and operated on for appendicitis.

The doctors say the operation was a perfect success. P. S.—He died this morning at 6 o'clock."

Applause. *Vox Populi vox Stultorum.*

It is better to deserve applause than to receive it.
The applause of fools is dispraise.

When men applaud you, ask yourself what you have done.

If you hanker for applause go to the newspapers and buy it.

The echo of his bellow is his only applause.
Applause is the spur of noble minds; the end
and aim of weak ones.—*Colton*.

Apple. You shake the tree in vain: the apples are
gathered.
Don't club the tree after the apples have fallen.

Architecture. In a cottage let use be preferred to
beauty, in a mansion let use and beauty be com-
bined.
The architecture of a nation is an index of its civi-
lization.
Architecture is art.
It is a long way from the wigwam to the Con-
gressional Library.

Ardor. He is a strong man who in a long struggle
can hold his ardor to the end.
Warm up, but don't get hot.
Ardor is good, but fire will scorch.

Argument. Be calm in argument. Anger makes
even truth a fault.
The more noise the less reason.
The truth can always be told in few words.
Winnow the wheat from the chaff.
A clear statement is half the argument.
The last argument of a fool is anger.
—Hear the demagogues,
With brazen foreheads full of empty noise,
Out-bellow the bulls of Bashan.—*Men*.

He has a strong argument—he carries a "big
stick."
It is hard arguing against hunger.

An Irish argument—the shillelah.

The point of his argument is so fine that it requires a microscope to discover it.

The argument of the orthodox is based on faith.

His argyment limps like a hoss on three legs.

—*Bronco Bill.*

A knock-down argument—a word and a blow.

—*After Dryden.*

Aristocracy. Princes and parasites compose mankind;

The herd are parasites of parasites.

God never made two men exactly equal;

A few men are born lords and many underlings.

The mindless herd are but the cunning's tools;

For ages have the learned of the schools

Furnished pack-saddles for the backs of fools.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

He wuz one of them English aristocracy: he wuz born in a brewery.—*Bronco Bill.*

Armor. Let virtue be your helmet and your shield,
And Truth your weapon—weapon sharp and strong,

And deadly to all error and all wrong.

Armed, cap-a-piè, with God's almighty truth.

Arms. In America a coat-of-arms counts less than a pair of strong arms in a coat.

Arrogance. None so arrogant as the beggar suddenly rich.

Ignorance and arrogance are twins.

Art—artist. Artless art is the highest art.

What cometh from the heart goes to the heart;

What comes from effort only is but tame.

Look not for faultless men or faultless art;
Small faults are ever virtue's parasites;
As in a picture shadows show the lights,
So human foibles show the human heart.—*Poetry.*

Nature the only perfect artist is:
Who studies nature may approach her skill;
Perfection hers, but never can be his,
Though her sweet voice his very marrow thrill:
The finest works of art are Nature's shadows still.
—*Poetry.*

Reveal art, but conceal the labor—"Ars est celare
artem."

Nature is the art of God.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

A great artist can paint a great picture on a small
canvas.—*C. D. Warner.*

Aspiration. See Man the picture of perpetual want;
Give him the gold of Ophir, still he delves;
Give him the land, and he demands the sea;
Give him the earth—he reaches for the stars.
—*Men.*

Is there no higher aim than cent pro cent?
Are all our holier aspirations spent?
Most preachers preach from aspiration, not from
inspiration.

Ass. None but an ass will bray.
"Hurry, for I have a horse to shoe," said the
blacksmith to the cobbler mending his shoe;
"And I have an ass to shoe," said the cobbler.
An ass is known by his bray.
The bray of a jackass is music to the whole herd
of asses.

The ass deserves his load.
 A lion never wears the ears of an ass.
 You bray me an ass?—am I your brother?
 To a man, reason; to an ass, a goad.
 An ass looks wise to an ass.
 He was brought up on ass-milk.
 A sorry ass is better than no horse.
 Better an ass that carries us than a horse that
 throws us.—*J. G. Holland.*

Association. "All alone" is better than bad company.

Men catch their manners, like the measles, from
 the company they keep.

Two brave men pulling together are a four-horse
 team.

Association develops men.

It is idle to declaim against great corporations;
 civilization, the welfare of the human race, demand them; they have come to stay.

Atheism. If miracles will convince the atheist, let
 him look about. All God's works are miracles.

Miracles?—Yes, God performs miracles by the
 immutable laws of nature.

Atom. No atom lost and not one atom gained,
 Though fire to vapor melt the adamant,
 Or feldspar fall in drops of summer rain.

—*Beyond.*

The Universe is made of atoms.

The earth is but a grain of sand,

An atom in a shoreless sea;

A million worlds lie in God's hand,—

Yea, myriad millions!—What are we?

—*Fame.*

Audacity. Audacity often wins where merit fails.

Temper audacity with reason.

Audacity and a fool started for the North Pole in a balloon some years ago; they haven't reported yet.

Audacity is the last refuge of guilt.—*Dr. Johnson.*

De l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace!—*Danton.*

Authority. Men always worshiped the rising sun.

"Give unto Caesar that which belongs to Caesar," but if it belongs to you, keep it yourself.

Power is authority.

"You have no authority to arrest me," said a greenhorn to a New York policeman.

"I hain't, sor?—shmell av me stick," replied the "cop."

How often the *ipse dixit* of a little judge becomes authority.

Drest in a little brief authority.—*Shakespeare.*

B

Babble. Care little for the babble of Babylon, care for what Truth can say.

Let the babbler babble.

Babies. The "deadly sin" is to bring into the world a child mentally, morally or physically tainted by heredity.

Quality not quantity—breed children as a wise breeder breeds horses, cattle and pigs, and our prisons and asylums would soon be empty.

Jackrabbits breed in litters, Bob,
An' the niggers an' Chinees,
An' the lazy, lousy "Greasers," Bob,
An', by gosh, why shudn't we?—*Bronco Bill*.

Back. He turns his back on the enemy and slashes
the wind with his sword.

Don't turn your back on the truth and always
face a lie.

Back-biters. Back-biters bite themselves.

Backbone. Backbone is the best bone in your body.

Backward. Don't be backward in coming forward
in your own cause.

A man cannot stand still; he must go forward or
backward.

He is never backward in coming forward when
the dinner-bell rings.

It is sometimes necessary to take a step backward
to get a foothold.

Evolution never goes backward?—It may.

Bad. Nothing so bad as it seems.

Take the most of the best and least of the bad.

Nothing so bad that there is no good in it.

Bait. It is rare to find a fish that will bite a bare
hook.

A golden hook needs no bait.

There is a bait for every fish.

A bullhead will take the bait that a trout will shy
at.

Have your hook always baited;—gudgeons are
plenty in every pond.

Bare—barefoot. If you are barefoot look well to your path.

Bard. Better be a good blacksmith than a driveling bard.

Bargain. Necessity never makes a good bargain.
—*Benj. Franklin.*

Bark. Let the little dogs bark: did you ever hear the moon bark back at the cur?

It ain't the curs thet bark thet bite;
But curs kin start a dog-fight. —*Bronco Bill.*

Bashful. Don't be bashful,—it don't pay.

Bear. Bear and forbear, I counsel thee;
Forgive and be forgiven;
For charity is the golden key
That opens the gate of heaven.

If you kick 'em you will discover the difference
between a skunk and a bear.

Beauty. Beauty needs no letter of introduction.
Beauty is a welcome guest everywhere.—*Goethe.*
Beauty is of itself a power.—*Lew Wallace.*

No blemish, no beauty.
Beauty intoxicates a woman and makes a fool of
a man.
The most beautiful thing is Truth.
Beauty without virtue is a rose with a bad smell.
Beauty—a beautiful soul in a beautiful body.
What good is beauty to the blind?

Beer. The more beer the less bread.

Before. Look before or you will fall behind.
Every old hat is full of regret.

Beg—beggar. The highest price you can pay for anything is to beg for it.
It is a sin against charity to give to every beggar.
Bid the beggar come to-morrow; give to the needy now.

Beginning. Begin well and then keep at it.
It is easier to begin than to finish.
Better begin at the bottom and work up, than begin at the top and work down.
In the beginning a bucket of water will put out a fire and save a whole city.
Few men know when to begin and when to stop.
The beginnings of great things are little things.

Behind. When you are behind, look before;
When you are before, look behind.
Look ahead or you will fall behind.
On the wrong road the faster you go the farther you fall behind.

Behind time. If you are behind time you can't catch the "Limited" by running.
The wise man is never behind time.
Better five minutes ahead than five seconds behind.
I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time.

—Lord Nelson.

Belief. "I dinna ken which end o' 'im to believe," said a Scotchman of a dog that wagged his tail and growled.
Blind belief, what is it but superstition?

We are inclined to believe those whom we do not know, because they have never deceived us.

—*Samuel Johnson*

Bend. Better bend than break.

Benevolence. I relish the dinner I give to a hungry man.

I never gave a poor boy a nickel that it didn't do me more good than it did him.

Best. The best thing a bad man does is his last. If a man is ignorant of what he is, how can he know what is best for him?

The best is the cheapest.

Good is good, better is better, best is best.

In all things there is a bad way, a good way, and a best way.

If you can't have the best, make the best of what you have.

Take the most of the best and the least of the bad.

Betray. When a base man means to betray you, he will be your best friend.

There is an anger that is just, the anger of truth betrayed.

We betray ourselves oftener than others betray us.

Better. Better a skillful blacksmith than a driveling poetaster.

Better go fishing than do nothing.

Better fight than lie down and be run over.

Better a poor bone than no meat.

Beware. Beware of the snare—look a leetle out, und don't put yer fut in it—till it goes off already. —*Hans.*

Beware of the man who comes to you highly recommended by himself.

If he speaks too fair, beware, beware.

Beware of the man you have forgiven; he will never forgive you.

Beware of the man who blows a big mouth and a brass band for the "dear people."

Beyond. The worm that crawls from out the sun-touched sand,

What knows he of the huge, round, rolling Earth?

Yet more than thou, of all the vast Beyond,

Or ever wilt. Content thee: let it be.

Know only this—there is a power unknown—

Master of life and builder of the worlds.—*Beyond.*

That which is manifestly beyond our reach is beyond our desire.

If the grapes are beyond your reach, try a step-ladder.

Bible. The traditions and superstitions of a people are the Bible of that people.

Bigotry. Bigotry is blind in one eye and near-sighted in the other.

Ignorance is ever bigoted.

A bigot and a mule are twin brothers; but the mule is the better man.

Bigotry murders religion to frighten fools with her ghost.—*Colton.*

"Big Stick"—An Irish policeman.

A strong argument, a "big stick."

Big things. It is not profitable to run afar after big things and neglect the little things that lie all around you.

Biography. True biography is the best history.

He is writing his own biography. The outlook is bad for the printer. He has got only to his fourteenth year and he has already exhausted all the capital I's in the print-shop.

Bird. An old bird is ware of a little boy with a gun.

It is only a "dodo" that runs twice into the same net after chaff.

A bird in hand is worth two in the sky.

You can tell an old bird by her feathers.

He's a bird; his head is ful o' feathers.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Bitterness—bitter. Weak men chew the cud of bitterness; strong men eschew it.

Without a taste of the bitter we have little relish for the sweet.

Stolen fruit is always bitter.

The bitters of affliction are a good tonic if you don't take too big a dose.

Blame. In every quarrel both sides are to blame.

It don't take two to have a quarrel; a man can quarrel with himself, and often he ought to.

Blather. Blather and brains don't lodge in the same cockloft.

That barrister has more blather than Blackstone.

If he had more Coke in his cocoanut he would blather less.

Blemish. No beauty without blemish.

Blind. Who takes a blind man for a guide?

Blind courage is dangerous.

We are blind with our eyes wide open.
What good is beauty to the blind?

Blood. Mother England, Mother England, through
the ages blood will tell,
From the spears that baffled Caesar to the field
were Symons fell;
And from rugged Gael and Saxon, brawny Norsk
and stalwart Danes,
Still the blood of Bruce and Cromwell tingles in
our Yankees veins.—*Mother England.*

Blood will tell even in a Hottentot.
His blood is like the juice of a cucumber.

Blood-hound. Blood-hounds behind and the devil
before.
A blood-hound is a harmless pup if he gets his
nose full of red pepper.

Blossom—blossomed. The blossom withers when
the fruit appears.
He blossomed out in the newspapers.
He hed a peach-blossom on the nub of his nose.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Bluff. Bluff is a good dog, but bulldog is better.

Blunder. Youth is full of blunders that old age
regrets.
The mistakes of a wise man are more instructive
than the blunders of a fool.
The man that never made a blunder lacks educa-
tion.
It is more than a crime; it is a blunder.
—*Fouché.*

Blunderbuss. He was a crack shot with a blunderbuss.

Blush. He blushes like a Hottentot.

Better a blush in the face than a blot in the heart.—*Cervantes*.

Boast—boaster. Never boast of what you will do till you have done it.

Don't blow your bugle till the battle is won.

Boat. Fair boats that flutter in the sun your sails,
Piping anon to gay and tented shores
Sweet music and low laughter, it is well
Ye hug the haven when the tempest roars;
For only stalwart ships of oak or steel
May dare the deep and breast the billowy sea,
When sweeps the thunder-voiced, dark hurricane,
And the mad ocean shakes his shaggy mane,
And roars through all his grim and vast immensity.—*Poetry*.

You are in the boat and the devil is at the helm.
Sink or swim, I am in the same boat with you.

"Paddle your own canoe," my boy, and remember
—your boat won't float up-stream without a paddle.

Body. The body will rest if the mind will let it.
Take good care of the body—it's your work-machine.

Bold. All gates open to the bold.

Be bolde, be bolde, and everywhere, be bolde.

—*Spencer—Faerie Queene*.

Be bold, but don't butt your head against a stone wall.

Bone. What is bred in the bone will stay there.
How hard it is for mortals to unlearn
Beliefs bred in the marrow of their bones!

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Backbone is the best bone in your body.
A dog and his bone—let 'em alone.
Go—crack Earth's bones and heave the granite
hills.—*Men.*

I've got it in my bones; I thought it was in-
spiration, but I guess it's rumytics.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Books. The best thoughts of the best minds of the
best Ages are embalmed in books.

Good books are the best counselors.

A book that inspires no thought in the reader is
not worth reading.

Give me good books, baked potatoes and a log-
cabin and I will be content—for a day.

A book that is not worth reading twice is not
worth reading at all.

Many books are to be tasted and some few to be
chewed and digested.—*Bacon.*

The books which help you most are those that
make you think the most.—*Theo. Parker.*

A good book is good company.

Good books are legacies left to mankind.

A good book is like a garden full of flowers.

A good book is good medicine for the "blues."

There be books and books and books, and not
one in a hundred is worth reading.

Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.

—*Milton.*

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.—*Pope*.

The university of these days is a collection of
books.—*Carlyle*.

'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.
—*Byron*.

Borrow. Who borrows money borrows trouble.
Who pays with honor borrows with ease.
Many are ready to lend to the man who has no
need to borrow.
Borrow trouble and pay double.
Who loans much to a friend loses a friend.
Don't borrow trouble, you have enough of your
own.
He borrowed ten dollars from you?—He'll pay
that debt the day arfter Eternity.—*Bronco Bill*.

Boston. Boston is no longer boss-town.
Boston is no longer the "Hub," it's only the tail-
board.

Bottom. Begin at the bottom and climb to the top.
We sink or swim as we deserve; most of us go
to the bottom.

Boy. The boy is the father of the man.
He that is a boy at fifty
Was never very wise or thrifty.
Many a poor boy is ruined by his father's money.
At sixty play with the boys; at eighty play with
the girls.
I wish I war a little boy—
A little boy agin,

Ful uf frolic an' the colic,
 Ful uf soda-pop and sin.—*Bronco Bill.*

Brains. Brain and brawn make a giant indeed.
 You can give a man advice, but you can't give
 him brains to profit by it.
 Brains don't grow on bushes; they often grow under
 a straw hat.
 He wars a number seven hat—mostly filled with
 har.—*Bronco Bill.*

Brass—brazen. He was born in Brassland and
 bred in Brazen College.
 Is this the golden age, or the age of gold?
 The Muses whisper—" 'Tis the age of brass."
—*Poetry.*

Brass glitters; gold glimmers.
 He is as brazen as a brass kettle.

Brave—bravery. A brave leader makes brave men.
 Be brave, but don't be a bravado.
 There are several degrees Fahrenheit between
 bravery and bravado.
 It is fool bravery to butt your head against a stone
 wall.
 He is brave—in the newspapers.
 Oi wuz brave enough, sor, but Oi cudn't kape
 me dom legs from runnin' away wid me.—*Pat*
 None but the brave deserve the fair.—*Dryden.*

Bread.—Seven cities strove for Homer's bones, 'tis
 said,
 Through which the living Homer begged for
 bread.—*Poetry.*

Here mouths without bread, there bread without mouths.

The less beer the more bread.

"Jim Hill is a robber," said the Governor of Minnesota. "While I am giving bread to tens of thousands, you are doing your level best to pull down the bakery," said Hill.

Breeches. When the wife wears the breeches, let the husband wear petticoats.

Without a pair of breeches what is man?

Diogenes' two-legged animal without feathers.

Any man is liable to have a breech in his breeches.

Breed—breeding—bred. Breeding in and in, and out

Will breed a mongrel without doubt.

Why not be as careful of the breed of children as of the breed of dogs?

Wisdom and virtue are the gems, good breeding the setting.

She would breed a fever in the blood of a fish.

We are all of the same breed—our forefathers were gorillas.

Bridge. Make a bridge for your adversary to retreat over.

It is a safe bridge that falls before you get onto it.

If you burn the bridge behind you, your pursuers will have to wait or wade.

Be sure you are over before you burn the bridge.

Broth. Hell-broth, hag-boiled.

Cold clam-juice is better than no broth.

He put poison in his enemy's broth, and drank it himself.

Brute. The further back we trace our ancestors,
the nearer we get to the brutes.
He who is cruel to brutes is himself a brute.
"Et tu, Brutel!" exclaimed Caesar when Brutus,
the brute, stabbed him.

The following is not mine. It was written by
my dear friend, Hon. Henry C. Waite (of St. Cloud,
Minnesota), and ought to be embalmed and pre-
served:

"Ransack creation—in and out—
Through all its crooks and crannies,
You'll never find another brute
As big a brute as man is."

It will take a long time to eradicate the brute in
the human.

Bud. Many a budding genius is nipped in the bud.
If every bud blossomed what a lot of spring poets
we would have!
He would have made a man, but he was blasted
in the bud.

Building. Pride builds a mansion and the loan-
man lives in it.
Don't build a castle till you can pay for it, and
then build it on your own land.
Build for your own eyes and not for the eyes of
others.
Don't build the top story first.
He builded better than he knew.—*Emerson.*

Bull Run. "Oi wuz in the battle of Bull Run; Oi
wuz behint at the Bul, but afore at the Run,
Sor," said Pat.*

Burden. He sighed for the burden, now let him carry it.

A man without a burden is a burden to himself.
You need a burden for ballast.

A ship without ballast is apt to "turn turtle."
Every man's burden is the burden he needs.
The heaviest burden most men carry is their own folly.

We can carry other people's burdens better than our own.

You will never complain of your burden if you like it.

Pad your shoulders with patience and you will carry your burden easier.

Show me the boy that shirks his burden and I will show you a failure.

Burglar. Every artizan to his trade, said the burglar.

The beggar may laugh at a burglar.

The man who leaves his safe open is an accomplice of the burglar.

Keep your money in the bank and the burglar won't burgle it.

Burn. It is better to turn than to burn.

If you haven't any wood to burn, burn chips.

If you put your finger in the fire, don't complain of the burn.

Bush. He beats the bush to frighten a bogey.

Some men are eternally beating the bush after the bird has "fled away."

Money grows on bushes—in "Green"-land.

Business. Know your own business, and attend to it.

Be busy in your business.

Let your principal business be to mind your own business.

When everyone minds his own business, business is good.

Mind your own business and others will mind you.

Men make business and business makes men.

Don't poke your nose into other people's business :
poke it into your own.

He minds everybody's business but his own.

He who minds other people's business neglects his own.

But—butt. Don't butt in with your "buts."

Cut out your "buts" and butt into it.

He would have caught the hare, but he stumbled over a "but."

Don't butt your head against a stone wall.

He fights like a skunk—butt-end first.

Butterfly. She looks like a buttered butterfly.

Butterflies air jist wums thev sprouted wings.

—Bronco Bill.

Buying. Sellers and buyers are both liars.

Don't buy a stray pig in the brush.

Don't buy what you don't need—it is dear at any price.

Buzzard. Follow the buzzards and you will find the carrion.

By-way. He is on the by-way to ruin.

C

Cackle. She cackles before she lays her egg.

She is always cackling and never lays an egg.

It is a sorry roost where the hen crows and the cock cackles.

Calf. Veal should be cheap; calves are plenty.

He worships the golden calf—himself.

He bellows like a bull-calf at the butcher-block.

Calm. Better a tempest now and then than perpetual calm.

Better a little breeze than a deal calm.

He is a good pilot in a calm sea.

In prosperity, calm; in adversity, calm.

A good pilot in a storm may carelessly wreck his craft in a calm.

Calumny. He that escapes the tongue of calumny
May count himself an angel or a naught.

—*Poetry.*

To persevere in one's duty and be silent, is the best answer to calumny.—*Geo. Washington.*

Calumny is a wasp-nest; don't punch it.

Camp—Camp-meeting. It's a cold ride to camp,
Jim, when the jug's run dry.—*Bronco Bill.*

They orter hold culled camp-meetin's in the winter
tu warm up the weather.—*Bronco Bill.*

Candor. Candor gives wings to truth.

Cannon. He fires a cannon at a fly.

Care. Don't cultivate care; it will grow without it.

Careful. Be kearful when you tread on another
man's toes.

Be kearful when yer kick the hind-eend of a
mool.—*Bronco Bill.*

Careless. He who is careless in small things will
fail in great ones.

Cask. Every cask has a bung-hole.

Tap his cask and let the froth out.

A rusty cask may contain good wine.

They are fast turning the wine-casks into water-wagons.

You may fill the cask at the bung-hole and let it leak out at the spigot.

Castle. He that builds castles in the air will seldom build one on land.

A man's house is his castle if it's only a wigwam.

Cat. Don't mew pussy cat to me.

Beware of a black cat and a grey-eyed woman.

Better live with a yawling cat than a brawling woman.

Caught. He set a trap for his adversary and put his own foot in it.

"Oi've cotched a Tartar," yelled Pat from the picket-line. "Bring him in," replied his captain. "Oi can't," said Pat. "Then come in yourself, Pat." "But the dom hathen won't let me," said Pat. This is the origin of "Caught a tartar."

Cause. In a bad cause it is better to lose than to win.

Every effect is due to an unbroken and unbreakable chain of causes.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Caution. Caution may be carried to timidity.

An over-cautious general seldom wins a battle.

Caution is good if you don't take too big a dose of it.

Centenarian. A 100th mile-post on the road to Wisdom.

Chaff. Fools chew the chaff while cunning eats the bread.

Don't spend your time looking for a grain of wheat in a stack of chaff.

Out of a bushel of chaff one little grain of wheat!

The popular breeze catches the chaff.

Chaff me no chaff: I am hungry for bread.

A pint of wheat will feed more hens than ten sacks of chaff.

Chance. He who invests in a lottery takes a slim chance for his money.

In the scheme of Nature there is no chance for chance.

Chance favors the prudent.

In the sea of chance one fishes for cod and catches a herring; another fishes for herring and catches a devil-fish; another fishes for suckers and is caught on his own hook.

Don't take a little chance without a big chance.

Chancery. Chancery is the court of chance.

He is taking a chance in chancery.

Don't take a chance in chancery if you can help it; it costs fifty dollars to get in, and all you have to get out.

Change. Change is the order of the universe.

The voices of the hoar and hurrying years

Cry from the silence—"Change!—perpetual Change."

The sweetest harp of heaven

Were hateful if it played the self same tune

Forever.—*Change.*

Dust of the desert are thy walls

And temple towers, O Babylon!

O'er crumbled halls the lizard crawls,
And serpents bask in blaze of sun.—*Fame.*

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin?"
Bet your small change and hold onto the eagle.
Change is a good thing in your pocket.
The main difference between an "old fogy" and
a mule is this—the mule can change his mind,
but the "old fogy" can't.

A sudden change of climate is good for a defaulter.

Character. Every good character has four corner-stones: Truth, Charity, Self-denial, Fortitude.
We build our own characters. From the same materials one man builds a palace, another a prison.

Our reputation is what people say of us, our character is what we are.

If character be rooted in truth, the flower and fruit thereof will be beautiful.

Character may make a reputation, but reputation don't make a character.

To have a right estimate of a man's character, you must see him in adversity.—*Napoleon.*

Charity. Let your charity begin with your wife.
Our Christian charity has broadened into crime.
The ultimate result of modern Christian Charity continued will be to fill the world with weaklings, lunatics and criminals.

"God help you" is cheap charity.

Most men are charitable—to themselves.

It is a sin against charity to give to every beggar.
Have a little charity for the sane, the industrious and the frugal.

Charity for the criminal encourages crime.
Bear and forbear, I counsel thee,
Forgive and be forgiven;
For charity is the golden key
That opens the gate of heaven.

The only word written by Jesus
Was Charity—writ in the sand.—*Charity.*

Chase. He chases three hares at once—all running
in different directions.

He chased a phantom all his life and never caught
it till the Devil caught him.

Chase the Devil around a stump and he will catch
you by your coat-tail.

Chatter. She chatters like a bluejay on a corn-crib.
I had rather listen to a chatterer than a flatterer.
Chatter-boxes hold nothing but noise.

Cheap. What seems cheap may prove dear.
Nothing is cheap that you do not need.
A bargain-counter is a pick-pocket.
Most women would buy butterflies and go hungry
if somebody said they were cheap.
Cheap is a great cheat.
Cheap is a dear shop to trade in.
The cheapest way tu git rid uf yer pore relashin is
tu turn 'em over tu God's mercy.—*Bronco Bill.*

Cheerfulness. 'Tain't easy to be cherful with the
toothache.—*Bronco Bill.*

Cheerfulness is the child of good health and good
heart.

He's as cheerful as a corpse.

Chickens. Stray chickens come home with few
feathers.

He counts his chickens as soon as the hen cackles.
 Mrs. Meloney's spring-chicken was a goose.
 She is just featherin' out, but she cackles like an
 old hen.

"I'm no spring-chicken," said the "grass-wider."

Child—children. The child is pleased with a rattle,
 and so is the man.

Little children—little babies;

Men are only bigger babies.

Sweet is the lute to him who hath not heard

The prattle of his children at his knees.—*Men.*

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

To have a thankless child.—*Shakespeare.*

Suffer the little children to come unto me.—*Jesus.*

Why not be as careful of the breed of children as
 of the breed of dogs?

Jack-rabbits breed in litters, Bob,

An' the Niggers an' Chinees,

An' the lazy, lousy "Greasers." Bob,

An', by Gosh, why shudn't wei—*Bronco Bill.*

Christianity—Christian. In some things the teach-
 ings of Christianity conflict with the laws of
 Nature:

Christianity would save the imbecile, the idiot,
 the hopelessly insane and the criminal. Nature
 decrees the survival of the fittest.

The doctrines of Jesus cannot repeal or amend the
 laws of Nature.

The ultimate result of modern Christian Charity
 continued will be to fill the world with weak-
 lings, lunatics and criminals.

His christianity was muscular.—*Disraeli.*

Church. The modern church is a good social club.

We build churches to honor ourselves.
The choir sing psalms to praise themselves.
Most preachers preach for themselves.
A great preacher is a great teacher.
Jesus was a great teacher, so was Confucius.
Whenever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;
And 'twill be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

—*De Foe.*

Circle. Eternity is a circle without circumference.
The universe is a circle without diameter or circumference.

He talks in a circle and never reaches the end.

Circumstances. Napoleon made circumstances?
Circumstances made and unmade Napoleon.
Men think to mend their condition by change of circumstances.

They might as well hope to escape their shadows.

—*Froude.*

Man is not the creature of circumstances,
Circumstances are the creatures of men.—*Disraeli.*
Man is a creature of a thousand whims,
The slave of hope and fear and circumstance.

"I'm broke, pard: I'm the victim uf circumstances." "But yer made 'em yerself, Jo."

—*Bronco Bill.*

City. In the city we long for the country; in the country we pine for the city.
The devil is in the country; more's the pity,
For the devil's surely in the city.
Cain—the slayer of his brother—built the first city.

Great cities are hot-beds of crime and corruption.
 Great cities are full of little men.
 The country feeds the city—with "garden-sass"
 and greenhorns.

Civility. Nothing costs less and pays better than civility.

Civility costs nothing and buys much.

Civilization. What is civilization? A coat of varnish on the hide of the brute.

Climax. He deals in superlatives and always caps the climax.

Climb. You must climb as you crept—on your hands and knees.

The higher he climbs the further he has to fall.
 The higher he climbs the plainer yer kin see the biggest part uf 'im.—*Bronco Bill.*

Clinch. He clinches his argument with his fist.

Cloak. If you would see men as they are, look under their cloaks.

Under the cloak of virtue vices creep,
 And wolves become the shepherds of the sheep.
 Hypocrisy always wears a cloak.
 We patch the cloak of truth with many a lie.

Clothes. An' ez fer clo'es, Mynherr, he chose
 A cow-skin fer his "kleid," Bob;
 The women wore knee-petticoats,
 An' bare skin underside, Bob.—*Bronco Bill.*

A tailor can make a coat, but only God can make
 a man to wear it.

Thar goes a suit uf clo'es struttin' down the street.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Clouds. There will be some cloudy days. Don't worry.

If there were no clouds we would tire of the sunshine.

Truth, like the sun, is often under a cloud.

Coach. In a coach at twenty; on foot at forty.

Coals. Don't waste your wind blowing cold coals.

Coat. Have your coat cut according to your pants.

If your tongue is sour coat it with honey.

Look out for vice in a swallow-tail coat.

He wore a swaller-tail coat an' tew patches under it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Cobbler. He gave his awl, 'twas all he had to give.

Better be a good cobbler than a poor lawyer.

Cock—cock-sure. It is a poor coop where the cock cackles and the hen crows.

He is one of those cock-sure fellows whose cock-lofts want tenants.

Cocoanut. That lawyer has no Coke in his cocoa-nut.

There is no milk in your cocoanut.

College. 'Tain't no use tu send a brayin' ass

Tu any college-school,

Fer the less he knows the more he knows,

Like any ether fool.—*Bronco Bill.*

When the "Kid" came home from College he fired Latin at the flock, and *forte dux fel flat in guttur.*

Abraham Lincoln went through college in a log-cabin.

I wonder whar all them college-bred fellers thet air ridin' brake-beams an' sleepin' in hay-stacks cum frum.—*Bronco Bill.*

Colt. He prances like a colt in clover.

Every old hoss was a colt once.

Let the colt prance—he'll feel the straps soon enough.

Thet colt was born an "old hoss."—*Bronco Bill.*

Cold water. A scalded cur is afraid of cold water.

Combine. Thar ain't no show fer a pore mortal no more: the doctors, the drugists, the surgeons an' the undertakers hev all combined, an' the preachers hev applied tu git into the "Trust."

—*Bronco Bill.*

Combustion. He is in a chronic state of spontaneous combustion.

Command. Keep cool and command.

He who commands himself will command others.

I always commanded myself.—*Napoleon.*

Common law. Common law is common-sense.

Common sense. The most uncommon thing is common-sense.

Wisdom is common-sense.

Fill the basement with common-sense, and the upper floors with learning.

Communism. Civilization is founded upon the right of the individual to acquire and enjoy property.

Communism would send us back to barbarism.

Communism prevails in the lowest barbarism—among the natives of the Cannibal Islands and the Hottentots of Africa.

Communists demand the equal division of unequal earnings.

Communism is Socialism, and Socialism leads to Anarchy.

Socialism would destroy the right of property, the family relations and the aspirations of men.

Socialism would pull down the highest to the level of the lowest.

Men are not created equal any more than the beasts of the field or the trees of the forest.

The survival of the fittest is the law of Nature.

Communism destroys ambition and without ambition man becomes a brute.

Company. The man who is tired of himself seeks worse company.

Better alone than in bad company.

Suit your conversation to your company.

A good book is good company.

Men catch their manners, like the measles, from the company they keep.

Compensation. If the poor man sometimes lacks a dinner, the rich man often lacks a stomach for it.

If you are proud of your acquirements look up to those above you; if dissatisfied with your lot, look down on those below you.

Nature compensates; she gives every man his due.

Complaint. When we stop to complain fortune forsakes us.

Complaint cures nothing.

Conceal. He conceals his teeth with a mouthful of flattery.

The revealed is concealed and the concealed is revealed.

Conceit. The more one boasts of himself, the less others boast of him.

Self-conceit is a cheat, but it always cheats itself.

Self-conceit is first cousin to a fool.

Self-conceit is nursed in small brains.

Concentrate. Concentrate on one thing at a time.
Concentration is power.

Condemn. The vicious are swift to condemn the faults of others.

Hear before you condemn.

Every tale an' true his-story

Allus hez tew sides ontu it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Confessor. We like to be confessor to others, but not to ourselves.

Confession. He is a wise man who confesses to himself and makes amends.

Confident. It is well to be confident, best to be sure.

Conflict. There is an "irrepressible conflict" between science and superstition.

Conjecture. Feed me not on conjecture; give me a spoonful of fact.

Conquer—conqueror. If your enemy is noble, conquer by kindness; if brutal, by force.

The wise conqueror shields the conquered.

To conquer the conquered is a coward's victory.

He is a strong man who conquers himself.

Conscience. Conscience is a constant witness, but rarely comes into court.

Most men fit their conscience to their acts.

He should send his conscience to the laundry.

Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all.

—*Shakespeare.*

Consistency. It is better to be right than consistent.

He was born an ass, and continues consistent.

Constancy. Constancy in the right is one of the cardinal virtues.

Content. When we are content with ourselves we are content with our neighbors.

Ef yer ain't content with biled beans an' bacon, yer wudn't be content with fried fish an' "flap-jacks."—*Bronco Bill*.

Contentment. Men seek for silver in the distant hills,

While in the sand gold glimmers at their feet.

O man, thy wisdom is but folly still;

Wiser the brute and full of sweet content. —*Men*.

Contentment is the philosopher's stone that turns all it touches to gold.

Ah, sweet content the blessing of the blest,

Upon thy cheerful table, east or west,

Corn-cakes and baked potatoes make a feast.

—*One Hundred Years Ago*.

Contentment is the wisdom of the wise.

Contrast. We judge by contrast: all things go by pairs.

Convention. They allus open a Dimecratic convention with a corkscrew.—*Bronco Bill*.

Conversation. Say the right thing at the right time.

If you would be a good conversationalist, be a good listener.

Suit your conversation to your company.

Conversion. Sudden conversions are shams.

Cooks. God sends meat and the devil sends cooks.

—*John Taylor.*

Coquette. A coquette is a woman without heart
who makes fools of men without brains.

Cork. He wuz frum Cork, an' we cudn't cork 'im
up.—*Bronco Bill.*

Corn. Where weeds grow corn will grow.

The farmer grows corn on his field; the dude
grows corn on his toe.

"How's the corn-crop?" asked Bronco Bill of a
corn-doctor.

Corporation. It is idle to declaim against great
corporations. Civilization and the welfare of
man demand them. They have come to stay.

The state is a great corporation; we are all stock-
holders in it; but we better "look a little out"
or the directors will get away with the divi-
dends.

Counsel—counsellor. Take counsel of the night.

If you counsel others follow it yourself.

Fear is a bad counsellor.

Don't give counsel to a fool—he knows more than
you do.

Take good counsel and keep it.

Count. Counts don't count in America.

Counts are of little account, and most of the
barons are barren.

When you are angry count sixty and hold your
tongue.

Country. The large city is the maelstrom of vice
into which the country pours its youth.

The country feeds the city—with "garden-sass"
and greenhorns.

My religion is to do good; my country is the world.—*Thomas Paine.*

Courage. The brave man is never a blusterer.

Men admire courage and despise a coward.

Courage and caution win the battle.

Courage is a better man with his fist than a coward with a cudgel.

Fortify courage with patience.

The courage of the brave grows in adversity.

Blind courage is dangerous.

I dare do all that may become a man;

Who dares do more is none.—*Shakespeare.*

Cousin. A poor man has few cousins.

I niver wanted ter git rich, Jo, fer

I'd hev tu many cuzzens.—*Bronco Bill.*

Courts of justice. I know a little squint-eyed judge
just big enough to wiggle on the bench.

How often cross-eyed Justice hits amiss!

The brass-band demagogue advises "the dear people" to appeal from the courts to the mob.

Cover. Truth drives the liar under cover

When it rains split shakes are better than no cover.

Coward. None but a coward kicks a man that is down.

To conquer the conquered is a coward's victory.

Fate likes to stab a coward in the back.

A tyrant is always a coward.

A coward has the courage of a rat: a rat will fight when driven into a corner.

Fortune hates a coward.

Cowards invite defeat, the brave command victory.

Crab—crab-tree. The timid man walks backward
like a crab.

The crab-tree may bear pippins if well grafted.
He allus wore a crab-apple face on 'im.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Craft. Craft and cruelty are twins.

Craft often puts his own foot in it.

Crank. Full of isms and schisms, he has humors
in his blood and tumors in his brain.

Creation. In the perfect circle of creation not an
atom is lost.

Credulity—credulous. Credulity is as natural to a
fool as milk to a calf.

Promises are pitfalls to the credulous.

Creed. I believe in the creed of Nature.

Men make the creeds, but God ordains the law.

Aye, all the creeds of politics or priests

Can't make one error truth, one truth a lie.

Above all cant, all arguments of men,

Above all superstitions, old or new,

Above all creeds of every age and clime,

Stands the eternal Truth—the creed of creeds.

—*Men.*

Men fit their creeds to their interests.

Creep. Under the cloak of virtue vices creep.

Cowards creep—men walk upright.

You must creep till you can walk.

Crime. Crime begets crime, as good begets good.

Fear is the constant shadow of crime.

For the same crime one man goes to the gallows,
another to a throne.

Vice leads to crime, yet we wink at vice and abhor crime.

He that defends a crime commits a crime.

Punish crime to protect the innocent.

Criticism—critics. He who looks only for faults will never find beauty in anything.

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

—*B. Disraeli.*

A man must serve his time to every trade,

Save censure—critics all are ready-made.—*Byron.*

Critics are cleaners of other men's clothes.

Critics are divided into bees and spiders: where the bee finds honey, the spider gathers venom.

Fair criticism is like a fanning mill that separates the wheat from the chaff.

Average literary criticism is like stale beer.

Every slop-wash on a newspaper considers himself a critic.

A critic is a literary detective.

"You know who the critics are? The men who have failed in literature and art."—

—*Benjamin Disraeli.*

Crisis. "What will we fire at?" asked the sergeant.

Didn't you har Cunnel say that the Crisis hez cum? Fire at the Crisis!" Capt. Bragg at the battle of Buena Vista —*Bronco Bill.*

"Hev we come tu the cry, Sis?" said the cow-boy to his half-breed sweetheart.

Cross. He's hankerin' for a "Cross of Gold" and would wear a "Crown of Thorns" to get it.

Crow. The bantam ruster does the most crowin'.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Crowd. If you are in the crowd, crowd ahead.
Don't wear corns in a crowd.

Cruelty. Cruelty is born of cowardice.
He who is cruel to dumb brutes is himself a brute.
The cruelty of Nature is kindness.
Human kindness is sometimes cruelty.
I must be cruel only to be kind. —*Shakespeare.*

Culture—cultivation. Culture is to the man what
cultivation and pruning are to the vine.

Cunning. Fools chew the chaff while cunning eats
the bread.

The mindless herd are but the cunning's tools,
For ages have the learned of the schools
Furnished pack-saddles for the backs of fools.
—*The Reign of Reason.*

The cunning man always gets cheated.
Cunning sets a trap for others, and puts his own
foot in it.

Cup. He quaffs the cup of bitterness and smiles.
Yer can't git tew drinks out uf an empty cup.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Cur. To a yelping cur a bone or a bat.
A scalded cur is afraid of cold water.
Be a mastiff if you will—a cur—never.
When the old dog barks the curs begin to yelp.

It ain't the curs thet bark thet bite,
But curs kin start a dog-fight. —*Bronco Bill.*

Cure. Complaint cures nothing.
There is no cure for the follies of youth but age.
When nature cures the doctor sends in his bill.
One doctor may cure—three kill.

Curses. Curses, like chickens, come home to roost.

Custom. We march to the music of the times.

All men are slaves; yea, some are slaves to wine,
And some to women, some to sordid gold,
But all to habit and to customs old.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Custom rules men; fashion, women.

Custom is a tyrant.

I notice, Jim, thet in polytics an' religin it's gittin'
tu be the custom tu cuss.—*Bronco Bill.*

Cycle. All things move in cycles.

Cypher. In the column of units most men are
cyphers.

It takes more than a million cyphers to make one
unit.

D

Dainties. Unbought dainties are the best.

Dally. Don't dally with danger. -

His name wuz Dally, but he didn't dally when the
dinner-bell rung.—*Bronco Bill.*

Danger. Meet unavoidable danger half-way.

Take danger by the horns.

In danger, valor; in peace, charity.

Fear danger afar off; when it approaches, face it.

In dodging one danger don't run into another.

In safety beware of danger.

When the danger is past the praying is over.

Fear doubles the danger.

Don't dally with danger.

Dark. Lo in the midst we stand: we cannot see
 Either the dark beginning or the end,
 Or where our tottering footsteps turn or trend
 In the vast orbit of Eternity.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

If you are in the dark, hark.

Day—to-day. To-day is ours; to-morrow?—to-morrow?—there is no to-morrow.

“I have lost a day,” mourned a great Roman:
 Most of us lose half our days.

Every day in your life is worth saving.

He spends his money to-day and makes it to-morrow.

Dead. He that waits for dead men’s shoes will
 have cold feet.

Don’t embalm a dead jackass.

Pity not the dead, but the living.

It is only the dead that never come back.

—*Napoleon.*

I think he is dead, said the doctor; I’ll cut him
 open and find out.

“Whin Oi’m dead,” said Mike, “I don’t want te
 be buried alive.” *

Dear. He paid dear—very dear for his whistle.

—*Franklin.*

Death. We know not what life is; how may we
 know

Death—what it is, or what may lie beyond?

And is there life beyond this life below?

Aye, is death *death?*—or but a happy change

From night to light—on angel wings to range,

And sing the songs of seraphs as we go?

Alas, the more we know the less we know we
 know.—*The Reign of Reason.*

Matter to matter, mind to mind returns.

"One of the few"—the noble few—

That never ought to die.

—Telegram of author on the death of Hon. Henry
C. Waite, of St. Cloud, Minnesota, 1913.

Death passes the brave and catches the coward.

This king of terrors is the prince of peace.

—*Young—Night Thoughts.*

Debt. The highest price you pay for anything is
to run in debt for it.

You can't pay your debts by borrowing.

If you are in debt you don't need an alarm clock.

If you would sleep sound keep out of debt.

Pay your debts first and give presents afterwards.

From a bad debtor take what you can get.

Keep outer debt an' keep outer jail.—*Bronco Bill.*

Pay the debt uf Natur? I don't owe Natur nothin',
she never done nothin' fer me.—*Bronco Bill.*

Deceit. I had rather be cheated now and then, than
to believe all men rascals.

He who begins by deceiving others will end in
deceiving himself.

If one attempts to deceive you let him believe you
are deceived.

Who deceives others deceives himself.

Deception deals in generalities.

Deceit is the weapon of the weak.

Little minds deal in deceit.

It is easier to deceive ourselves than to deceive
others.

Decency. Virtue and decency are close kin.

Deception. We deceive ourselves oftener than we
deceive others.

If you deceive others you will deceive yourself.

Self-deception is a pitfall dug by yourself.

O what a tangled web we weave.

When first we practice to deceive.—*Scott*.

Decimals. It takes more than a million decimals to make one unit.

Decision. The man who does not learn to say "No" will be a Nobody.

It is easier to say "No" than to say "Yes" and suffer for it.

When you are in doubt it is safe to refuse.

Take pride in saying "No" when you ought to say it.

Don't sit a-straddle the fence—decide.

In a doubtful case defer decision.

Deeds. I care little for words: show me his deeds.

One good deed is a stepping-stone to another.

What we have done makes us what we are.

Great deeds are the stepping-stones to fame.

Good deeds are good seeds.

Let your deeds praise you, your tongue, never.

Words are cheap; deeds are dear.

A bad deed is seed sown for bad weeds.

Virtue without deed is gone to seed.

Deeds are more eloquent than words.

One evil deed opens the door for many.

A man is the heir of his own deeds.

Deep. He dives deep and brings up mud.

His reasoning is so deep that he can't fathom it himself.

Defeat. In every great cause defeat is the first step on the road to victory.

Grim in disaster, bravest in defeat.—*Pauline*.

To a brave man defeat is the first step to victory.

Defects. All great men have defects; you have a few yourself.

Defense—defend—defender. He that defends his own rights defends mine.

Defend what you have fairly won.

If your enemy "smite you on one cheek," turn the other and—defend it.

Delay. To-morrow is the first day in the fool's calendar.

While you delay the opportunity slips.

To delay is to forget.

Delay is dangerous—with a pack of wolves in the rear.

If you are angry—delay.

If you are in serious doubt—delay.

The cat caught the rat by delay.

Deliberation. Consider deliberately; act promptly. Deliberate promptly when occasion is urgent.

He was always deliberating and never did anything else.

Deluge. After us the deluge.—*Mme. de Pompadour.*

Delusion. The phantom Delusion flits ever before us and beckons us on.

When a little man gets a delusion he hangs to it like a dog to a bone.

Fools feed on delusions, wise men on facts.

Demagogue. In a republic demagogues spring up like toadstools.

The prime object of the demagogue is to gain the applause of the mob; and he will fit his own conscience to the applause.

The demagogue is always with us.

Hear the demagogues
Fist-maul the wind and weather-cock the crowd;
With brazen faces full of empty noise
Out-bellowing the bulls of Bashan.—*Men.*

Demand. Yield to the demand of your own conscience.

He demands double pay for being honest.
Every hour makes a demand on us.

Democracy. In a democracy, as in a caldron, the scum rises to the top.

In all history Democracy has proved a tyrant.
The mob is a many-headed brute.
Democracy is a failure—the masses must be led
and controlled by strong and wise leaders.
It is as natural for men to follow a leader as it is
for sheep to follow a bell-wether.
Where *Grex* is *Rex* God help the hapless land.

—*Men.*

Descent. The gardener Adam and his wife

Smile at the claims of long descent.—*Tennyson.*

Desert. Even in the desert of Sahara there are wells and garden-spots.

There is water in "Death Valley" if you dig for it.
Dust of the desert are thy walls
And temple-towers, O Babylon;
O'er crumbled halls the lizard crawls
And serpents bask in blaze of sun.—*Fame.*

Desire. That which is manifestly beyond our reach is beyond our desire.

Man often desires that which he ought to dread,
and dreads that which he ought to desire.

Our ardent desires spring from our passions.
We easily imagine what we earnestly desire.

Despair. Despair comes to the coward, never to the brave.

Come foul or fair, come trouble and care,
No—never a sigh or a thought of despair.

—*Chickadee.*

Despatch. Despatch is the soul of business.

—*Chesterfield.*

Despise. If you despise your neighbors, your neighbors will despise you.

If we despise the world, the world will despise us.
Despise not trifles; there are no trifles in this world.

Despotism. The rule of the majority is often the worst of despotism.

There is no despotism like that of the many-headed monster—the mob.

Despotism sits nowhere so secure as under the effigy and ensigns of Freedom.—*Landor.*

Detraction. Detraction crushes the weak, but braces the brave.

Devil. The devil is always in a hurry.

There is a devil in every kernel of corn.

There is no devil like a she-devil.

Give the devil his due and he'll get you.

"The devil be damned," is what we preach, you know it—

At mass and vespers, holy-bread and dinner;
From priest to pope, from pedagogue to poet,
We sanctify the sin and damn the sinner.

—*The Devil and the Monk.*

"He's ez bad ez the divil made 'im, an' a dom sight worser," said Pat.

When the devil is taking a nap, go softly.

If the devil were dead who would feed the priest?

The devil is dead, but the poor still pay Peter-pence.

The devil is still abroad in the world; his other name is *Ignorance*.

Don't dam the devil, Jim: ef thar war no devil thar wudn't be no religin an' no priests.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Thar uster be on'y one "devil" in printin' shops an' now they air ful uv "devils."—*Bronco Bill*.

"Where are ye goin', Pat?"

Pat: "Me boy Tim hez rooned away and gone te the divil, an Oi'm follyin' afther 'im." *

Diamond. He will read and range and rhyme in vain

Who hath no dust of diamonds in his brain.

Truth sparkles in his song and like a diamond gleams.—*Poetry*.

He polishes a pebble and imagines it a diamond.

Diamonds are only stones; 'tis the glitter we prize.

When I see a feller's name scratched on a pane uf glass,

I know he hed a diamond, and his mother hed an ass.—*Bronco Bill*.

Dice. Don't shake dice with the devil.

Diet. To a hungry man a fish is as good as a fowl.

Don't let the doctor diet you into the dump-hole.

What is good for the stomach is good for the liver.

Dictator. In times of anarchy a dictator is a savior.
Nature is the dictator and we have to "fall in."

Difficulty. Difficulties are spurs to a brave soul.
Difficulties surmounted become pleasures.
Difficulties surmounted prove the man.
Many things difficult to design prove easy to perform.—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

Diffidence. Be modest, but don't be diffident.
Self-respect and self-reliance are cardinal virtues.

Diligence—diligent. If the weaver is diligent Fortune will furnish the thread.
Don't be diligent in doing nothing.
Don't be diligent in a bad cause.
Be diligent in good works and others will help you.
Diligence is the mother of good luck.—*Smiles.*

Dime. A dime saved is a dollar earned.
Ten cents make a dime—ten dimes make a dollar—put the dollar in the Savings Bank.

Dinner. The best hour for dinner is when you are hungry.
He lived on faith and dined on moonshine.
A dinner lubricates business.—*Lord Stowell.*

Dirt-dirty. He that flings dirt fouls his own face.
He is a dirty dog that slanders a woman.
Never cast dirt into the well from which thou hast drank.—*Hebrew Prov.*

Send your dirty shirt to the wash-tub.
He wuz a great polytician; he cud eat a peck uf puddin' with his friends an' a peck uf dirt with his enemies.—*Bronco Bill.*

Disappointment. Our lost hopes are stepping-stones to peace.

Disappointment is the lot of every one,—try it again.

Disappointment weakens the weak, and braces the brave.

Discontent. God never intended men to be content; discontent spurs us forward.

The improvements of man are caused by discontent.

Discretion—discrete. Discretion is a safe guide. Zeal without discretion is an ass without a bridle.

A discrete man says less than he knows.

A discrete woman wears cotton in her ears.

Disease. Vanity is a disease—most people catch it. If health were only “catching,” instead of disease!

Disgrace. The fear of disgrace, more than the love of virtue, deters men and women from vice.

Dishonesty. The apparent success of the dishonest is a temptation to fools.

Disparagement. He who disparages himself to others expects praise.

Dispraise. The applause of fools is dispraise.

Dispute. In a hot dispute he argues best who says the least.

Distance. Men seek for silver in the distant hills,
While in the sand gold glimmers at their feet.

—*Men.*

Distant danger is too often despised.

Distrust. To think and feel we are able is usually to be able.

Don't distrust yourself.

Distrust the "sweet oil" fellow, and the woman with virtue on her tongue.

Divinity. There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.—*Shakespeare.*

Do. Do it yourself.

When a man is no longer anxious to do better than well, he is done for.—*B. R. Haydon.*

Do better today, or you will do worse tomorrow.
Make at least an ear of corn grow where none grew before.

Do and it will soon be done.

Do something worth doing.

Whatever you do do wisely.

It is not enough to will, we must also do.—*Goethe*

Nothing is done in which there yet remains something to be done.—*Napoleon.*

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.—*Chesterfield.*

Half-done is un-done.

Doctor. If you send for a doctor you will be ill ;

If you send for two, better make your will.

Keep your heart warm, your head cool, and defy the doctors.

"I am waiting for a patient like Patience on a monument," said a young doctor to his Irish servant.

"An' whin ye gits 'im," said Pat, "it won't be long afore the monument be on the patient." *
Death is the only doctor that cures all.

Nature cures the disease and the doctor sends in his bill.

The doctor's bills are as bad as his pills.

"Plaze give me a dose av yer midicin, dochter."

"What kind, Pat?" Ony kind ye carry, dochter."

"What is the matter with you, Pat?" "Oi'm weary o' fightin' wid Biddy, Sor, an' Oi'm dyin' te be kilt." *

Nobody charges for advice but the lawyer and the doctor, and the less you buy of them the better. The best doctors in the world are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman. —*Swift*.

The doctor cured the disease by killing the patient.

Any doctor can tell what ails you after you are dead.

"I have a dangerous case," said the doctor. "Sure ye hev thot, dochter, an' it's yer midicin-case," said Mrs. Maloney. *

"What is your practice?" asked a young doctor of an old one. "I practice on my patients," replied the honest old doctor. *

"Doctor, I have a sore toe." "Sure sign of appendicitis, sir: I will call in a surgeon." (*his silent partner*.)

It is the latest fad fer every doctor tu hev his head ful uf serums an' micrabs.—*Bronco Bill*.

Dog. Don't kick a mad dog.

Let a barking dog sleep on the back porch.

If you must be a dog, be a bull-dog.

When the dogs bark hold your tongue.

Poor people keep dogs to eat the bread of their children.

"I dinna ken which end o' 'im to believe," said a Scotchman, of a dog that wagged his tail and growled.

A barking dog scares the game.

Every dog needs a master.

A dog at his bone, let him alone.

When an old dog growls, beware.

When the old dog barks the curs begin to yelp.

"Cavey, cane 'em," yelled the "Soph," when the dogs barked at the Latin professor.

("Cave *canem*"—beware of the dog.)

Seekest thou a faithful friend?—get thee a dog.

Dog-fight. It's a dog-fight: I bet on the bull-dog.

It ain't the curs thet bark thet bite,

But curs kin start a dog-fight.—*Bronco Bill*.

Dollar. Better a dollar to-day than a promise of two to-morrow.

We still worship an idol—"the Almighty Dollar."

Done.—Nothing is done until it is finished.

What is done is done, and be done with it.

Better be done right than be half-done in a hurry.

What is not well done is not done at all.

Better undone than half-done.

Door. A wasteful cook will throw food out of the back door as fast as you can bring it in at the front.

Don't open the door of your heart to everybody.

When suspicion creeps in at the back door confidence walks out at the front.

Doubt. Doubt is the mother of truth.

In doubt, delay.

Some people are always in doubt and never get out.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.—*Tennyson*.

Down. Lie down and the world will run over you.
It is easier to get down than to get up.
Only a coward will kick a man who is down.
The man who goes down and rises again is made
of good stuff.

Three times down an' three times up:
Yer better tackle sum ether pup.—*Bronco Bill*.

If we could slip up-hill as easily as we slip down-
hill we would all be at the top.

Doxy. Keep your "doxy;" I have a "doxy" of my
own.

Orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is another
man's doxy.—*Bishop Warburton*.

Every preacher hez his "doxy," an' some on 'em
hez three er four.—*Bronco Bill*.

Dream. Oh, let me dream the dreams of long ago.
And still a phantom haunted all my dreams,
Awake or sleeping, for awake I dreamed.
I dreamed a dream, and in my dream I dreamed
That all my dreams are dreams—mere idle dreams.
Dreamed!—O my soul, and was it all dream?
Dreams will do for a midnight "lunch," but give
me eggs on toast for breakfast.

Dregs. As with poor wine so with the populace—
agitation brings the dregs to the top.

Dress. The Hottentot is in full dress—Nature was
his tailor.

A dress-suit on a donkey.

Jist think of that!—a stove-pipe hat,
Ez slick ez greased with lard, Bob:

Kid gloves, silk tie, and sich ez that
Stuck ont'er our ole pard, Bob.—*Bronco Bill.*

If it were fashionable to go naked women would
appear in public in the full-dress of Nature.

He wore a swoller-tail coat an' tew patches under
it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Drift. It is easier to drift than to stem the current.
Politicians are mostly drift-wood.

Drone. We work one day for ourselves and two
for the drones.

Drive the drones out of the hive.

Drunkenness—drunkard. Fools marry drunkards
to reform them.

Drunkenness is voluntary madness.—*Seneca.*

A man can get drunk on vanity.

Men get drunk on success.

Dude. When the dude came home from Harvard
it rained Latin, and *forte dux fel flat in guttur.*

Dudes will dawdle and girls will giggle.

He's a young dude—a dandy in diapers.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Dupe. A shrewd judge of men is easily duped by
a woman.

He is duped by himself.

Duplicity. No man can stay long on both sides of
the fence.

Ole pard Teddy don't fergit it;

An' don't yer take the chance:

Carry worter on both shoulders,

An' yer bound tu wet yer pants.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Duty. Daily duties are as wholesome as daily bread.

There is no path of safety but the path of duty.

There is strength in every duty done.

Duty and happiness are linked together.

Do the duty which lies nearest.

Not religion as a duty, but duty as a religion.

—*Adler.*

There is the plow of duty: put your hands to it.

On the rock of duty stand steadfast.

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty; I woke,

and found that life is Duty.—*E. S. Hooper.*

“Thank God, I have done my duty.”

—*Last words of Lord Nelson.*

The boy that shirks his duty will prove a failure.

In dreary camp, on weary tramp,

With “forty rounds” and blistered feet,

Through thicket, flood and fever-fen,

On picket in the rain and sleet,

In bloody fight, in sore defeat,

You did your duty:—ye were men. —*Message, etc.*

He wuz allus ready tu du his duty when he cudn’t

shirk it.—*Bronco Bill.*

E

Ear. All ears and eyes and no tongue.

She cocks her ears for scandal.

Against gossip stuff your ears.

Early rising. Better to rise late and be wide awake,
than to rise early and be half asleep.

“The early bird catches the worm,” but it’s the
early worm that’s caught.

Earn. Earn what you eat, and eat what you earn.
It is easier to wear a title than to earn it.
Don't wear what you haven't earned.

Earth. The earth is but a grain of sand,
An atom in a shoreless sea;
A million worlds lie in God's hand,
Yea, myriad millions: what are we?—*Fame*.
Let us possess the earth before we reach out for
the stars.
We draw our mother-milk from Mother Earth.
The Earth is the mother of us all:
We are born from her womb, and sleep in her
bosom.

Easy. An easy trot goes far in a day.
You can't be easy doing nothing.
It's easy enough if you have the tools and know
how.

Eating. You can reach most men's hearts through
their stomachs.
The poor man toils to get food for his stomach;
the rich man to get a stomach for his food.
A good eater, a good worker.
Don't eat your own heart—try a hen's gizzard.
Don't live to eat, but eat to live.

Eccentricity. Eccentricity in dress or manners is
vanity or insanity.
A monkey's tail is no prettier for being painted
red.
Long-haired poets are out of fashion.
Genius and eccentricity are not twins.
He wuz an eccentric "cuss;" he writ poetry an'
wore long har an' kid gloves, an' tew patches
on the seat uf his pants.—*Bronco Bill*.

Echo. His grandfather was a great man; he is an echo of an echo.

She warbles to the echo—her only applause.

Where are we?—Echo answers *Where!*

Ebb. Every flow has an ebb.

When the tide is in catch fish, when it ebbs dig clams.

Economy. If your out-go exceeds your income, you will soon touch bottom.

Economy and industry turn iron into gold.

Economy and industry are the philosopher's stone.

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.—*Jesus (St. John. Chap. 6, v. 12.)*

Education. Our education begins when we are born and ends when we do.

Education is our only salvation.

Study Nature and get educated.

No man ever finished his education.

Mistakes educate us.

The only way to get education, is to educate yourself.

Observation and experience are the best educators.

Let mental and physical training keep even pace.

Don't stuff your mind; pack it carefully.

Fill the bag with wheat and there will be no room for tares.

Abraham Lincoln went through college in a log cabin.

Just-out-of-college—"I have finished my education." Young man, you have finished before you begun.

True education teaches the useful and the good.

Eel. You have an eel by the tail; hold him if you can.

Effect. He doctors the symptoms, not the disease.
Few reason from effect to cause, or from cause to effect.

Every effect is due to an unbroken and unbreakable chain of causes.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Effort. What cometh from the heart goes to the heart;

What comes from effort only is but tame.—*Poetry.*

Nothing done without effort.

Let your efforts be directed by reason.

Effort will not turn a donkey into a race-horse or a mud-hen into an eagle.

Mis-directed effort is time and money wasted.

Eggs. "They are egging him on," said a wag, when they rotten-egged a stump-speaker.

Don't sit on stale eggs,—let the old hen do that.

It takes a long time to hatch stale eggs.

He wuz allus lookin' fer aigs in last'year's bird-nests.—*Bronco Bill.*

Said Pat to Mike at a lunch-counter: "Thim dom biled eggs hez checkins in 'em."

"Spake aisy, Pat," said Mike, "er they'll charge ye extra fer the checkins." *

Egotism. Egotism is near-sighted.

Self-praise stinks in the mouth.

Let thy deeds, and not thy tongue, praise thee.

Better overrate than underrate your own worth.

Why shouldn't a man admire himself? if he is "the noblest work of God."

Don't imagine yourself the center of gravity.

He is so ful uf himself thet he hain't go no room
fer common-sense.—*Bronco Bill*.

Eloquence. True eloquence consists in saying the
right thing in the right way, at the right time,
and the right place.

When the heart speaks the tongue is eloquent.

Truth is always eloquent.

Her eyes were eloquent.

Emancipation. The will was the will of God, the
hand was the hand of Lincoln.

Emergency. Be prepared for emergencies.

Look out for the unexpected.

Employment. A life of employment is a life of en-
joyment.

Be employed at something if it is only in kicking
yourself.

The feller thet don't wanter work cain't find a
job nowhere.—*Bronco Bill*.

Empty. When his belly is full his head is empty.

Don't drop your bucket into an empty well.

It is hard drawing wine out of an empty cask.

It takes too long to get a drink out of an empty
jug.

End. In the beginning look to the end.

Let the means and the end justify each other.

Don't monkey with the tail-end of a wasp.

It takes him too long to get to the tail-end of his
tale.

Bronco Bill's dog, Tiger, had his tail bitten off
by a bear. "Never mind it, Tiger," said Bill.

"Thar's a divinity thet shapes our ends."

Enemy. Conquer your enemies, but do not humiliate them.

Fight your enemies to make them your friends.
Study your enemies.

Men are often our enemies because they do not know us.

When you lose an enemy you gain a friend.

If you are wise you will learn more of yourself from your enemies than from your friends.

You are bound to love your enemy, but you are not bound to put your finger in his mouth.

He makes a rope of sand to bind his enemy.

He that dallies with a cunning enemy puts his foot in a trap.

Friends and enemies are both useful to a wise man.

He who can do you no good as a friend, can do you harm as an enemy.

If your enemy is a man, make a friend of him, if he is a dog, kick him and he will be your servant.

An enemy in front—an enemy in the rear,—go ahead.

Divide your enemies; unite your friends.

Among enemies sleep with your eyes open.

Your worst enemy wears your hat.

Enjoyment. Moderate enjoyment is real enjoyment.

Joy to see others enjoy.

What you enjoy is yours and that is all.

Ennui. Ennui is the mother of many vices.

Enough. He will have enough to do who tries to please everybody.

Enough is enough ; more is too much.
 Happy is he, as wise Horatius sung,
 To whom God gives enough with sparing hand.
—Men.

You have talked enough, now go at it.
 Enough is often too much.

Enterprise. Plan with care ; execute with vigor.
 The highest mountain lessens as we climb.
 Enterprise bridges the rivers, tunnels the mountain,
 and spans the continent.
 Enterprise and energy know few failures.

Enthusiasm. How can he kindle others who himself
 is a dead cinder?
 Enthusiasm has done wonders.
 Enthusiasm without sense is a lunatic,

Envy. The envious are always inferior.
 Envy will find faults where there are none.
 Envy, like the moth, seeks the fairest fruit.
 Envy is a witch that bewitches herself.
 Envy is the thorn of little minds.
 Better be envied than pitied.—*Herodotus.*
 Who ever envied a man with a brawling wife, or
 a boil on his nose?

Epicure. The epicure empties his purse into his
 belly.

Equality. Hear mobs of idlers cry—"Equality!
 Let all men share alike ; divide, divide."
 Pull down the toiler, lift the idler up?
 Despoil the frugal, crown the negligent?
 Offer rewards for idleness and crime?
 And pay a premium for improvidence?—*Men.*

There is no equality,—no two men, or women, are just alike.

Equality? No two grains of sand are exactly alike.

Equity. Equity is measured by the mind of the judge; and the little judge takes technicality for equity.

Error. Wise men err, but fools persevere in error.

Error is temporal; Truth, eternal.

The errors of a wise man are more instructive than the blunders of a fool.

To detect error start with the truth.

Escape. "At the battle av the B'yne not a mon av me company escaped alive, except four thot wuz drowned in the river.—*Captain Connor.*

Eternity—eternal. Eternity is represented in a moment of time.

Lo, in the midst we stand; we cannot see

Either the dark beginning or the end,

Or where our tottering footsteps turn or trend

In the vast orbit of Eternity.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Measure eternity by the town clock!

Eternity will not give back the hours you squander.

Eternity is the eternal *Now*.

The next day after eternity.

Eternity's tu long; thar ain't no stoppin'-place on the road.—*Bronco Bill.*

Eulogy. In his eulogy of the dead he endeavored to build a monument for himself.

Events. In the events of today behold the hand of yesterday.

Do right ; be just ; fear not—events will take care of themselves.

If you cannot control events, you can profit by them.

Keep your eye to windward ; get on the right side of events.

Everybody. Don't try to please everybody ; the Almighty couldn't do that.

Better be a kicking mule than everybody's ass.

Everybody says what nobody knows.

Everybody's business is nobody's business.

Everybody likes to shake hands with a hand full of money.

Don't make your business everybody's business.

Everything. Everything has its use and its abuse.

Everything is a part of everything.

"Everything comes to him who waits." So?—

I know a lot of men who are waiting yet—in the grave-yard.

He looks into everything and sees nothing.

Evidence. Before you decide hear both sides.

Compare statements with probabilities.

Men will color ; men will distort ; men will conceal ; men will lie ; look for the ear-marks of truth.

Truth is plain-spoken, falsehood, evasive and fulsome.

Strong circumstantial evidence rarely deceives the wary.

Evil. Commingled the good and the evil ;

Sown together the wheat and the tares ;

In the heart of the wheat is the weevil ;

There is joy in the midst of our cares.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

Wisdom will find good in evil. —*Shakespeare.*

An imagined evil is a real evil.

One evil deed opens the door for another.

Good and evil are born from the same womb and
rocked in the same cradle.

Evil-speaking. He who speaks evil will do evil.

Evolution.—Evolution never goes backward.

We have “evoluted” from an atom to an ape.

Evolution is a law of Nature.

Exaggeration. Some men’s jackrabbits are always
antelopes.

Blowhard’s badger is a bear.

Exaggeration weakens the tale.

The minnow he failed to land was the biggest bass
in the lake.

He allus ketched the biggest fish that never wuz
in the pond.—*Bronco Bill.*

Example. We echo what we hear and ape what we
see.

When one goose gabbles the whole flock follows.

Excellence. Excellence is the reward of patient
work.

Excuse. His excuse is lame; it needs crutches

His excuse accuses him.—*From the French.*

Execution—execute. The best of plans may be
spoiled in execution.

Plan deliberately—execute promptly.

“Jist in time,” said the sheriff, when the pardon
arriv ten minits arfter the execution.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Expediency. The lawful is not always expedient;
the wrongful never.

Expense. The thriftless boor keeps three dogs and
one pig.

Figure the expense and count your pence.

Experience. Fools call their folly experience.

We are often prophets to others and fools for our-
selves.

To most men experience is like the stern lights
of a ship which illumine only the track it has
passed.—*Coleridge*.

Experience is the true wisdom of nations.

—*Napoleon*.

Experience keeps a dear shop, but fools will learn
in no other.—*Franklin*.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry,
Than experience to make me sad.—*Shakespeare*.

Personal experience is the fool's schoolmaster.

The wise are taught by reason, most men by ex-
perience, fools by nothing.

Weigh it in the scales of experience.

He got tew black eyes an' a battered mug, but he
gained experience.—*Bronco Bill*.

Extremes. Oppose extremes; don't let the tail wag
the dog.

Extremes beget extremes.

In all extremes there lies between

The middle way—the "golden mean."

Avoid extremes—especially the extreme end of a
wasp.

Eye. The eye is the index of the soul.

You can see the lie in his eye.

The tongue can keep a secret better than the eye.
You can see a coward in his eye.

Seek ye the fairest lily of the field,
The fairest lotus that in the lakelet lies,
The fairest rose that ever morn revealed,
And Love will find—from other eyes concealed,
A fairer flower in some fair woman's eyes.
—*Love Will Find.*

We are blind with our eyes wide open.
Remember that other people have eyes too.
Other people's eyes cost us more than our own.
—*Benjamin Franklin.*

F

Face. Keep your face to the front.
Face the devil and he will flunk.
Our faces, like mirrors, reflect ourselves.

Fact. One fact discovered is a lamp to light the way
to others.
An ounce of fact is worth a ton of fiction.
We mold facts in our own molds.
A new fact is a new revelation.
Every fact fits in with all other facts.
Facts are tools for the wise.
Facts! facts! we are all looking for facts, but not
with the same eyes.
Let your mind feed on facts.
His imagination furnishes his facts.
His fancy fabricates his facts.

Fail. He who is careless in small things will fail in
great ones.

Failure. It is only the fool that never fails.

He was born a failure.

Remember your failures are your stepping-stones
to success.

If you fail don't flunk: "Pick the flint and try it
again."

Fair. He plays fair and picks your pocket.

He speaks too fair and I'll beware.

The fairest flower is without fruit.

Faith. Faith is the foundation of society.

Blind faith is strongest in the weakest.

Blind faith is the religion of fools.

Have faith in yourself.

He lived on faith and dined on moonshine.

Fall. Fall and the world will laugh; rise and it will
applaud.

A wise man will never fall twice in the same ditch.

He that is down needs fear no fall.—*Bunyan.*

Fain would I climb, and yet I fear to fall.

—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

(written on a pane of glass, and under it Queen
Elizabeth wrote—"If thy heart fails thee, climb
thou not at all.")

False. Although true, be cautious about stating
that which appears to be false.

Falsehood. It is easier to detect falsehood than to
find the truth.

When falsehood baits her hook with bits of truth
she catches gudgeons.

Truth can afford to go naked; falsehood needs fine
clothes.

In most falsehoods there are grains of truth.

Fame.—Seven cities strove for Homer's bones, 'tis said,
Through which the living Homer begged for bread.—*Poetry.*

Fame is a coy goddess that rarely bestows her favors on him who seeks her— a phantom that many pursue and but few overtake.

Rear monuments of fame or flattery—

Think ye their sleeping souls are made aware?
Heap o'er their heads sweet praise or calumny;

Think ye their moldering ashes hear or care?
—*Poetry.*

For fame men piled the Pyramids;

Their names have perished with their bones;
For fame men wrote their boasted deeds

On Babel bricks and Runic stones,

On Tyrian temples, gates of brass,

On Roman arch and Damask blades,
And perished like the desert grass

That springs to-day—to-morrow fades.—*Fame.*

Alas alas, for all things pass, and we shall vanish, too, as they;

We build our monuments of brass and granite,
but they waste away.—*Minnetonka.*

The Pyramids themselves have forgotten the names of their founders.—*Thos. Fuller.*

Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

—*Shakespeare.*

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.—*Socrates.*

Fame is as fickle as the babble of men.

Fame is but the breath of the populace, and often smells of garlic.

He was famous—immortal for a day.
 There is but a step between fame and infamy.
 He wrote a book despising fame and put his full
 name on the title page.

He went huntin' fer fame an' got intu jail.
—Bronco Bill.

He fit fer fame, an' thar ain't a echo uf his name.
—Bronco Bill.

Familiar. Be civil to all, sociable to many, familiar
 with few.—*Franklin.*

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
—Shakespeare.

Family. A family should be "*unica velut arx*"—one
 like a citadel.

Don't pickle me in a family jar.
 If there is ferment in the family jar add "sweet
 oil" and clap on the cover.

It's a poor coop where the hen crows and the cock
 cackles.

Far-away—far. Faraway is the happy land,
 Where hares come leaping to your hand,
 And ducks drop ready roasted.
 Fine are the fields that are far away.
 It is only in a far-away land that lemons and sugar
 and ice grow on the same tree.
 When a fool goes far fer a wife he most allus
 gits another.—*Bronco Bill.*

How far is your son going, Pat? He's goin' te the
 divil, an' Oi dunno how far it is. *

Farce. When the farce is played out, let the cur-
 tain drop.

It is only one step from farce to tragedy.

Fashion. We dance to the music of the times.

Novelty sets the gabbling geese agape,
And fickle fashion follows like an ape.
When Nero's wife put on her auburn wig,
And at the *Saturnalia* showed her head,
The hair of every dame in Rome turned red;
When Nero fiddled all Rome danced a jig.

—*Poetry.*

If it were the fashion to go naked, most women
would follow the fashion.

Fashion wears out more clothes than work.

Bread is cheap, fashion is dear.

Nature requires little, fashion much.

Fashion and custom are the biggest items in our
family expenses.

Fate. Whet your knife on the threshold of fate.

Fight not against fate; it is better to bend than
to break.

There is no armor against fate.

Between the cup and the lips stands fate.

Don't clutch the wheel-spokes of fate; try the
rear end of an express train.

Father. A hard father, a hardy son.

He worked hard all his life to make his sons
sports and spendthrifts.

"My *forefathers* were noblemen," said the Eng-
lishman to Pat;

"An' ef yer methur hed bin a onisht 'oman yez
wudn't a-hed but wan av 'em," said Pat. *

Fault. Look not for faultless men or faultless art;

Small faults are ever virtue's parasites;

As in a picture shadows show the lights,

So human foibles show the human heart.

—*Poetry.*

If we had no faults we wouldn't be hunting for faults in others.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.
—*Carlyle*.

His faults are such that one loves him still the better for them.—*Goldsmith*.

Small faults are little thieves.

The faultless man was born tomorrow.

They that do nothing spend their time in finding fault with others.

We remember the faults of others and forget our own.

Men are prone to remember your faults and forget your virtues.

We can hide our faults from ourselves easier than from others.

The man without faults is in the cemetery.

He's a critic—hunting for faultless faults.

Great men too often have greater faults than little men have room for.—*Landor*.

They say best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad.—*Shakespeare*.

Where love is scarce faults are plenty.

If the best men's faults were written on their foreheads,
it wad mak 'em pull their bonnets owre
ther eyes.—*Scotch Prov*.

He is all fault that hath no fault at all.

—*Tennyson*.

Favor. If you cannot grant a favor asked,—refuse graciously and without delay.

A handsome woman finds favor among men, and but little among her own sex.

He is out of favor with himself and everybody else.

Fear. Brave Red Cloud is only afraid of fear.

—*The Feast of the Virgins.*

Fear turns the black sheep into a bear.

Fear multiplies the enemy ten-fold.

When fear enters wisdom departs.

Fear makes a wolf out of a jack-rabbit.

Conceal your fear under a bold front.

Fear is a bad counselor.

Fear doubles the danger.

He wuzn't afeard uf nuthin', he cud run faster
nur ary Injun on the plains.—*Bronco Bill.*

Feast. He who comes after the feast must be content with the bones.

A frog's leg is a feast for a Frenchman.

Baked potatoes and salt make a feast for a hungry man.

Too late to the feast,—the dogs have the bones.

After the feast, bones—bones.

Ah, sweet content—the blessing of the blest—

Upon thy cheerful table—East or West —

Corn-cakes and baked potatoes make a feast.

Feather. He fans with a feather and imagines he has started a hurricane.

Fine feathers make fine birds.

She is all fads and feathers.

His cockloft is full of feathers.

Fetter. Even golden fetters become hateful.

He who forges fetters for others may wear them himself.

We all wear fetters—some of iron, some of gold.

Fickle. The wife that is fickle is soon in a pickle.

Fiddler. Every fiddler thinks his own fiddling the finest.

When Nero fiddled all Rome danced a jig.

He fiddled—and fiddled—his fiddle-de-de.

Fight. A Frenchman fights before he reasons;
A Scotchman reasons before he fights;
An Irishman fights for the fun of it;
And an Englishman fights when he thinks he can
whip his enemy.

Fightin' like divils for conciliation,

An' hatin' each other for the love of God.

—Charles Lever.

It is better to fall fighting than to be shot in the
back.

Said Pat: "Oi'm niver so much at pace as whin
Oi'm in a foight." *

The main thing in this world is to fight a good
fight.

Men are prone to fight; even wolves agree among
themselves.

"War yer in the battle of Bull Run, Pat?"

"Sure Oi wuz."

"An' whar waz yer, Pat?"

"Oi wuz behint at the Bul an' afore at the Run." *

Figure-head. How often the head figure is a mere
figure-head.

Finery. A foolish woman is known by her finery.

Finite. In the finite find the infinite.

Fire. Fight fire with fire.

There is no fire in the flint till steel strikes it.

An angry man is like one who attempts to quench
a fire with kerosene.

Under ashes fire.
Fire in the heart, smoke in the head.
Fire won't burn without fuel.
A little hot-head will sometimes kindle a big fire.
Look out for a fire in the rear.
He fired in the air, but the little dogs barked.
A little fool can start a big fire.

Fish. The fish the fisherman fails to land is the
biggest fish in the pond.
Fish with a silver hook.
Don't try to catch a trout with a chunk of pork
on a pot-hook.
The easiest fish to catch is a "sucker."
Keep your net set and you'll catch fish while you
sleep.
Don't fish whar thar ain't no fish.—*Bronco Bill.*

Flag. Every man for the flag and the flag for us all.
Brave Captain Bragg war ez witty a wag
Ez iver smelt gun-powder under the flag.
—*Bronco Bill—War with Japan.*

"Oi'm flaggin' the inemy," said Pat, as he ran to
the rear with the colors.

Flattery—flatterer. We dislike those who flatter us
too much, and hate those who don't flatter us
at all.

There is no such flatterer as a man's self.—*Bacon.*
Flattery corrupts both the receiver and the giver.
—*Burke.*

Imitation is the sincerest flattery.—*Colton.*

A flattering mouth worketh ruin.—*Solomon.*

A man that flattereth his neighbor, spreadeth a
net for his feet.—*Solomon.*

He that is much flattered soon learns to flatter himself.

A man who is too deaf to hear good counsel will hear flattery a mile off.

The only flatterer I fear is myself.

Shrewd men flatter us to our friends, that it may come to our ears.

Flatterers are the parasites of the powerful.

Flattery is fit pap for fools.

We can flatter no one so easily as ourselves.

The worst flatterer is he who flatters the masses.

Flattery will not hurt us if we don't flatter ourselves.

When Nature changes her nature you may trust a flatterer.

He conceals his teeth with a mouthful of flattery.

Flea. "I not like ze fleas," said Yacob's "best girl" on the sand at Long Beach. "Ich auch," said Yacob, "ze bite not bodder me mooch, aber I not can sleeb mit zat leedle tam valk—valk—valk—on mein beins und belly all ze night." *
 "Uncle Isaac," of Los Angeles, went fishing at Redondo on Sunday. He returned with only one little smelt. "Ach, Ikey," said his wife, "du bin hev cotch nur ein leedel fisch? You not cotch no more bites?" "Ach, Gott—yah," said Isaac, "I cotch more als ein tousant flea-bites."*

Flies. If you would catch flies sugar your sauce.

Flies can annoy a lion.

He's alive—thar ain't no flies on 'im.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Flinch. Never flinch, however much you fear.

It's a "cinch,"—inch by inch—

Win your way and never flinch.

Flock. When one duck flies the flock follows.

If you want to control the flock catch the bell-wether.

Any feather-head can follow the flock.

Flower. The flower must fade before the fruit appears.

The fairest flowers are rarely the sweetest.

Foe. We are sharpened by the files of our foes.

Fight a foe to make a friend of him.

He makes no friends who never made a foe.

—*Tennyson.*

Follow. Follow the bees and you will find the hive.

Follow the crows and you will find the carrion.

Men, like geese, follow the flock.

Folly. When we laugh at the follies of others let us look at our own.

One man's folly is another man's fortune.—*Bacon.*

Food. Feed neither mind nor body continually on the same food.

Flattery is fit food for fools.

It is better to discover a new food for man on earth than a new star in the sky.

Feed a vain man on flattery—it's plum-puddin' to him.

Fool. Fools chew the chaff while cunning eats the bread.

For ages have the learned of the schools,

Furnished pack-saddles for the backs of fools.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

The fool acts first and asks advice afterwards.

A fool is often as dangerous to deal with as a knave.

Fools follow the opinion of others, wise men think for themselves.

Only fools are born wise.

There is one crop that never fails—the crop of fools.

A fool walks with his mouth open and his eyes shut.

He who discovers that he is a fool has found the right road to wisdom.

Some men talk like philosophers and live like fools.

Even a wise man may sometimes make a fool of himself.

When nature gave him a long tongue and a little brain she meant him for a fool.

There is no cure for a fool.

The fool finds a stone wall in his way by bumping his head against it.

God bless the dampfools, Jim; they're road-signs fer ether folks.—*Bronco Bill*.

Every fool has a goose that lays a golden egg to-morrow.

A fool blames others for his faults; a wise man blames himself.

The land of fools is the paradise of knaves.

He is a fool who gets two black eyes to blacken one of his enemy.

The young fools call their elders the old fools.

A fool friend is often more dangerous than an enemy.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.—*Pope*.

No creature smarts so little as a fool.—*Pope*.

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.—*Shakespeare*.

A fool may ask questions that a wise man cannot answer.

Nae man can play the fule sae weel as the wise man.—*Scotch Prov.*

When Carlyle was asked the population of England, he replied—"Thirty millions—mostly fools."

When Senator ——— was asked at the end of the campaign of 1912, what he thought of the supporters of Col. Roosevelt, he replied—"About four millions 'damphools', demagogues, and lunatics."

Thar's no fool like a ole fool when a she fool gits onter 'im.—*Bronco Bill.*

Foolish. It is a foolish chicken that runs to the fox for protection.

Forbearance. Bear and forbear, I counsel thee;
Forgive and be forgiven,
For Charity is the golden key
That opens the gate of heaven.—*Charity.*

There is a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.—*Burke.*

If he calls you a fool, forbear; if he calls you a liar, hit 'im.

Forefathers. "Oi can't boasht av me forefathers," said Pat, "fer Oi dunno who the divil they wuz, but Oi kin boasht av me posterity fer Biddie an' me hez twinty-wan av 'em." *

Foremost. In politics the foremost is soon the hindmost.

The hindmost in the fight is the foremost in the retreat.

Fore-sight. File your fore-sight; your hind-sight is good enough.

His fore-sight is blunt, but his hind-sight is fine.
If our fore-sight were as good as our hind-sight we would seldom miss the mark.

Most men have hind-sight, some fore-sight, and a rare few circum-sight.

Yer cain't see half ez fur with yer foresight ez yer kin with yer hind-sight. —*Bronco Bill.*

Fore-thought. Patch the roof before it rains.

The fore-thought of a fool is always behind.

A little fore-thought is better than a sore head.

Forewarned. Forewarned, forearmed.

Forgetfulness—forget. His forgetery is better than his memory.

To delay is to forget.

We cannot always forget what we do not wish to remember.

It is best, at times, to forget what you know.

—*Publius Syrus.*

Forgive. Let there be no room in thy heart for the memory of a wrong.

Never does the human heart appear so strong and noble as when it foregoes revenge.

It is easier to forgive those who have injured us than those whom we have injured.

The offender seldom forgives.

Forgiveness is commendable, but some men need licking.

Forgive, but don't forget.

If you would be forgiven, forgive.

Bear and forbear, I counsel thee,

Forgive and be forgiven,

For Charity is the golden key
That opens the gate of Heaven.—*Charity.*

Fortitude. Fortify yourself with fortitude and Fortune will favor you.

Fortune. A fortune is often a misfortune.

When fortune blows, hoist your sails.

He is a shrewd man who knows how to make a fortune; a wise man who knows how to keep it; but he is wisest who knows how to enjoy it. The way to court fortune is to meet her half-way. Fortune rarely smiles on him who complains of her.

Friends and fortune fly together.

Fortune often knocks at our door, but most of us are out or asleep.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

—*Shakespeare.*

Fortune makes him fool whom she makes her darling.—*Bacon.*

The way to gain the favor of fortune is to compel it.

When you are at the top of the hill all roads lead downward.

A small fortune is safer than a big one.

How often fortune plays the coquette—smiling at first, and mocking afterwards.

Weave diligently and Fortune will furnish the thread.

When fortune knocks at the door be ready to let her in.

Fortune sells what she seems to give.

He is waiting for a fortune—with a hole in his hat and a patch on his pants.

Forward. A man cannot stand still; he must go forward or backward.

Forward!—Forward!—That is the word that wins the victory.

Don't be backward in coming forward in your own cause.

Fountain. If you want pure water go to the fountain-head.

He starts his fountain with a cork-screw.

Fox. The fox never gets caught twice in the same trap.

Under the bait the old fox smells the hidden trap.

Foxy. He was so foxy that he outwitted himself.

Freak. A truly wise man is a freak of nature.

Freedom. The word Freedom has covered a multitude of wrongs.

True Freedom is the right to do right.

French. "Do you understand French, Pat?"

"Sure Oi duz ef ye spake it in Oirish."

Friction. Men of mettle are polished by friction.

Pour a little "sweet oil" on the friction-point.

Friend—friendship. A true friend divides our sorrows and doubles our joys.

A friend that frowns is better than a smiling enemy.

How many friends are like the swallows that make their nests under your roof in summer and in autumn fly away.

We never know the value of a true friend till we lose him.

I have one friend I can depend on—he is in my pocket.

Be your friend's friend, but not the friend of his faults.

He has a hundred friends of his fortune to one of himself.

A summer friend is a friend to feed;

A winter friend is a friend indeed.

Fear your friends and face your enemies.

Friendship is a plant that needs watering.

Friendship can't stand long on one leg.

True friendship is like pure wine; the older it grows the stronger it grows.

The man who has no need of friends will have many.

A fool friend is more dangerous than an open enemy.

Friends and enemies are both useful to a wise man.

My friend is my brother of my own choosing.

A friend's face is a good mirror.

In prosperity beware of your friends, in adversity they will beware of you.

Between true friends, truth—nothing but truth.

You will never find a friend without a fault.

The friendship you have to buy is seldom worth the price.

The friend who tells you your faults is the friend to tie to.

Friendship is but a name. I know well that I have not one true friend. As long as I continue in power, I may have as many friends as I please.—*Napoleon.*

Be slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing.
—*Franklin.*

There are three faithful friends—an old wife, an old dog, and ready money.—*Franklin.*

True friendship is a plant of slow growth.

—*Geo. Washington.*

A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—*Dr. Johnson.*

I would not enter on my list of friends the man that needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—*Cowper.*

Faithful are the rebukes of a friend.—*Solomon.*

He who merits friends will find friends.

Everybody's friend is nobody's friend.

A true friend "sticketh closer than a brother."

The friends thou hast, and their adoption proved,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

—*Shakespeare.*

(I think Shakespeare wrote the word "*hooks*" instead of "*hoops*.")

Frog. Better be a big frog in a little puddle, than a little frog in a big puddle.

Froth. When the pot boils the froth comes to the top.

The mob is like lager beer—the froth on top.

All froth and no beer.

Frugality. He is the least in want who wants the least.

Save your pennies and your pennies will save you.

Fruit. The blossom withers when the fruit appears.

The fairest fruit may have a worm in it.

The best fruit ripens late.

Don't pluck the apple till it is ripe.

The fig-tree that fails to bear—root it out,—plant potatoes.

Every family tree bears some bad fruit.

Fury. Let rage waste itself in idle fury.

Fury is fit for wild beasts, not for men.

Future. The future grows out of the present and the past.

An old man's future is in the past.

He that would judge the future must know the past.

It is well that the future is concealed.

Lo in the midst we stand: we cannot see

Either the dark beginning or the end,

Or where our tottering footsteps turn or trend

In the vast orbit of Eternity.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

The Future is written in the past.

We are linked to the infinite past and the infinite future.

Take care of the present and the future will take care of itself.

With his eyes on the future he stumbles through the present.

G

Gain. In a bad cause it is better to lose than to gain.

Dust to Dust:

What is gained when all is lost?

What have you gained if you strive and struggle
all your life to gain a fortune for prodigals to
squander?

Gambler. A gambler is a pickpocket; in the end he picks his own.

Garment. Everyone assumes a garment of virtue,
if it is only a fig-leaf.

Garden—gardener. God made the first garden and
Cain built the first city.

Every man and woman ought to be a gardener.
We are all in God's garden; let us root out the
weeds and plant potatoes.

God Almighty first planted a garden:
It is the purest of human pleasures.—*Bacon.*

General—generalship. Napoleon showed his great-
est generalship in selecting his marshals.

A good general commands himself.

"What makes a good general? asked Lincoln.

"Bull-dog," said General Grant.

Generation. A generation is like a swarm of gnats
—born in June—dead in October.

Generous. He who gives to every beggar beggars
himself.

Vanity is the well-spring of much generosity.

He who gives publicly likes to see his name in
the newspapers.

Men who have wrung millions out of the people
generously give a fraction to universities and
libraries to write their names over the doors.

Be generous to your true friends and don't be
stingy with yourself.

Genius. Genius is patience, labor and good sense.

Truth is the touchstone of all genius. Art

In poet, painter, sculptor, is the same:

What cometh from the heart goes to the heart;

What comes from effort only is but tame.

—*Poetry.*

An eagle's egg may be hatched in a hen-coop.
A swan's egg may be hatched on a dung-hill.

Time and patience change the mulberry-leaf
To finest silk: the lapidary's skill
Makes the rough diamond sparkle at his will,
And cuts a gem from quartz or coral-reef.

—*Poetry.*

Genius is always impatient of its harness.

—*Holmes.*

Genius begins great works, labor finishes them.

—*Joubert.*

Talent repeats; genius creates.—*E. P. Whipple.*

Genius is a bundle of nerves bent to hard work.
Poverty is the mother of genius.

He wuz a genus; he wore long har an' writ skim-
milk poetry fer the Atlantic Maggiezeen.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Gentlemen. I can make a lord, but only God Almighty can make a gentleman.

—*James I. of England.*

Once a gentleman, always a gentleman.

—*After Dickens.*

Get. It is easier to get than to keep.

It is hard to get to the top: you can slide to the bottom.

Geology. Geology traces the foot-prints of Time.
Geology teaches us how God built the Earth.

Giant. O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength,
But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.

—*Shakespeare.*

Giddy. A giddy girl makes a fool of her mother
at twelve, at twenty she makes a fool of herself.

Gift—give—giver. Give and take, but don't "give in."

It is better to give than to take.

Don't insult the worthy giver by refusing the gift he can afford.

Giggle. Miss Giggles wuz allus a-gigglin': she'd giggle at a funeral.—*Bronco Bill.*

Girl. Hear the old mother talk! You would think she never was a girl herself.

Some women are always girls and die giggling.

A giddy girl makes a fool of her mother at twelve, at twenty she makes a fool of herself.

Glitter. Diamonds are only stones; 'tis the glitter we prize.

Glove. If you handle nettles put on gloves.

Strike your friend gently with a gloved hand.

You can tell a sloven by the fit of her glove.

Gluttony. Where one dies of hunger a thousand die of gluttony.

A glutton ought to be a scavenger.

A glutton's guts are the principal part of him.

God. Know only this—there is a Power unknown, Master of life and builder of the worlds.

—*Beyond.*

Everything in this world proclaims the existence of God.—*Napoleon.*

Put your trust in God, but be sure to keep your powder dry.—*Oliver Cromwell* (to his soldiers on crossing a river.)

All things in nature bear God's signature

So plainly writ that he who runs may read.—*Men.*

God's perfect order rules the Universe.

Hope and Trust.

All life springs from out the dust:

Ah, we measure God by man,

Looking forward but a span

On his wondrous, boundless plan;

All his ways are wise and just:

Hope and Trust. —*Dust to Dust.*

Lo all pervading Unity is His;

Lo all pervading Unity is He;

One mighty heart throbs in the earth and sea,

In every star through heaven's immensity;

And God in all things breathes, in all things is.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Measure for measure, measure God by man?

God gives us nothing but life, all else he sells
to us at a fair price.

God pays us what we earn—in the coin of His
realm.

Thou art the god of thine idolatry.

The fool fashions God after himself.

The years of God are one.

Time hath not touched the great All-father's
Throne. —*Beyond.*

Gold—golden. The golden age is the age of gold.

Fish with a golden hook.

Men seek for silver in the distant hills

While in the sand gold glimmers at their feet.

—*Men.*

Confucius preached the "Golden Rule" 500 years
before Jesus was born.

This is surely the "Golden Age"—we worship the
"Golden Calf."

It takes a gold-mine to operate an iron-mine.
 Don't try "to gild refined gold" with brass,
 Or "to paint the lily" with a paint-pot.

Gone. Gone is gone and you needn't chase it.

Good. There is good in all things for him who
 knows how to find it.

If good is within good will come out.
 There is good in all things and evil in all things.

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill.—*Tennyson.*

Learn the luxury of doing good.—*Goldsmith.*

Good is good, but the best is better.

Good and evil are born from the same womb and
 rocked in the same cradle.

He is one of them goody-goody good-fer-nothings.
 —*Bronco Bill.*

Good-Bye. Her low "good-bye" and tender eye
 Implored him to return again.

Good Times. All times are good times if you know
 what to do and how to do it.

He never ventured: he was always waiting for
 "Good Times."

A blacksmith can make "good times" with his
 hammer on his anvil.

Good-breeding. Good seed—good breed.

Wisdom and virtue are gems—good-breeding the
 setting.

That thorough-bred was born in Berkshire.

Good Humor. Good humor is better than a dress
 suit.

Goose. Hear the fox preach to the geese.

Novelty sets the gabbling geese agape.

When the coyote yelps corral your geese.

Gospel. The gospel of God is written on every blade of grass.

Gossip. Gossip and Liar are twins.

Hear-say is her-say.

One tongue is enough for gossip, but she wags it in all tongues.

She sugars her tea with gossip and peppers her chops with scandal.

Govern—government. A wise government should lead the people.

We are all stock-holders in the government—watch the directors.

Government by the mob is anarchy.

Where *Grex* is *Rex* God help the hapless land.

The people *en masse* are no more capable of making their laws than making their watches.

To govern well one should first learn to obey.

Grain. The earth is but a grain of sand,

An atom in a shoreless sea.—*Fame*.

A grist of words and a grain of sense.

Don't rub a man against the grain.

Grandfather. He is but an echo of an echo; his grandfather was a man.

His grandfather's name was Gorilla.

We know more than our grandfathers and our grand-children will know more than we.

Grapes. The best grapes hang highest.

If you can't reach the grapes don't cry *sour*; try a step-ladder.

Sweet grapes make sour wine.

Gratitude. The gratitude of the selfish is only a bid for further favors.

If you do a "hog" a favor he will only grunt his gratitude.

Gravity. Gravity may be the robe of wisdom or the cloak of a dunce.

Don't imagine that you are the center of gravity.

Great—greatness. The great are great only because we are little.

Better be great among the little than little among the great.

It is better to be great in little things than little in great things.

He is greatest who has done most for his fellow men.

The beginnings of great things are little things.

Greek. Priests, versed in dead rituals, in dead language deep,

Talk Greek to the *grex* and Latin to their sheep,
And feed their flocks a flood of cant and college
For every drop of sense or useful knowledge.

—*The Devil and the Monk.*

Grief. Pent up grief breaks the bones.

Great grief cures little briefs.

Don't grieve over what you can't help, or what you can help.

Everyone can master a grief but he that has it.

—*Shakespeare.*

Grief was petrified in her face.

She wears weeds for her dead husband and grieves for a live one.

Ground-floor. He got in "on the ground-floor"—and staid there.

Grumble. He's got thet itch called the "grumbles."—*Bronco Bill.*

Grumblin' don't put no sugar in the coffee when thar ain't none.—*Bronco Bill.*

Guest. Unbidden guests

Are often welcomest when they are gone.

—*Shakespeare.*

Guilt—guilty. Guilt fears its own shadow.

"How say you, guilty or not guilty," said the judge to Pat, who was indicted for larceny.

"Bless yer sowl, how the devil can Oi tell till Oi hear the ividence?" said Pat.

To spare the guilty is to punish the innocent.

—*After Lord Coke.*

The guiltiest often looks the most innocent.

Gunpowder. Gunpowder is a great civilizer.

Gunpowder hez made more "good Injuns" thun all the missionaries.—*Bronco Bill.*

H

Habit. Habit is as powerful as a pair of mules.

All men are slaves, yea, some are slaves to wine,

And some to women, some to sordid gold,

But all to habit and to customs old.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

How use doth breed a habit in a man.

—*Shakespeare.*

Man is a bundle of habits.—*Paley.*

The best way to cure a bad habit is never to acquire it.

Bad habits are at first cobwebs, at last, fetters.

Hair. He whose sinewy arms
 Might break through bars of steel like bands of
 straw,
 Caught in the net of her unloosened hair,
 A helpless prisoner lies and loves his chains.

—*Change.*

Ah, the best of men are tangled—
 Sometimes tangled in the tresses
 Of a fair and crafty woman.—*The Sea Gull.*

They war ten fut tall, an' over all
 A bar-skin tu the thighs, sir;
 Ther legs war bar axcept the har
 Frum ther toe-nails tu ther eyes, sir.

—*Bronco Bill (The Vikings.)*

Half. A half truth is a whole lie.
 Don't be half and half in anything.

Hammer. Men of mettle are made between the
 hammer and the anvil.
 Hammer away till the job is done.

Hand-saw—buck-saw. He lathers you with a
 scrub-broom and shaves you with a hand-saw.
 He's a buck-saw carpenter.

Handsome. Most women would rather be hand-
 some than good.
 A handsome woman is a pit-fall for herself.
 Handsome is as handsome does.

—*Old English Prov.*

Hang. We must all hang together, or assuredly we
 shall all hang separately.—*Benjamin Franklin*
 at the signing of the Declaration of Independ-
 ence.

Happiness—happy. Happy is he who thinks himself happy.

Had man the blessed wisdom of content
Happy were he, as wise Horatius sung,
To whom God gives enough with sparing hand.

—*Men.*

How bitter a thing it is, to look into happiness
through another man's eyes!—*Shakespeare.*

You cannot weigh happiness with scales or measure it with a yard-stick.

Fools travel in search of happiness; a wise man finds it at home.

All who joy would win must share it—Happiness was born a twin.—*Byron.*

Happiness depends more on health than wealth.
Count yourself happy if God gives you health and work.

Hard. It is hard sledding where there is no snow.

A hard father, a hardy son.

It is hard to break an old horse.

Hard to teach an old dog new tricks.

Hardship. Power is developed by hardship.

What our forefathers considered comfort we would call hardship.

Hare. The little dogs start the hare, the big dogs catch it.

Harp. The sweetest harp of heaven

Where hateful if it played the selfsame tune

Forever.—*Change.*

The only harp he plays on is a Jew's harp.

He is always harping on one string.

L A C O N I C S

101

Harvest. "What will the harvest be?"—What was the seed, the soil and the cultivation?

Haste—hasty. Be always in haste, but never in a hurry.

Hurry and worry, fluster and flurry.

Who judges others hastily, condemns himself.

Hat. A silk hat is a fine cover for a cracked pot.

Hats are made to make bald heads.

The price of thet woman's ombrella hat wud buy'er ten suits of clean under-war.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Hatch. It takes a long time to hatch stale eggs.

He is always brooding, but never hatches a "chick."

Hate—hatred. Hatred is a hard burden for him who carries it.

His face is petrified Hate.

I hate a woman in pants and a man in petticoats.

Hay. Make hay while the sun shines and when it rains get under the rick.

Head. Let head and heart go hand in hand,

Nor one behind the other;

Then where the head may find a man

The heart will find a brother.

A good head will nae be in want of a hat.

Carry a level head and a close mouth or you will spill yourself.

His head will never fill his pocket.

There can be but one head to a happy family.

It is better to have a good head for a hat, than a fine hat for the head.

His head is too big for his pocket.
God gave you one head to handle two hands.
"Two heads are better than one"—unless they
are loggerheads.
It is better to be the head of the Commons than
the tail of the Lords.
The head is rare that conquers the heart.
A woman's head is in her heart.
You can't get to the head without a head.
Let your head save your heels.

Health. Good health is better than a gold mine.
It is only the sick that know the value of health.
Health is happiness.
He is a fool who would sacrifice health for wealth.
He travels for health: he could find it in his own
field.

Hear. Hear both sides and say nothing.
Who talks much hears little.

Hearsay. Hearsay is mostly her-say.
Hearsay is a peddler of lies.
Hearsay may become common report and con-
demn the innocent.

Heart. What cometh from the heart goes to the
heart.
The well-spring of our best thoughts is in the
heart.
Nor reason rules the head, but aye the heart:
The head is weak, the throbbing heart is strong;
But when the heart is right the head is not far
wrong.—*The Reign of Reason.*
The heart of a minister should be nowhere but in
his head.—*Napoleon.*

Where there is nothing in the heart, the head must be bad.—*Napoleon.*

The head is ever the dupe of the heart.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Our hands have met, but not our hearts.—*Hood.*

A pure heart has a clean tongue.

The heart speaks all tongues:

Everybody understands the language of the heart.

Human hearts beat in pairs.

The heart of a woman will out-reason the head of a philosopher.

A willing heart finds time.

Pray for a stout heart and a strong arm.

Heaven. As much of heaven is visible as we have eyes to see.—*Winter.*

Heed. Take heed of a silent man lest you stir up a lion.

Take heed of a mule behind, and a fool all around.

Take heed or you'll come to need.

Heir. Man is the heir of his own deeds.

The prodigal heir of a millionaire.

Hell. Harrow hell and rake up devils.

There is Hell enough on earth, what need of a Hell hereafter?

Help. A man is his own best helper.

Help is a hindrance to him who does not try to help himself.

You can't help a man who will not help himself.

Hen. It is a sorry roost where the hen crows and the cock cackles.

Hero—heroism. Fortune and fortitude make heroes.

As wheat is winnowed out in the wind, so are
heroes winnowed out in war.

A moral hero is the greatest of all heroes.

Don't mistake a boaster for a hero.

Heroes are ever modest.

Men who were moral cowards have been writ into
heroes in history.

History (his-story) has made heroes out of brag-
garts.

It takes a brass-band an' a staff uf press-reporters
tu make a hero nowadays.—*Bronco Bill.*

A mere brute can never be a hero.

A real hero doesn't need a megaphone or a staff
of press-reporters.

The true hero has a kind heart.

Highway. He left the highway for a by-way and
fell into a fen.

He is on the highway to fortune.

He is on the highway to ruin.

Himself. He who serves himself has a good ser-
vant and a kind master.

He who disparages himself to others expects
praise.

The man who is tired of himself seeks worse com-
pany.

However rich, he who lives for himself alone is
poor indeed.

A man can bridle a wild bronco easier than he can
bridle himself.

He knows much who knows himself.

In his eulogy of the dead he endeavored to build
a monument for himself.

He is near-sighted ; he can see nobody but himself.

History. History should be spelled H-i-s-s-t-o-r-y.

All history is the register, we find,
Of the crimes and lusts and miseries of mankind.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

History is, after all, a crystallization of popular
beliefs.—*Donn Piatt.*

History is little else than a picture of human
crimes and misfortunes.—*Voltaire.*

History is philosophy teaching by example.

—*Bolingbroke.*

Most history is a mixed mess of fact and fiction.

Poetry is licensed to invent history.

Hit. How often cross-eyed Justice hits amiss!

—*Men.*

Hobby—hobby-horse. Every man has his hobby if
it's only a goat.

Don't waste time trying to put a bridle on a man's
hobby-horse.

Get thee a hobby-horse, be it only a he-goat.

Fast horses are expensive but hobby-horses cost
more.

Astraddle his hobby he rides like a Don.

He rides a hobby-horse and thinks it a Pegasus.

When he was a little boy he rode a hobby-horse;
he still rides a hobby.

Holiday. There is no holiday in the calendar of
Nature—every day is a work-day.

Holiday was at first a Holy-day. It is now a
jolly-day.

Home. A home is home if it is only a hut.

“Home, sweet home”—is the song of the bees.

The homes of the nation are the bulwarks of personal and national safety.—*J. G. Holland.*

Homer. But for Homer we would have no Hector, no Achilles.

Seven cities strove for Homer's bones, 'tis said,
Through which the living Homer begged for bread.

Honesty. No honest man has need of a rogue.

It is hard to be hungry and honest.

Diogenes went with a lantern in search of an honest man. If he had been honest himself he needn't have gone beyond his tub.

Honesty always proceeds on a straight line.

An honest man is not hurt by the bark of curs.

None so much resembles an honest man as a shrewd rascal.

He demands double pay for being honest.

Honey. Honey on the tongue—money in the purse.

Honey is easily turned into vinegar.

Flattery is honey-tongued.

Honor. Honors may do for small change but they won't pay the grocer.

The path to honor is up-hill.

Great honors are great burdens, but most men think their shoulders broad enough to bear them.

Deserve honor and you will honor yourself.

Guard your honor as you guard your life.

Honor cannot long outlive honesty.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels.—*Tennyson.*

Hope. Lose hope, lose all.

Hope: don't mope.

The star of hope lights the shadow of death.

For aye since the morning of man—

Since the human rose up from the brute

Hath Hope, like a beacon of light,

Like a star in the rift of the storm,

Been writ by the finger of God

On the longing hearts of men.—*Lines, etc.*

Hope stays with those who have nothing else.

—*Thales.*

He that lives upon hopes will die fasting.

—*Franklin.*

The miserable have no other medicine,

But only hope.—*Shakespeare.*

Hope is the dream of a man awake.—*Aristotle.*

Hope, ahead; regret, behind.

Hope is eggs on toast for breakfast, meat for
dinner and bones for supper.

Pity the man who has outlived his hopes.

Spring follows winter and the day the night.

Hornet—hornets'-nest. Attack a hornets' nest with
fire.

Poke a hornets'-nest with another man's nose.

As well poke your nose into a hornets'-nest as
mix in a war among women.

Horse. Don't buy a raw-boned horse; you might
as well try to fatten a fanning-mill by running
oats through it.

A he-goat is better than no horse.

Allus trade a ole hoss fer a young hoss an' git
suthin tu boot.—*Bronco Bill.*

Hour. If an hour escapes you in the morning you won't catch it before midnight.

When the hour strikes—*strike*.

House. A house should be built for yourself—not for the eyes of others.

Two small rooms and lots of love make a palace for a pair.

Human—humanity. If you would learn human nature study all manner of men.

We—all of us—are human, except the other brutes.

Humanity embraces a few wise men, many good men, and a lot of brutes.

He is hardly human who has merely shed his gorilla teeth and his monkey tail.

It takes ages to evolve the human from the brute.

Humbug. Ignorance is not so damnable as humbug.

—*George Eliot*.

The American people like to be humbugged.

—*P. T. Barnum*.

Thou little thinkest what foolery governs the world.—*Selden*.

Hunger. Hunger will make a watch-dog a thief.

Hungry. A hungry man dreams of a feast.

Hungry for hope, they gulp a moldy creed
And dine on faith.—*The Devil and the Monk*.

Hungry men are always radicals.

Hungry for the sapless husks of fame.

Hunt. Plenty of hunting, but no game.

Don't hunt for trouble—you'll find enough without.

He is always hunting for a "soft job" while his wife and children are hunting for bread.

Hurry. Hurry and worry cost much and accomplish little.

In a hurry, in a flurry.

Hurry and worry—in any weather—go together.

Hurt. Nae man is sae soon healt as hurt.

—*Scotch Prov.*

Husband. Where the husband is fire and the wife is tow,

A wee little match and a wee little scratch

Will start a hot fire and a deil of a row.

The calmest husbands make the stormiest wives.

Honor the woman who mends her husband's stockings and sews on his shirt buttons.

It's a poor coop where the cock cackles and the hen crows.

Hypocrisy. Hypocrisy is the mother of knaves.

The hypocrite steals with one hand and gives alms in public with the other.

A hypocrite prays in public that he may prey upon his fellow men.

He prays on his knees on the Sabbath,

And preys on the people the rest of the week.

His words were softer than oil, yet they were drawn swords.—*King David*:

The hypocrite hae meikle prayer an' sma' devotion.—*Scotch Proverb*.

And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

—*Shakespeare*.

Hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

I

But what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry. —*Tennyson.*

I can't. "I can't" never can.

Ice. Cold as ice, cruel as a tigress.

Ideals. Dreamed—O my soul and was it all a dream?

We chase the ideal and miss the real.
How often the ideal has become the real.
The ideal precedes the real.
The "ideal" led Columbus to the discovery of America.

Idle—idleness.

Idleness is full of envy.
The indolent man waits for something to turn up;
the diligent man turns it up himself.

Idol—idolatry. In this age men no longer worship idols in brass or stone, but they still have an idol—"the Almighty Dollar."

Thou art the god of thine idolatry.
Idolatry began in the garden of Eden and will end only with the end of man.

His idol is idleness.

If. Drop your "ifs" and your "buts" and butt into it.

He would have caught the hare, but he stumbled over an "if."

He butts you with his "buts" and trips you with his "ifs."

Ignorance. Ignorance is the mother of superstition.

The only victories that leave no regret are those which are gained over ignorance.—*Napoleon.*

There is no stubbornness like ignorance.

The ignorant carry burdens for the wise.

The devil is still abroad in the world; his other name is *Ignorance.*

To be ignorant of your ignorance is the worst ignorance.

Behold the serried ranks of Truth advance,
And stubborn Science shakes her shining lance
Full in the face of stolid Ignorance.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Ignorance and Fear go hand in hand.

Lo in the midst we stand; we cannot see
Either the dark beginning or the end,
Or where our tottering footsteps turn or trend
In the vast orbit of Eternity.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Ignorance and arrogance are twins.

Ignis Fatuus. Don't chase an ignis fatuus,—hoe your potatoes.

He chased an *ignis fatuus* till he fell into the fen.

Imagine. We easily imagine what we earnestly desire.

He imagined he had a gold mine, but found it only a hole in the ground.

Imitation. The monkey imitates man and man imitates the monkey.

Imitation is as good as gold till some "hard-head" rings it on the counter.

Immodesty. Immodesty is become fashionable.

What is modesty?—it is one thing among the Hottentots and quite another among white women.

Immortality. And is there life beyond this life below?

Aye, is death *death?* or but a happy change
From night to light, on angel wings to range
And sing the songs of seraphs as we go?

Alas, the more we know the less we know we know.—*The Reign of Reason.*

What is the soul and whither will it fly?

We only know that matter cannot die,

But lives and lived through all eternity,

And ever turns from hoary age to youth:

And is the soul not worthier than the dust?

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Impatience. A little impatience pricked into some men with a hair-pin might be good medicine.

I like to see a man a little impatient; he "means business."

Imperfection. Look not for faultless men or faultless art;

Small faults are ever virtue's parasites;

As in a picture shadows show the lights,

So human foibles show the human heart.—*Poetry.*

Impossible—impossibility. Everything is impossible to him who is afflicted with the *Can't's*.

"Impossible?" said Napoleon, "that word is not in my dictionary." He found it at Waterloo.

Improvvidence. Go to poverty and improvvidence for dogs and children.

Waste, idleness and improvidence are the banes of the poor.

Impulse—impulsive. Do it on the impulse of a week.

Impulsive people make most mistakes.

A man or woman without a generous impulse is a relic of the "Ice Age."

Income. See that your out-go is less than your income.

He lives on his out-come.

Inconsistency. Our opponents set our inconsistency before us as a stumbling block.

It is better to be inconsistent than to be wrong.

The man who is never inconsistent is not made of bones, blood and brains,—he is hewn out of granite, and stands a dumb monument.

Inconstancy. Constantly inconstant and fickle as a fly.

Incredulity. Wise men there be—for owls are counted wise—

Who love to leave the lamp-lit paths behind,

And chase the shapeless shadow of a doubt.

"It's true indade," said Pat, "but Oi don't belave it." *

Indigestion. Better have little food for your stomach than little stomach for your food.

That little judge with squint eyes has a wonderful digestion; he has digested all the digests; no wonder he squirms on the bench.

Individuality. As an individual, you are an individual; but you're only a little pollywog in the big frog-pond.

Indolence. Indolence is the dry-rot of body and mind.

Indolence hatches a brood of evils.

Indolence grows on people. The more one does the more he can do.

Indolence is a dog's life.

Industry. Industry is the alchemy that turns all things into gold.

The slave, the idler, are alike unblessed.

Aye, in loved labor only is there rest. —*Poetry.*

Steel and the mind grow bright by frequent use :
In rest they rust —*Poetry.*

Poets are born, not made, some scribbler said,

And every rhymster thinks the saying true :

Better unborn than wanting labor's aid ;

Aye, all great poets, all great men, are made

Between the hammer and the anvil. —*Poetry.*

Infinite. We are linked to the infinite past and the infinite future.

In the finite find the infinite.

Ingratitude. Ingratitude is a crime so shameful that no man will acknowledge himself guilty of it.

Inherit—inheritance. Leave your son education, honesty and industry : they are the best inheritance.

We inherit "way back" to the monkey, the crocodile and the devil-fish.

He inherits his follies from himself.

Injury. He who does you an injury will never forgive you for it.

If you have done an injury, go like a man, acknowledge and repair it.

An injury to the state is an injury to every citizen.

Injustice. He that defends injustice commits it.

Inn. Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,

Where'er his stages may have been,

May sigh to think he still has found

The warmest welcome at an inn.—*Shenstone.*

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?

—*Shakespeare.*

Innuendo. Innuendo is the argument of a coward.

Inquiry. If you would know your faults inquire of your enemies.

Insanity. The marrow-maddening canker-worm of love.

Feeds on the brains of wise men as on fools'.

—*Men.*

He is insane? of course he is; everybody is insane.

There are different degrees of insanity—from Plato and Cato down to the driveling idiots that write "spring poetry" for the magazines.

Insight. Insight is the sixth sense; all the other senses contribute to it.

Insignificant. Even the low hum of the little mosquito is significant.

In his own conscious insignificance he trusts.

Instinct. Instinct is inherited reason.

Behold the brutes' unerring instinct guides

True as the pole-star, while man's reason leads

How oft to quicksands and the hidden reefs.

—*Men.*

Intention. They say Hell is paved with good intentions; that kind of pavement would wear out in a week on Wall Street.

Interest. Most men carry their hearts in their pockets.

Little Hebrew—"Vater, dies book say dot de monish don't bring de happiness."

Father—"Dot ish drue, mein sohn; it ish not de monish vat bring de happiness, it ish de *interest* on de monish vat bring de happiness."

Intolerable. Intolerable—a talkative man who has nothing to say.

Irish. Yer kin tame most Irishmen ef yer ketch 'em early an' put a halter on 'em.—*Bronco Bill.*

With big bar-traps and Danemark dogs

They ketched wild Irish in ther bogs.

They skinned an' tuck ther hairy pelts

Fer bench-rugs in ther Æger-Sal:

They biled the hams with cod an' clams,

An' held Gut-fest with song an' brawl.

—*Bronco Bill (The Vikings.)*

J

Jackass. The bray of a jackass is music to the whole herd of asses.

If he won't kick when he's kicked, he is only a donkey.

Jealousy. Trifles light as air

Are to the jealous confirmations strong

As proofs of Holy Writ.—*Shakespeare.*

Jealousy—'tis the green-eyed monster.

—*Shakespeare.*

Jest. Jests are jests, but wasps are wasps.

That jest is a good one, it has stood the test of time.

Jewels. "These are my jewels."—*Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi*, presenting her sons.

Jilted. Better be courted and jilted

Than never be courted at all.—*Thos. Campbell* (1835)

('Tis better to have loved and lost

Than never to have loved at all.—*Tennyson, In Memoriam*, published in 1850. (XXVII 4—repeated LXXXV—1). See

—*Arthur H. Clough's Peschiera*.

"'Tis better to have fought and lost

Than never to have fought at all."—published in 1849.

See *Congreve*—(1670-1728)—*The Way of the World*, Act 2—1—

"Say what you will, 'tis better to be left, than never to have been loved."

Jim Hill. "Jim Hill is a robber!" said the Governor of Minnesota. "While I am giving bread to tens of thousands, you are doing your 'level best' to pull down the bakery," replied Hill.

Job. In the cities men are hunting for jobs; in the country the fields are crying for men.

He is hunting for a "soft job" while his wife is hunting for bread.

"Be ye wantin' a job?" said the section boss to a tramp. "Ef it be an aisy wan," said the hobo.

"Gwon; ye'll find it in the jail," said the boss. *

Joke. He that laughs at his own joke makes stale
beer of it.

A joke without wit is a joke on the joker.

Joy. No joy without annoy; no gold without alloy.

Judge. You can't judge the inside by the outside.
If you would justly judge the conduct of another,
get into his shoes.

A just judge will have two ears open; a narrow
judge, but one.

He is a little judge—just big enough to wiggle
on the bench.

Thar's a little squint-eyed jedge in Los Angeles
who kin see a knot-hole whar thar ain't none,
an' crawl thro' it himself.—*Bronco Bill.*

A shrewd judge of men is easily duped by a
woman.

The rogue judges everybody by himself.

Judgment. Wit and good judgment make a strong
man.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.—*Pope.*

Jury. The aim of our laws and the practice of
our courts is to get twelve "dampools" into a
jury-box.

Instead of hanging the felon they "hung" the jury.

A few drops of salt water from a woman's eyes
often win the verdict of a jury.

Just. O fickle Fortune, how thy favors fall,
Like rain, upon the just and the unjust.—*Pauline.*

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.—*J. Shirley*

Justice. Justice is blind in one eye and cross-eyed
in the other.

Justice is blind, 'tis said, and deaf and old!
But in her scales can hear the clink of gold.

—*The Devil and the Monk.*

How often cross-eyed Justice hits amiss.—*Men.*

If you ask justice do justice.

Justice is the noblest virtue of all.

Justice is true mercy: who spares the guilty, pun-
ishes the innocent.

Who judges others hastily condemns himself.

Justice is blind, 'tis said, and deaf and old!

Oft with her poise shrewd villains play their
tricks;

They sometimes touch her sacred scales with gold,
Or soil her sandaled feet in politics.

K

Kick. If you kick all the stones in your path you
will have sore toes.

Kill. To kill time is to kill yourself.

In war both sides kill men for God's sake.

It is easier to kill than to cure.

He cured the disease: he killed the patient.

Kind. Kind hearts are more than coronets,

And simple faith than Norman blood.—*Tennyson.*

Kindness. Goats' milk is good for invalids, but the
milk of human kindness is good for everybody.

Kill your enemies with kindness.

Human kindness is sometimes cruelty.

The cruelty of Nature is kindness.

"A feller feelin' makes us wondrous kind," said
the grass-wider—when she changed her mind.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Kindle. The heart is kindled by the lips of love.
One little boy with a fire-cracker can kindle a
fire that the whole "Department" can't put out.

Kingdom. An acre of earth is worth more than a
kingdom in the clouds.

Kinsman—kin. The rich man has many cousins.
You are nearest kin to yourself.

We are akin to all mankind and second cousins
to the apes.

One touch of nature makes the whole world
kin.—*Shakespeare.*

My kin are the kin of the world.

Kitchen. The nation lives on the kitchen.

The kitchen is the most important room in the
house.

The kitchen costs less than the parlor.

A fat kitchen makes a pleasant home.

Don't scrimp the kitchen to put pictures in the
front hall.

A slut in the kitchen, a sloven everywhere.

I don't care how many girls a woman has in her
kitchen, she ought to be there often herself.

—*Hetty Green* (richest woman in the world).

Knave. Where fools are scarce knaves go hungry.

He can tell a knave by his own looks.

The biggest knaves often wear angel faces.

Know. The more we learn the less we know we
know.

What you know is a drop; what you don't know
is an ocean.

What man knows is but a grain of sand in the whole universe.

It is easier to know what should be done than how to do it.

When a man knows that he knows but little he knows something worth knowing.

He knows everybody but himself.

The man who knows the least talks the most.

'Tain't no use tu send a brayin' ass

Tu eny cullege-school,

Fer the less he knows the more he knows,

Like eny ether fool.—*Bronco Bill.*

Knowledge. Great knowledge is great doubt.

To acquire knowledge and not use it, is to gather seed and never sow.

Boil your knowledge down into practical common-sense.

We can at most know but little; let us know that little well.

Knowledge is power.—*Bacon.*

Knowledge comes but Wisdom Lingers.

—*Tennyson.*

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much, Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

—*Cowper.*

If he knew more he would know less.

He who knows nothing knows everything.

Knowledge begins with doubt.

He who knows but little is a long time telling it.

Virtue is safe only when armed with knowledge.

Zeal without knowledge runs into ditches in broad daylight.

If you would know how much any man knows, find out what use he makes of it.

Knowledge sometimes comes too early—often too late.

There are plenty of stumbling blocks in the path of knowledge.

I niver went tu cullege, but I know the hoof-end uf a mool's hind-leg.—*Bronco Bill*.

L

Labor. The slave, the idler are alike unblessed ;
Aye, in loved labor only is there rest.—*Poetry*.
The cheapest labor is the dearest.

Labor is light when your heart is in it.

Labor is the law of happiness.—*Mme. de Stael*.

The fruit of labor is sweeter than a stolen peach.

A sacred right of man is the right to work.

Lady. She only is a lady who is kind to everybody.
It don't take silks and satins to make a lady.
Nature makes ladies, fashion makes fools.

Lamb. When the leopard lies down with the lamb,
look for the lamb inside the leopard.

Lame. Walk with the lame and you will learn to limp.

His excuse is lame ; it needs crutches.

His argyment limps like a hoss on three legs.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Land He who owns an acre of land owns to the center of the earth and up to heaven.

Don't divide your lands till you fold your hands.

Your land will not plow and plant itself and harvest the crop.

I have not yet found the land where lemons and sugar and ice grow on the same tree.

Language. He can speak ten languages, but he
can't talk common-sense in one.

He can smatter in ten tongues,—dictionaries are
cheap.

The universal language is a cry and a moan.

Lark. A leg of a lark is better than the breast of
a buzzard.

Up from the dewy meadow wheels the lark,
And trills his welcome to the rising sun,
And lo another day of labor is begun.—*Poetry.*

She went out fer a "lark," an' kim home without
her feathers.—*Bronco Bill.*

Last—laster. "I have pegged my last," sighed the
dying cobbler.

He spoiled at last a skillful laster,
To make a durn poor poetaster.

Late. "Better late than never," said the priest
when the pardon arrived just after the execu-
tion.

Never too late to mend;
Never too stout to bend.

Laugh—laughter. If you laugh at others, others
will laugh at you.

He laughs with one eye and winks with the other.
Loud laughter fits the mouth of a fool.

She is so full of laughter that she giggles at a
funeral.

He who is laughed at by fools is praised by the
wise.

Laughter is catching.

A good laugh is sunshine in a home.—*Thackeray.*

The only laughing animals are man and the ass.

Law. The laws of man must not conflict with the laws of Nature.

Laws grind the poor and rich men grind the laws.
(From Goldsmith's line: "Laws grind the poor and rich men rule the laws.")

Rigorous law is often rigorous injustice.

—*Terence.*

Where law ends, tyranny begins. —*Pitt.*

The more laws the more law-breakers.

The more laws the more lawyers; the more lawyers, the less justice.

What power hath the law without public opinion behind it?

The multitudinous meshes of the laws strangle our liberties.

We suffer alike from too much law and too much liberty.

Law-suit. Success in a law-suit requires a big purse, a sharp lawyer, good witnesses and twelve of your friends on the jury.

A bottle of beer is cheaper than a law-suit.

Never buy a law-suit; better buy a suit of clothes.

Lawyer. The more lawyers the less justice.

The more lawyers the less murderers, and the more juries, are hung.

He warms up with Coke and mouths his Bacon. Nobody charges for advice but the lawyer and the doctor; and the less you buy of them the better.

If you want to get into trouble consult a lawyer.

Bill Green bet ten dollars thet tew an' tew make four. Lawyer Quirks tuck the bet, an' won the money. —*Bronco Bill.*

Laziness—lazy. Laziness is a disease that requires a prod to cure it.

A lazy man is rarely lazy at the dinner table.

A lazy man likes to fish.

A lazy man keeps three dogs and one pig.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.—*Franklin*.

Most lazy men have the rummytics.

A lazy farmer is the last to plow his field and sow his seed.

A lazy man is always waiting for something to turn up.

A lazy man sits on a log and waits for the rabbit.

A lazy man waits for a ride in another man's wagon.

Lead—leader. If you would be a leader take the lead.

A flock of geese always has a leader.

The gander leads the geese.

A good soldier will follow his leader.

When we think we lead we are only following.

In harvest let the farmer lead his harvesters and his grain will be garnered.

When the fox leads the geese there will be plenty of quacking.

The captain: "Boys, you are going into hell; remember your country and follow the flag."

"Plaze take the lead yerself," said private Pat, "an' we'll folly ye te the gate, sor." *

Learn. Never too late to learn; never too old to get burnt.

Live to learn and learn to live.

Learn to study and study to learn. .

A wise man keeps on learning all his life.

He who studies in the school of time learns much.

Learning. Learn alike from the follies of the foolish and the wisdom of the wise.

Learning, like gold coin, passes current in all countries.

Fill the basement with common-sense, and the upper floors with learning.

Leisure.—Leisure is time for doing something useful.—*Franklin.*

I am never less at leisure than when at leisure.

—*Scipio Africanus.* (quoted by *Cicero.*)

Liberality. Don't be liberal with other men's money.

Be liberal, but don't forget to be liberal with yourself.

Liberty. Liberty and Justice are Siamese twins; when one dies the other dies.

He that roars for liberty

Faster binds a tyrant's power.—*Tennyson.*

License they mean when they cry Liberty.

—*Milton.*

Liberty must be limited, in order to be possessed.

—*Burke.*

The true pedestal of liberty is justice.

When liberty slashes the scales of justice she is fit for a mad-house.

The worst tyranny is Liberty run mad.

True liberty is the right to do right.

Give the ignorant liberty and watch the cat-fight.

Liberty is no boon to the ignorant.

O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!—*Madame Roland.*

Lie—Liars. The liar is always a coward and the coward is always a liar.

He calls everybody a liar but himself.

Liars begin by deceiving others, and end in deceiving themselves.

Out of the womb of one lie are hatched a whole litter.

He patches his lies with bits of truth.

A lie always needs a truth for a handle.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

A lie that is half a truth is the hardest thing to combat.

Never tell a lie, but do not always tell the truth.

The most dangerous lie is a half-truth.

A lie is a lie, no matter who utters it.

A lie cannot stand long on one leg.

He that spins yarns like a spider will get caught in his own meshes.

It is hard enough to maintain the truth, but harder to maintain a lie.

"Man everywhere is the born enemy of lies."

—*Carlyle.* And still man is the only liar.

A lie runs fast, but truth overtakes it at last.

"They say" is a liar.

O timid Truth, that quails before the fire,

Thy face assumes the likeness of a liar.

One truth will fit in with any other truth; no lie will fit another lie.

Never turn your back on the truth and always face a lie.

Thet feller don't need no bed: he kin lie anywhar.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Life. Life is the mystery of mysteries.

He that learns most lives longest.

A little gleam of time between two eternities.

—*Carlyle.*

Only those live who do good.—*Tolstoi.*

Life is not merely to breathe, it is to act.

—*Rousseau.*

The web of our lives is of mingled yarn—good
and evil together.—*Shakespeare.*

Is life worth living? That depends on the liver.

Life is half spent before we know what it is.

All life grows out of death.

Life is a work-day; at sunset, rest.

We can all see how we ought to have lived in
the past, and how we should live in the future,
but few see how to live now.

We have life from the womb to the grave, yet
we know not what or whence it is.

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot.

Most men live behind a curtain. —*Shakespeare.*

Life is about what we make it.

Life is made up of trifles—take heed of the trifles.

Life is a lesson in hind-sight.

Life is tragedy and comedy mixed.

Light. Men lift their foreheads to the rising sun,
And lo the reign of reason is begun.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Earth wheeled her million circuits round the sun,
While man from bestial dens and savagedom

Slowly uprose and groping into light,

Stood face to face with Fate.—*Columbus.*

Light!—more light! (Licht!—mehr licht!)—The
last words of Goethe.

Excessive light is total darkness.
 Great light makes great shadows.
 We stand in the shadow of a great light.
 Light and darkness are all one to a blind man.
 It is idle to hold a light for a blind man.
 And God said: "Let there be light;" and the
 stars were lit.

Lightning. The thunder threatens, but the light-
 ning strikes.

Lincoln. From the fetters of the slave he forged
 the weapons of the free.

When the time is ripe God sends the man.

—*Columbus.*

The hand was the hand of Lincoln, but the will
 was the will of God.

Link. A broken link, a broken chain.

We are but links in an endless chain.

Through us the infinite past is linked to the in-
 finite future.

The marriage ring is the first link in the chain
 of servitude.

The weakest link breaks the chain.

Lion. A lion in war, a lamb in peace.

A lion at a distance is often a pussy-cat when
 you meet him.

Yer cain't make a lion outer a nanny-goat

—*Bronco Bill.*

A lion never wears the ears of an ass.

Literature. What stacks of chaff to every ounce of
 wheat the literary machines of the day thresh
 out.

The classic is always modern.—*Lytton.*

You can never read bad literature too little, nor good literature too much.—*Schopenhauer*.

Most modern literature is plagiarism.

Look in thy heart and write.—*Sir Philip Sidney*.

Little—little things. Don't be little in great things, nor great in little things.

It is not profitable to run afar after big things and neglect the little things that lie all around you.

A single step starts the journey.

A little spark may start a big fire.

A watch ticks one little tick at a time, yet it ticks away a day before we know it.

It is a big thing to do a little thing right.

He that contemneth small things shall fail by little and little.—*Ecclesiastes, O. T.*

Vessels large may venture more,

But little boats should keep near shore.

—*Benj. Franklin*.

Too much is as bad as too little.

The beginnings of all great things are little things.

Little men allus think they're ten times bigger than they air.—*Bronco Bill*.

Load. A man never knows his strength till he has carried a load.

No man walks steadily unless he carries a load.

Multi-millionaire—an ass staggering under a load of bullion.

Log-cabin. A log-cabin is a palace if inhabited by happiness.

Lincoln went through college in a log-cabin.

The American nation was born in a log-cabin.

Lone. Never so much alone as when alone in a great city.

I have the best company when alone with good books.

Looks.—Yon' Cassius has a lean and hungry look; Such men are dangerous.—*Shakespeare.*

His looks do not belie him; he is as green as a cucumber.

He looks ez green ez a goslin' jist hatched.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Look ahead: don't be eternally lookin' behind.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Loquacity. They talk most who have the least to say.

Lord. What devilish crimes have been committed in the name of the Lord.

He lords it like an ass in uniform.

He lords it with a brass band and a big stick.

He lords it like a grizzly bear among a drove of donkies.

He's the monarch of all he surveys;

His right there is none to dispute;

From the center all round to the seas

He's the lord and the fowl and the brute.

Lose. Better lose a leg than your life. —*Parody.*

Loss. A loss is often a gain.

A great loss is sometimes a great gain.

Ef yer hain't got nuthin' yer cain't lose much.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Lost. Where you lost it is the place to find it.

Don't waste a dollar's worth of time looking for a lost penny.

Lot. Be content with your lot—especially if it's a corner lot.

Lottery. In the lottery of life the best draw for a poor devil is his last.

If you have a hankerin' to play the lottery the best prize you can draw is a blank.

Love. The sweeter the moments the swifter they fly;

Love takes no account of the fleeting hours;
He walks in a dream 'mid the blooming of flowers,

And never awakes till the blossoms die.

—*The Feast of the Virgins.*

Baked potatoes and salt are a feast when love sits at the table.

Love and fear rule the world.

Love makes fools of the wise.

Love does more mischief than good. —*Napoleon.*

Let no man think he is loved when he loves nobody. —*Epictetus.*

In her first passion woman loves her lover;

In all the others all she loves is love. —*Byron.*

Man's love is of man's life a part;

'Tis woman's whole existence. —*Byron.*

The mind has a thousand eyes;

The heart but one:

The light of a whole life dies,

When Love is done. —*F. W. Bourdillon.*

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. —*Solomon.*

Love is both credulous and jealous.

Love covers many faults.

Love forgives many sins.

—*First Ep. Peter (R. V.), 4-8.*

Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd. —*Congreve.*

Calf love soon becomes sour milk.

Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples;
for I am sick of love. —*King Solomon.*

Love, like the measles, is "ketchin'."

Love at first sight? Yer better look twice.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Love-sick. For love-sickness time and another
"dear" are the best medicine.

Lubricate. Lubricate! lubricate! oil prevents friction.

Luck. Luck comes to him who works for it.

Pluck is better than luck.

Luck follows pluck.

"Pitch a lucky man into the Nile and he will come up with a fish in his mouth." says the Arabian proverb. They tried it recently and the poor fellow went down in the jaws of a crocodile.

Jim Hill—Jim Hill, yer ful uf skill,

Hard work, an' pluck, an' luck, Jim:

I niver knowd yer duin' ill,

Er quackin' like a duck, Jim.

—*Bronco Bill, Cow Boy Ballads.*

In hard luck hold out, in good luck hold in.

Just like my luck!—If I had been a hatter, little boys would have come into the world without heads. —*Lytton.*

Lust. Lust ends in disgust.

Blind with pride and mad with lust.

Luxury. Luxury breeds lechery. —*Dust to Dust*

Luxury and the arts flourish together.

Luxury!—Luxury!—What is luxury?

Baked potatoes and salt to a hungry man, a raw fish to a starving Indian.

Luxury breeds cowards.

Republics breed thieves, luxury and poverty, and end in anarchy.

M

Mad—madness. All men were mad but Burton and he died of “Melancholy.”

Wisdom and madness are near akin.

There is only an imaginary line between a great genius and a lunatic.

It is madness to live poor to die rich.

Magnanimity—magnanimous. Be magnanimous to your friends and—yourself.

Magnanimity is wasted on a jackass.

He wuz a magnannemus “cus”; a ole mool kicked ‘im in the stumick an’ he went down on his knees—an’ prayed fer the mool.—*Bronco Bill.*

Main Chance. The main chance is the best chance.

Majority. The wise are seldom in the majority.

Where *Grex* is *Rex*, God help the hapless land.

—*Men.*

The headless herd are but a noise of wind;

Sometimes, alas, the wild tornado’s roar:

As full of freaks as curs are full of fleas,

Like flies they swarm, like flies they buzz and breed.—*Men.*

Hurray!—Hurray!—Hurray!—for “Liberty”!
 Flaunt the red flag and flutter the petticoat;
 Ran-tan the drums and let the bugles bray,
 The eagle scream, and ninety million throats
 Yell Yankee-doodle, Yankee-doodle-doo.—*Men.*

The rule of the majority is often rank tyranny.
 In the United States the majority is authority.
 The minority has no rights which the majority
 feels bound to respect.

Malice. Malice strikes with venomous fang.
 He is a little man that harbors malice.

Man. Man is a creature of a thousand whims;
 The slave of hope and fear and circumstance;
 Through toil and martyrdom a million years
 Struggling and groping upward from the brute,
 And ever dragging still the brutish chains.—*Men.*

Princes and parasites comprise mankind.—*Men.*

Where one man is born to lead, ten thousand are
 born to follow.

What is a mountain to one man, is a mole-hill to
 another.

He who berates mankind should remember that
 he is one of them.

A man must be something to do something.

“Gentlemen,” cried a stump speaker, “is not one
 man as good as another?”

“Av coorse ‘e is,” shouted an excited Irishman,
 “an’ a dom sight betther.” *

In all nature man’s worst enemy is man.

Man is midway between an angel and a brute.

Man concentrates in himself the whole animal
 kingdom—from jelly-fish to jackass.

Man cannot dispense with woman; he couldn't be born without her.

Man is a miracle. He had not a hatchet to begin with.—Behold what he has made!

Man considers himself the cause and aim of Creation; so does the mosquito.

A man is either good, or good for nothing.

They say a mule can't change his mind—mulemen are numerous.

Man is at bottom a brute.

"Ransack creation—in and out—

Through all its crooks and crannies,

You'll never find another brute

As big a brute as man is."—*Henry C. Waite.*

Man is as free as a chained dog.

Every man is good for something, if only to laugh at.

It is not fair to measure all men by one man.

Man cannot cancel a word that Nature has written.

The proper study of mankind is man.—*Pope.*

The great man never loses his child-heart.

—*Mencius.*

The great man has to look out for the little men.

Man—the aristocrat among the animals. —*Heine.*

We must laugh at man to avoid crying for him.

—*Napoleon.*

There are two levers by which men are moved—fear and interest.—*Napoleon.*

I have thought that some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitate humanity so abominably.

—*Shakespeare.*

I hold it true with one who sings
 To one clear harp, in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things.

—*Tennyson.*

He was the mildest-mannered man
 That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.—*Byron.*
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn—*Burns.*
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

—*Shakespeare.*

The world smiles sweetly on the best of men but
 twice, when he lies a babe in his mother's lap,
 and when he lies dead in his coffin.

Management. Management is the main thing.
 Good management achieves success.

Manhood. There is a spark of manhood in the
 meanest man.

Manners. Nothing pays better than good man-
 ners.

Fortune waits on good manners.
 Nothing soils fine clothes like bad manners.
 Good manners are kindness and consideration for
 others.

Good manners, good morals.
 Men catch their manners, like the measles, from
 the company they keep.

Marriage. Choose your wife as you would your
 coat, for qualities that will wear.

By the time a man really knows enough to marry
 he knows enough not to.

Of all social institutions marriage is the most im-
 portant. —*Napoleon.*

Before yer hitched in double harness look well
tu the ole mare.—*Bronco Bill*.

Not every couple make a pair.

When "two are made one"—which is the *one*?
She eloped when she got married, an' she 'loped
with another feller a year arfter.—*Bronco Bill*.

She married Professor Stowe an' stowed 'im away
in the garret.—*Bronco Bill*.

Nine times out of ten the wife is what the hus-
band makes her.

The marriage ring is the first link in the chain
of servitude.

Marriage is like a bird-cage. The birds outside
are anxious to get in, and the "ins" are anxious
to get out.

When the man is fire and the woman is tow

A wee little match and a wee little scratch

Will start a big flame and a deil of a row.

It is too early to marry at twenty-one, at one
hundred it is a little too late.

"I believe in marrying early—and often," said the
"grass-vider."

Martyr—martyrdom. If you will be a martyr pro-
vide for your family beforehand.

Every man is willing to be a martyr in a good
cause—if he can see money in it.

The fourteen poor women the Puritans hanged
for witches at Salem were martyrs to cruel
superstition.

Mask. The world is a masked ball, and you are
one of the dancers.

The mask falls off and behold—the lion is a
donkey.

Nature never intended man to wear a mask—she writes him on his face.

Masses. Politicians pander to the masses.

The masses follow the bray of the jackasses.

Master. Whatever good work you undertake, master it.

If you would be master of men, master yourself.

Matches. "Matches are made in heaven"?

Mistake, my dear, they go off at a scratch and you soon smell brimstone.

Matrimony. His pulse beats matrimony.

Try matrimony, my dear little sonny,

At twenty-five with a frugal wife,

And lots of love and a little money.

The "outs" want in and the "ins" want out.

Matter. We are three—

Known, yet unknown—unfathomable to man—

Time, Space, and Matter pregnant with all life,

Immortals older than the oldest orb.

We were and are forever: out of us

Are all things—suns and satellites, midge and man.—*Beyond.*

We only know that matter cannot die:

And is the soul not worthier than the dust?

—*The Reign of Reason.*

No atom lost and not one atom gained,

Though fire to vapor melt the adamant,

Or feldspar fall in drops of summer rain.—*Beyond.*

Worlds wax and wane, suns crumble into dust,

But matter pregnant with immortal life,

Hath, since the white-haired centuries wheeled the vast,

Nor lost nor gained. Who made it, and who made
The Maker? out of nothing—nothing.—*Beyond.*

Maxim. Maxims are the wisdom of the world
boiled down.

Don't fire maxims at us with a Maxim gun.

May-be. Ten may-be's don't make one *is*.

May-be's fly all the year round.

May-be's and "ifs" fly together.

He expects his honey from may-be's.

Mayor. If you would reform a city, start in on the
mayor and the dog-catcher.

Mean. The meanest man on earth is he who be-
trays a friend.

Means. If "the end justifies the means" burn your
house to get rid of the rats.

Measure. Don't measure every man by yourself.

Measure the ocean with a drinking-cup!

Measure eternity by the town-clock!

Nay, with a yard-stick measure the universe!

Measure for measure, measure God by man!—*Men.*

Meddle. Meddle and muddle.—*Lord Derby.*

Medicine. A contented mind is the best medicine.

Take your "medicine" like a man.

No doctor takes his own medicine.

The medicine that cured the cobbler killed the
tailor.

A little forethought is good medicine for a "sore-
head."

They called in three doctors, an' now they're
hevin' a "medicine-dance" at his funeral.—

—*Bronco Bill.*

Medium. There is a medium between a fool and philosopher.

He struck a happy "medium" an' she "spirited"
fifty dollars out of his pocket.—*Bronco Bill.*

Meet. Meet danger half-way.

Meet a coward face to face and he will flunk.

Meet the liar face to face, an' make 'im swoller it.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Melancholy. The melon-colic days are come,

The saddest of the year,

When bad boys jump the melon-patch

With a bull-dog in the rear.—*Parody.*

Melancholy an't no good: take a dose of "spirits"
and git rid of it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Memory. It is easy to forget what we do not wish
to remember.

His forgetery is better than his memory.

Our memories are too long or too short.

Let memory be your monitor.

He has a long tongue and a short memory.

"Old and a mine of memories." —*Tennyson.*

Men. Men are prone to remember your faults and
forget your virtues.

Man is a creature of a thousand whims,

The slave of hope and fear and circumstance.

—*Men.*

Men seek for silver in the distant hills,

While in the sand gold glimmers at their feet.

—*Men.*

Give him the gold of Ophir, still he delves;

Give him the land and he demands the sea;

Give him the earth, he reaches for the stars.—*Men.*

I had rather be a great man in a little house,
than a little man in a great house.

A man must be something to do something.

Men have been learning error age on age,

And superstition is their heritage,

Bequeathed from age to age and sire to son

Since the dim history of the world begun.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

There are three kinds of men—the man that falls
back, the man that sits on a stool and grumbles,
and the man that strides forward with doubters
hanging to his coat-tail.

Men do not lack strength; they lack courage.

The nearer you get to a great man the smaller
he is.

Men are led by their desires.

Men admire in themselves what they carp at in
others.

If nature can't make men equal, how can men
do it?

Men are rare,—there are millions of “two-legged
animals without feathers.”

Men mold their virtues to suit their interests.

Men are only grown-up babies.

Not all are men that wear the human form.

Men three parts made by tailors and by barbers.

—*Burns.*

Everybody likes to shake hands with a hand full
of money.

Men are mixtures of good and evil.

It is not fair to measure all men by one man.

Most men have hind-sight, some fore-sight and a
rare few circum-sight.

Hungry men are always radicals.

Little men allus think they're ten times bigger
thun they air. —*Bronco Bill*.

Mend. "Never too late to mend," said the cobbler,
when there was nothing left of the shoe but the
string.

"Never too late to mend," never too stout to
bend.

It takes him half his time to mend his breaks.

Mercy. Nature knows no mercy; her laws are
inflexible.

The quality of mercy is not strained.

—*Shakespeare*.

Where there is doubt let mercy decide.

Can the merciless expect mercy?

Turn the pore hungry "cuss" over tu God's
mercy; that won't cost yer nothin'.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Merit. Audacity often wins where merit fails.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.

—*G. Coleman*, (the younger).

He hez got a merit-mark on his neck, said Bronco
Bill, when they hung the horse-thief.

Metaphysics. What neither speaker nor listener
can understand they call "Metaphysics."

Don't physic us with metaphysics.

He knew what's what, and that's as high as meta-
physic wit can fly. —*Butler*.

Method. Method is a time-saver.

A man without method spends half his time hunt-
ing for things mislaid.

Nothing contributes more to despatch than meth-
od. —*Chesterfield*.

Though this be madness, yet there is a method
in it. —*Shakespeare.*

She done a cold-blooded murder, an' the jury let
her go free, 'cuz she showed a lot of method an'
salt water an' plead insanitary. —*Bronco Bill.*

Mettle—metal. Let men know what metal you are
made of.

He has too much mettle for a blind "hoss."

Midst. Lo in the midst we stand; we cannot see
Either the dark beginning or the end,
Or where our tottering footsteps turn or trend,
In the vast orbit of Eternity.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Blind in the midst we grope and wait.
We only know this midget, man,
May never trace the mighty plan
From Chaos to the Ultimate. —*A Message.*

Might. In war might is the measure of right.
Right makes might and might makes right.

Millennium. "The Millennium hez cum, Jo;
See thar—the wolf lyin' down with the lamb."
"I see the wolf, Bill, but whar's the lamb?"
"He's on the inside, Jo." —*Bronco Bill.*

Millionaire. One bottle of wine will make him a
millionaire.

A millionaire—a profligate heir.

Multi-millionaire—an ass staggering under a load
of bullion.

Mind. Steel and the mind grow bright by frequent
use;

In rest they rust. —*Poetry.*

The mind needs a change of food as well as the body.

A contented mind is the best medicine.

Mind your business and your business will mind you.

Mine. Mine is mine and thine is thine.

He has a hole in the ground and he calls it a mine.

A mining deal is like the Bismarck Gardens in Chicago where it costs you "two bits" to get in and "four bits" to get out.

Minority. Wise men are always in the minority.

In politics when the minority has the chairman the minority has the majority.

"Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker," cried a member of Congress when Tom Reed was in the chair, "I doubt if this resolution has the majority."

"It has, sir," said Tom Reed, "I am the majority." The minority is always on the wrong side.

Miracle. God's works are all miracles.

A fact is itself a miracle.

Miracles are performed by mother Nature.

Truth does not need the aid of miracles.

—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

I don't believe in miracles; yer cain't feed a multitude with five "hard-tacks" an' tew suckers.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Miser. The miser does not own his gold; his gold owns him.

Miserable. Don't make yourself miserable today because you may hear bad news tomorrow.

Misery. Misery is in the mind. Who thinks himself miserable is miserable.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.

—*Shakespeare.*

Mis-fit. The wust fit any feller ever fell intu is a mis-fit with a "grass-vider." —*Bronco Bill.*

Misfortune. Our best lessons are learned in misfortune.

He is fortunate who can bear misfortune nobly.
How patiently we endure the misfortune of others.

Meet misfortune with fortitude.

He who can bear prosperity wisely can bear misfortune patiently.

It is noble to rise above misfortune. —*Napoleon.*

I never knew a man in my life who could not bear others' misfortunes perfectly like a gentleman. —*Pope.*

When misfortunes come in flocks, fire a battery of maxims at 'em.

We spend half our lives bewailing misfortunes that never come.

In misfortune repentance begins.

Mistake. Mistakes and suffering give us keen eyes and sharp ears.

The man that never made a mistake never made anything worth making.

No man ever made a mistake by doing his duty.

Learn from the mistakes of others.

We proclaim our triumphs and hide our mistakes.
The only sensible thing he ever did was done by mistake.

Make your mistake a stepping-stone to success.

Mistrust. Mistrust, distrust.

Moan. The song of songs is a moan.

Mob. The mob—a many-headed brute.

A mob is a monster with many heads and no brains.

The headless herd are but a noise of wind;
Sometimes, alas, the wild tornado's roar.—*Men.*

See jealous labor strike the hand that feeds,
And burn the mills that grind their daily bread.
—*Men.*

The mob is like blind Samson in the temple of
Dagon.

The fickle mob turns to every breeze.
Where the mad mob rules Liberty runs mad,
And justice dies. * * * * *—*Men.*

O was the blood of patriot fathers shed
To found an empire governed by the mob—
Where Freedom falls and Anarchy, instead,
Teaches her hungry wolves to rape and rob?
—*One Hundred Years Ago.*

Modesty. True modesty avoids a remote suggestion of evil.

Modesty wears modest clothes.

The belle of Wyomin'—Shy Ann—is naturly modest, but she likes tu show her red petticoat.—*Bronco Bill.*

Moments. Moments are the atoms of Eternity.

Money. Make money your God and it will become your Devil.

Many a poor boy is ruined by his father's money.
Time coins our money.
Earned money is never cheap.

Nothing talks louder than money.
She who marries money sells herself.
He who loses his money loses his best friend.
Money is the life-blood of nations.
In the game of Life money is trumps.
He that has honey on his tongue will put money
in his purse.
He is a wise man who knows how to spend his
money.
Be the master of money, not its slave.
He can find money to bet on a prize-fight when
he can't find money to buy bread for his chil-
dren.

Money is worth what it will buy.
If you would know the value of money, go and
try to borrow some.—*Benj. Franklin.*
It is an empty purse that is full of other men's
money.

Monkey. The monkey is second cousin to all men,
and closer kin to many.

We have descended (a long way) from the mon-
key.

Don't monkey with a buzz-saw.

If we are no longer monkeys let us act like men.

He appears to be a cross between a monkey and
a pole-cat.

Although in silk the monkey dress,
She's still a monkey nevertheless.—*Spanish*—

Aunque se vista de seda

La mona mona se queda.

Monopoly. Monopolies fatten a few and beggar a
multitude.

Throttle the "Trusts" and crush the coils com-
bined

That crack our bones and fatten on our fields.

—*Men.*

I hain't found no man yit that hez a monopoly of
common-sense.—*Bronco Bill.*

Monument. In his eulogy of the dead he endeavored to build a monument for himself.

Moon—moonshine. Did you ever hear the moon
bark back at the dogs?

Moonshine is a thin diet.

He dined on faith and supped on moonshine.

Mortality. Dead in the prime of his years,
And laid in the lap of the dust;
Only a handful of ashes
Moldering down into dust.—*Lines, etc.*

Mother. Poverty is the mother of genius.

The earth is the mother of all.

Wherever yet was found a mother

Who'd give her booby for another.—*Gay.*

Who takes her child by the hand, takes the mother
by the heart.

Take the cutting from a good vine and a daughter
of a good mother.—*Spanish Prov.*

The hand that rocks the cradle

Is the hand that rules the world.—*W. S. Ross.*

Mother-in-law. Philosophy is a cure for everything
but a mother-in-law.

Mother-wit. Mother-wit and daddy-grit
Will never harm a boy a bit.

Mother-land. Living for your mother-land is better
than dying for it.

Motive. Men are moved by motive.

There is a motive in his madness.

Mouth. His mouth is a megaphone.

His mouth hez bin open so long he cain't shet it.

His mouth is so big he cud swaller himself.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Much—too much. Make much of the little you have.

Enough is often too much.

Multitude. Government by the multitude is mobocracy.

Music. Music is the universal language.—*Landon.*

Har the jackass bray! He's brayin' music tu the little "mooses."—*Bronco Bill.*

Must. "Must" will drive "Can't" over a mountain.

When Nature commands we must.

Myself. The best friend I have is myself.

Nature commands me to defend myself.

I always commanded myself.—*Napoleon.*

Mystery. I dreamed a dream all mist and mystery.

—*Pauline.*

There is no mystery—only mist in our eyes.

N

Nagging. Nagging is a bad habit; better be a bore.

Name. What's in a name?—Honor or shame.

Where is Cæsar?—All that is left is a name.

They tarred him with a nickname.

A nickname sticks worse than a sticking-plaster.

Narrow. He was chief engineer of a narrow-gage road.

Avoid the "narrow way": take the "broad-gage."

Nations. The American nation was born in a log-cabin.

All nations are kin and will some day be one.

All nations will some day be one; but thet'll be when the uth is knocked intu etarnity by a comet er a uthquake, an' thar ain't nobody left but the heathen Chinees.—*Bronco Bill.*

Nature. There is no mercy in the laws of Nature. Nature demands a fair price for everything.

Nature the only perfect artist is:

Who studies Nature may approach her skill:

Perfection hers, but never can be his,

Though her sweet voice his very marrow thrill:

The finest works of art are Nature's shadows still.—*Poetry.*

Yea, in the womb of Nature slumber still

Wonders undreamed and forms beyond compare.

—*Beyond.*

The wise man studies Nature.

It is folly to fight against the laws of Nature.

Nature commands us to be moderate in all things.

In the scheme of Nature there is no chance for chance.

The facts of Nature are arguments indisputable.

Nature makes no mistake; everything is good for something.

Evolution is a law of Nature.

Drive Nature out at the front door and she'll come in at the back.

Nature holds a mortgage on all of us.

Nature is always busy doing her best.

Nature is the best philosopher, the best poet, the best painter.

Nature is the "Holy Bible"; every word in her great book is a fact revealed.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God.
—*Pope*.

Nature never tells a lie.

Every word written in Nature is in the handwriting of God.

Nature creates in pairs.

Nature will not adjust herself to us; we must adjust ourselves to nature.

Nature never pardons.

Man cannot cancel a word that Nature has written.

Ole Mother Natur works every day in the week:
she don't stop tu pray pra'rs an' sing sams on Sunday.—*Bronco Bill*.

Necessity. Necessity is a hard master, but a good teacher.

Yield to necessity with good grace.

Need—needy. A friend in need is a friend indeed.
Bid the beggar come tomorrow; give to the needy now.

Neglect. A little neglect may breed great mischief.
—*Franklin*.

Neighbor. Prosperous neighbors make good customers.

He prays on his knees on the Sabbath,
And preys on his neighbors the rest of the week.
When we are content with ourselves we are content with our neighbors.

Self-denial is a great virtue—especially in your neighbor.

Nettle. The best way to handle a nettle is to grasp it with a glove on.

New. 'Tis but a new toot on the same old horn
That brayed in ancient Greece and Babylon.—*Men.*
Novelty sets the gabbling geese agape,
And fickle fashion follows like an ape.—*Poetry.*

We pull down the old monuments to build new
ones for ourselves out of the material.
As the new comes in at the front door the old
slips out at the back.

The old is new and the new is old.

Ole Solomon said thar wuz nuthin' new under
the sun; but they didn't hev no yeller news-
papers in his day.—*Bronco Bill.*

New England. New England has become New Ire-
land.

New England!—thar's whar they take a sheep
by the tail an' poke 'im down between the rocks
tu git a nibble uf grass.—*Bronco Bill.*

News. If you would hear news about yourself ask
the gossips.

She carries the news in her hat.

If you wish to hear the news of the city go into
the country.

Most of the news nowadays is manufacturd in
the top-story uf the newspaper office.

—*Bronco Bill.*

No. "No" is shorter than "Yes."

You can say "no" so meekly that it is half a
"yes."

Learn to say "No" and save time and trouble.

Noble. Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.—*Tennyson*.

Noise. The headless herd are but a noise of wind.
—*Men*.

Hear the demagogues
Fist-maul the wind and weather-cock the crowd,
With brazen foreheads full of empty noise,
Out-bellowing the bulls of Bashan.—*Men*.
Great noise and good sense soon part company.
A great reputation is a great noise.—*Napoleon*.

Nose. A man with a long nose rarely pokes it into
other people's affairs.
The long-nosed pig is a whole hog.
Poke a hornet's net with another man's nose.
Ef yer want yer nose scratched stick it intu a
wimmin's-rights meetin'.—*Bronco Bill*.

Nothing—nothingness. Out of nothing, nothing.
—*Beyond*.
Where nothing is lost something is gained.
Nothing is good for nothing.
Nothing for nothing.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the
earth"?—God Almighty his self cudn't make
somethin' outer nothin'. The earth wusn't cre-
ated: it jist "growed"—like "Topsy."
—*Bronco Bill*.

Novelty. Novelty sets the gabbling geese agape,
And fickle fashion follows like an ape.—*Poetry*.
Novelties cost more than bread.

Now. All the time you are sure of is now.
The nick o' time is now.

Nut. Don't eat your nut before you crack it.
 A man can find plenty of nuts to crack without
 cracking his own "cocoanut."
 Don't club the tree: the nuts have fallen.

O

Oak. Hearts of oak and arms of steel.
 Up grew in silence through a thousand years
 The Titan-armed, gnarl-jointed, rugged oak,
 Rock-rooted.—*An Old English Oak.*
 For only stalwart ships of oak or steel
 May dare the deep and breast the billowy sea,
 When sweeps the thunder-voiced, dark hurricane,
 And the mad ocean shakes his shaggy mane,
 And roars through all his grim and vast immen-
 sity.—*Poetry.*

Oar. The lazy lubber lays on his oars and waits
 for the wind.

Obedience. Obedience to the laws of nature is
 health and wealth.
 My feet obey; my heart rebels.
 He who cannot command must obey.

Oblivion. Immortal Fame! O dust and death!
 The centuries as they pass proclaim
 That fame is but a mortal breath,
 And man must perish, name and fame.—*Fame.*

Dust to dust:
 What is gained when all is lost?
 Gaily for a day we tread—
 Proudly with averted head—
 O'er the ashes of the dead—

Blind with pride and mad with lust:

Dust to dust.—*Dust to Dust.*

Obscurity. He reasons from obscurity to obscurity.

Like the cuttle fish he seeks safety in obscurity.

What matter if the dust of ages drift

Five fathoms deep above my grave unknown.

—*Poetry.*

Observation—observer. Observe closely; think carefully.

The observer who studies in the school of Time learns much.

Obstinacy. No ass so obstinate as ignorance.—*Men.*

Perseverance in a good cause is obstinacy in a bad one.

Occasion. An occasion lost is lost forever.

Catch occasion by the fore-lock, she is bald behind.

Occupation. Idleness is the mother of mischief.

Do something worth doing.

Steel and the mind grow bright by frequent use;

In rest they rust.—*Poetry.*

The slave, the idler are alike unblessed,

Aye, in loved labor only is there rest.—*Poetry.*

Daily duties are as wholesome as daily bread.

Du suthin wuth duin' ef it's on'y kickin' yerself.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Ocean. Measure the ocean with your drinking-cup?

What we know is a few drops of an infinite ocean.

Office. He who desires office most deserves it least.

Public office is a public trust.—*Grover Cleveland.*

- Oil.** Lubricate—lubricate: oil prevents friction.
 Pour oil on troubled waters.
 There is no medicine so good for anger as a little sweet oil.
- Old bird.** An old bird is ware of a gun.
 You can tell an old bird by her feathers.
- Old.** The old live in grave yards.
 Give me an old head and a young heart.
 As the new comes in at the front door the old slips out at the back.
 The old is new and the new is old.
 We pull down the old to build the new.
 Ring out the old, ring in the new. —*Tennyson*.
- Old age.** Some men are born old, some never grow old.
 Youth is full of blunders that old age regrets.
 Old age crowned with folly is pitiful.
- Old story.** That is an old story: it was told first by Ananias who lied to the Holy Ghost.
- Opinion.** When a man asks your opinion he wants you to confirm his.
 We like the man who is of our own opinion.
 Opinions begin at the top and work down.
 Weigh the opinions of others; decide by your own.
 Take the opinions of others and sift them through your own sieve.
 He who would be right must sometimes change his opinion.
 I have always marched with the opinion of five or six millions of men. —*Napoleon*.
 "A man convinced against his will
 Is of the same opinion still."

Opportunity. A wise man will make more opportunities than a fool can find.

Know your opportunity.—*Pittacus*.—(one of the seven wise men of Greece).

James J. Hill saw the opportunity coming and met it on the way.

If opportunities were flying in flocks he couldn't tell an opportunity from a black-bird.

A wise man makes opportunities while others are waiting for them.

Opportunity may slip by while you deliberate.

A big opportunity rarely comes to a little man.

When the opportunity comes, come to the opportunity.

If you can't find an opportunity, make one.

Opposition. Opposition is a whetstone to the fanatic.

The "outs" are always the opposition.

Oppression. For ages have the learned of the schools

Furnished pack-saddles for the backs of fools.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Orator—oratory. Truth is the greatest orator.

His tongue has got in the habit of talking and he can't hold it.

His mouth has been open so long he can't shut it.

He has less oratory and more noise than a brass band.

He's a "spread-eagle" orator—all wings and tail-feathers and squawk.

Order. Order is the daughter of wisdom and the mother of success.

Perpetual change is the order of the Universe.
Order yourself and keep yourself in order.

Originality. I had rather write one word upon the
rock

Of ages than ten thousand in the sand.—*Poetry.*

Many authors are full of original nonsense.

Original?—what is original?—original ignorance.

Ostentation. The higher he soars the more he flut-
ters his feathers.

Other—others. The “Golden Rule” applies to your
neighbor and not to yourself?

Confucius preached the “Golden Rule” 500 years
before Jesus was born.

If you are right let others flunk,—“stand pat.”

Do your duty by others if they fail to do their
duty by you,—it pays.

Remember that other people have eyes, too.

Ourselves. We are too easily reconciled to our-
selves.

O wad some power the giftie gie us

To see oursels as ithers see us! —*Burns.*

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

—*Shakespeare.*

We easily pardon in ourselves what we condemn
in others.

We build churches for ourselves.

We like to be confessor to others, but not to our-
selves.

When we are content with ourselves we are
content with our neighbors.

We own nothing; we have but a short lease—
even of ourselves.

Overdo—overdone. Do, but don't overdo: overdone is as bad as underdone.

Owls. Wise men there be, for owls are counted wise,

Who love to leave the lamp-lit paths behind,
And chase the shapeless shadow of a doubt.
These have one argument, and only one,
For good or evil, earth or jeweled heaven—
The olden, owlish argument of Doubt.—*Men.*

He blinks like a wise old owl and says nothing.

Own—ownership. The man who minds his own business is well employed.

We own nothing; we have but a short lease, even of ourselves.

Ox. Begrudge not the patient ox his corn.
The ox pulls the cart and the monkey rides.

Oyster. It was a long road from protoplasm to the oyster, and a long time before the oyster shed his shell and walked on two legs.

P

Pain. Who sows in passion reaps in pain.

Pains. No gains without pains.
Take pains and make gains.

Pair. Nature makes all things in pairs.
Proverbs should be writ in pairs.

Parasite. Men are divided into princes and parasites.

The herd are parasites of parasites.

Pardon. Who pardons the guilty punishes the innocent.

It is easy for a man to pardon himself.

We easily pardon in another the offence of which we ourselves have been guilty.

Nature never pardons; her laws are immutable.

Pardon crowns the victor.

"Better late than never," said the priest, when the pardon arrived just after the execution.

Parsimony. Parsimony and poverty are rarely bed-fellows.

Parsimony is the worst poverty.

Partizans. Patriots first, partizans last.

Party. His party has seven cardinal principles—five loaves and two fishes.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of the few.—*Pope.*

He serves his party best who serves the country best.—*President Hayes.*

Passion. Control your passions, or your passions will control you.

Passion, like fire, under control is beneficial.

Temper passion with reason.

Every passion is written on the face.

Passion is the wild steed, reason the rider.

Put a bridle on your passions or they will put a halter on you.

Who sows in passion reaps in pain.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,

The ruling passion conquers reason still.—*Pope.*

Past. An old man's future is in the past.

Don't keep on hurraing after the procession has gone past.

Don't spend your time bemoaning the past—look ahead.

We live in the shadow of the past.

We may misread the present by the light of the past.

We are linked to the infinite past and the infinite future.

We stand upon the shoulders of the past.

Only the past is certain.

Path. It is easy to follow a beaten path, not so easy to blaze a new trail through the wilderness.

Watch out for pitfalls in your path.

Step over the stumbling-blocks in your path.

If you kick every stone in your path you will soon have sore toes.

Patience. If you wait for the mountain to come to you, will patience bring it?

He who is equipped with patience and perseverance is equipped for work.

Whoever hath not patience, neither doth he possess philosophy.—*Sadi*.

Patience is out of place in a hornets-nest.

He is over patient who can sit calmly on a hot stove.

It is idle to preach patience to a drowning man.

Patience is twin brother of fortitude.

It is easy to practise Christian patience when your mother-in-law has the toothache.

Be patient, but not pusillanimous.

Patience lightens burdens, but if you are too patient they will pile on more than you can carry.

On an up-hill road with a big load the patient mule will beat a thoroughbred.

Fortify courage with patience.
 Patience lightens the burden.
 Patience is power.
 He's as patient as Job's wife.

Patriot—patriotism. "It's patriotism," said T. R.
 "It's politics," said Harriman.
 Patriots first—partizans second.
 Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.
—*Samuel Johnson.*

Pawn. Virtue once pawned is rarely redeemed.

Pay-day. Every day in the week is pay-day.
 Pay-day comes to every man—good or bad.

Pay-master. A well-tilled field is a good pay-master.
 Nature is a punctual pay-master.
 God pays us what we earn.

Peace. War is just only when we fight for peace.
 He makes a solitude, and calls it—*Peace.*
—*Byron.*

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual
 means of preserving peace.—*George Washington*

Pat said "Oi'm niver at pace on'y whin Oi'm in
 a foight." *

"The Bible says there is no piece for the wicked,"
 said the mother when her bad boy begged for
 a piece of pie.

Pearls. He casts his pearls before swine.

Peculiarity. Peculiarity marks the man.

Pedantry. He who likes to show his learning to
 the ignorant shows his ignorance to the
 learned.

Pegasus. Don't mistake an ass for Pegasus.

Pen. The lance of chivalry was shivered by the goose-quill of Cervantes.

I can give you a pen, but I can't give you brains to use it.

It gin 'im the "blues," an' he tackled the Muse,
An' he tuk a pen an' writ.—*Bronco Bill.*

Penitent. Beware of a public penitent.

The prisons are full of penitents.

Penny. It is a good penny that saves the pound.

Don't spend a dollar's worth of time hunting for a lost penny.

People. The world may be divided into people who think and people who let others think for them.

Give the people perfect liberty and see the Killenny cat-fight.

The "dear people" like to be deceived; they suck flattery as calves suck milk.

Remember that other people have eyes too.

"I am fighting for my dear people," said a candidate for Congress. "How mony av 'em hev yez in yer family?" asked Pat.*

Perfection. Perfection can only be approximated, not attained.

Perfume. Kick a skunk and catch the perfume.

Perpetual motion. He has solved the problem of perpetual motion—with his tongue.

Perseverance. Prudence, patience, perseverance!

Time and patience change the mulberry-leaf.

To shining silk; the lapidary's skill

Makes the rough diamond sparkle at his will,
And cuts a gem from quartz or coral-reef.—*Poetry*.
“Stick-to-it” will do it.

Patience and perseverance are better than brilliant
parts.

Perseverance in a good cause is obstinacy in a
bad one.

Persistence. Persistence is power; the tender
mushroom will break through hard clay.

Persistent courage wins the smile of fate.

—*Pauline*.

Men lack purpose and persistence more than tal-
ent.

On an up-hill road with a big load the little don-
key will beat a thoroughbred.

Perverse. Man has a natural taste for forbidden
fruit.

There are more balky men than balky mules.

Some men are so perverse they will spend their
lives trying to make water run up hill by grav-
ity.

Petticoat. Beware of vice in rouge and red petti-
coats.

When the wife wears the pants who wears the
petticoats?

He is a sneak who hides under his wife's petti-
coats.

“An’ he rid on a side-saddle

In petticoats—half a-straddle.—*Bronco Bill*.

Philosophy—philosopher. Philosophy won't ease a
boil under the seat of your pants.

Philosophy may do for breakfast, but it's a poor
dinner.

When your friend has the toothache give him a dose of philosophy and watch the effect.

To discover and practise good is true philosophy. A man may talk like a philosopher and live like a fool.

Philosophy !—philosophy !—Diogenes starved in a tubful of philosophy.

The philosopher can patiently endure his mother-in-law's toothache.

Rocky-feller found the philosopher's stone in an oil-well.

The man who is content is a true philosopher.

Philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey.—*Goldsmith*.

He wuz ful uf philosophy; it oozed outer every hole in his hat.—*Bronco Bill*.

Physic—physician. The more physic the worse for the patient.

Physicked with metaphysics.—*Men*.

Call one doctor and you may live; call two and—make your will.

Any doctor can tell what ails you after you are dead.

Pig. Every pig to his own pen.

The biggest pig I ever saw walked on two legs.

The runt pig of a litter of pig-mies.

Pilot. Who takes a blind man for a pilot?

He's a good pilot in a mill-pond.

Pilot your own life-boat.

Pit. Who digs a pit for others may fall into it himself.

Pity. Pity not the dead but the living.

He pities the pore, but he makes 'em pay fer it.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Plagiarism. If plagiarism were a capital crime few modern authors would escape the hangman.

Plans. The best of plans may be spoiled in execution.

Plan deliberately—execute promptly.

The best-laid schemes o' mice and men

Gang aft a-gley.—*Burns.*

Play. Play the lion with lions and the fox with foxes.

If you want to play into the hearts of the "dear people" play a brass band.

Please—pleasure. Our greatest pleasure is in pleasing others.

Everything goes by pairs—pleasure and pain, good and evil.

A life of pleasure is the most unpleasing life in the world.—*Goldsmith.*

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.

—*Pope.*

The sweetest harp of heaven

Were hateful if it played the self same tune

Forever.—*Change.*

The most delicious fruits

Pall on the palate if we taste too oft,

And Hyblan honey turns to bitter gall.—*Change.*

Pleasure and pain grow on one stem.

Did ever anybody please everybody?

There are few men who can please even themselves.

There is more pleasure in a good deed done than
in the applause of the million.

Pledge. The streets are paved with broken pledges.
A bad pledge is better broken.

Plow—plowman. He plows with a pencil and reaps
with a pen.

His plow handles are too long, he lives in the
city and his farm is fifty miles away.

Ah blithesome plowmen whistling on the glebe,
Ah merry mowers singing in the swaths,
Sweet, simple souls contented not to know,
Wiser are ye and ye may teach the wise.

—*O let me Dream the Dreams of Long Ago.*

Pluck. Pluck is better than luck.

Pluck and luck make a strong team.

When the peach is ripe it is time to pluck it.

Plum. He goes to the plum tree for pears and the
pear tree for plums.

'Tain't every plum thet's wuth pickin'.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Plunder. He who plunders thousands thinks he
does a generous deed when he doles out pennies
to the poor.

Pocket. I put my hand in my pocket and find a
friend.

Keep your best friend in your pocket.

Poet—poetry. The grandest poem is God's uni-
verse:

In measured rhythm the planets whirl their
course;

Rhythm swells and throbs in every sun and star,
In mighty ocean's organ-peals and roar,

In billows bounding on the harbor-bar.
 In the blue surf that rolls upon the shore,
 In the low zephyr's sigh, the tempest's sob,
 In the rain's patter and the thunder's roar;
 Aye, in the awful earthquake's shuddering throb,
 When old Earth cracks her bones and trembles
 to her core.—*Poetry.*

All poetry must be, if it be true,
 Like the keen arrows of the Grecian God
 Apollo, that caught fire as they flew.—*Poetry.*
 Poets are born, not made, some scribbler said,
 And every rhymester thinks the saying true;
 Better unborn than wanting labor's aid;
 Aye, all great poets, all great men, are made
 Between the hammer and the anvil. Few
 Have the true metal, many have the fire.—*Poetry.*
 No slave or savage ever proved a bard;
 Men have their bent, but labor its reward.

—*Poetry.*

The poet's brain with spirit-vision teems;
 The voice of nature warbles in his heart;
 A sage, a seer, he moves from men apart,
 And walks among the shadows of his dreams.

—*Poetry.*

Poetry is an art, and the chief of the fine arts.

—*Steadman.*

Poetry is the music of the soul, and above all, of
 the great and feeling souls.—*Voltaire.*

De lid ze smel af ole gaas-grease,

De lid ze smel af slet whiskee,

De lid ze smel af Limburg-cheese,

Men, not ze smel af poetree.—*Broder Knute.*

Truth is the touchstone of all genius. Art
 In poet, painter, sculptor, is the same:

What cometh from the heart goes to the heart;
What comes from effort only is but tame.—*Poetry.*
Poetry is truth set to music.
Pipers are plenty but the masters few.
He will read and range and rhyme in vain
Who hath no dust of diamonds in his brain.

Long-haired poets are out of fashion. —*Poetry.*

Poetaster. "*Poeta nascitur non fit.*" Such a poet is
a born misfit.

See dapper poets hurrying for their dimes
With maudlin verses tinsel-tipped with rhymes.
—*Poetry.*

He climbs a tree to catch moonshine.
I hear loud voices and a clamorous throng
With braying bugles and with bragging drums—
Bards and bardies laboring at a song.
One lifts his locks above the rest preferred,
And to the buzzing flies of fashion thrums
A banjo. Lo, him follow all the herd.—*Poetry.*

Better a skillful cobbler at his last
Than unlearned poet twangling on the lyre,
Who sails on land and gallops on the blast,
And mounts the welkin on a braying ass,
Clattering a shattered cymbal bright with brass,
And slips his girth and tumbles in the mire.

—*Poetry.*

Policy. Lubricate the tongue; it takes oil to run the
machine.

"My policy" is himself.

Politeness. Over-politeness is hypocrisy.

Studied politeness is boorish.

Kindness is politeness everywhere.

Politeness is the flower of humanity.—*Joubert.*

He is the very pineapple of politeness.—*Sheridan*.

Politics—politicians. In the game of politics money is trumps.

Politics makes strange bed-fellows.

* * * Hear the demagogues

Fist-maul the wind and weather-cock the crowd,
With brazen foreheads full of empty noise,
Out-bellowing the bulls of Bashan.—*Men*.

Hear the old bandogs of the Daily Press,
Chained to their party posts, or fetter free
And running amuck against old party creeds,
On-howl their packs and glory in the fight.
See mangy curs whose editorial ears
Prick to all winds to catch the popular breeze,
Slang-whanging yelp and froth and snap and
snarl,

And sniff the gutters for their daily bread.—*Men*.

I sings mein leetel song—"Reform";

Dot shakes ze goundry like a storm;

Und makes die peobles all belief

I eats mein dinner on a tief.—*C. S. (Ms.)*

Politics makes men cowards.

Politicians play and the people pay the piper.

Politicians pander to the weak side of the masses.

The women hev gone intu pollytics, an' the pore
men'll hev tu nuss the babies.—*Bronco Bill*.

Why these parades, brass-bands and braying
drums,

These frantic howls from pulpit, stage and slums?

What is the matter? What's it all about?

One side is in and t'other side is out.

I've bin thinkin', Jim, 'bout politics

An' patriots an' sich,

An' how they promise nugget gold,
An' give us—gilded bricks.—*Bronco Bill*.

Poor. A poor man has few cousins.

Plenty makes us poor.—*Dryden*.

Blessed are the poor.—*St. Luke, 6-20*.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor.

—*Psalms 41-1*.

The rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is
the maker of them all.—*Proverbs, 22-2*.

Populace. Where *Grex* is *Rex* God help the hap-
less land.

The yelping curs that bay the rising moon
Are not more clamorous and the fitful winds
Not more inconstant.—*Men*.

The headless herd are but a noise of wind;
Sometimes, alas, the wild tornado's roar;
As full of freaks as curs are full of fleas;
Like flies they swarm, like flies they buzz and
breed.—*Men*.

The populace are either tooting tin horns or
crawling on their bellies.

The populace judge from passion, fashion and
prejudice.

As with poor wine so with the populace, agita-
tion brings the dregs to the top.

Popular—popularity. Popular opinion is like a pen-
dulum—always seesawing.

Popular praise is a puff of wind.

A popular man makes everything he advocates
popular.

A popular man, right or wrong, has many fol-
lowers.

If you want to be popular hire a brass band and swing a "big stick."

Posterity. "Gintlemin, Oi can't boasht av me ancestors," said Pat, "but Oi kin boasht av me posterity, fer Biddy an' me hez twinty wan av 'em."*

"What has posterity done for us?"

—*Sir Boyle Roche.*

Potatoes. Buttered baked potatoes grow in the garden of fools.

Ah, sweet content,—the blessing of the blest—

Upon thy cheerful table—east or west —

Corn-cakes and baked potatoes make a feast.

—*One Hundred Years Ago.*

His family-tree is like a potato top.

Poverty. If you would keep from poverty keep out of debt.

Poverty rocked the cradle of most great men.

Republics breed both luxury and poverty.

Poverty may laugh at a burglar.

Poverty is the mother of genius.

Power. Patience, pluck and perseverance are power.

Knowledge is power.—*Bacon.*

Practice. Many preach, few practice.

Practice what you preach.

The doctor practices on his patients.

Practice will approximate perfection.

Praise. Praise him and he will praise you.

He who listens for praise will hear dispraise.

Rear monuments of fame or flattery—

Think ye their sleeping souls are made aware?

Heap o'er their heads fair praise or calumny—
Think ye their mouldering ashes hear or care?

—*Poetry.*

Praise God by righteous deeds and brother-love.

—*Men.*

Let your deeds praise you, your tongue never.
Virtue starves on hollow praise.

Seek advice rather than praise.

He who disparages himself to others expects
praise.

Let your praise come from the mouth of a friend.
The rebuke of the wise is better than the praise
of a fool.

There are reproaches which praise, and praises
which reproach.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

It is easier to get praise than to earn it.

Prayer. The same immutable laws that govern the
sun and his planets govern all things.

Can prayer reverse the seasons or turn night into
day?

Prayer is the plea of ignorance.

Prayer presumes that God is weak and variable.

All my prayers are one—

Father, thy will be done.

Prayer presumes that God is human.

Pray for a stout heart and a strong arm.

Storm over, prayers over.

Prayer is a complaint against Providence.

Pray, pray—but don't prey on your friends.

Precedent. The olden precedents—

Oft stepping-stones of tyranny and wrong.

—*Pauline.*

Precedents are not proofs.

Precedents are often stumbling-blocks.

Better make a good precedent than follow a bad one.

Progress, not precedent.

"To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think."

—*Cowper*.

Precept. The entire New Testament may be boiled down into one precept (borrowed from Confucius)—"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

Let your practice precede your precepts.

Precipice. A precipice before and fire in the rear.
He hangs on the verge of a precipice.

Precipitate. He is too precipitate who goes off
"half-cocked."

Prejudice. When we cast off an old prejudice we are apt to take on a new one.

Prejudice is the child of ignorance.—*Hazlett*.

It is easy to catch a prejudice, and hard to cure it.

Prepare. Be always prepared.

Be prepared both for your friends and your enemies.

Prepare your ground before you sow the seed.

Prepare for the storm ere it cometh.

Prepare to be disappointed.

He is prepared who is always on guard.

Prepare for the worst, and hope for the best.

If you are prepared to be disappointed, you will hardly be disappointed.

The grizzly wuz prepar'd fer him, but he wuzn't prepared fer the bar.—*Bronco Bill*.

Present—presents. Make good use of the present and the future will be provided for.

We sometimes misread the present by the light of the past.

The present is the necessary product of all the past.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

The present is the living sum-total of the past.

—*Carlyle.*

Pay your debts first and make presents afterwards.

Press. A newspaper is simply the mouth-piece of the man behind it.

The newspaper is "a power in the land" for good or evil.

People have quit reading the Bible and gone to reading newspapers.

Is this the golden age or the age of gold?

Lo by the page or column fame is sold.

Hear the big journal braying like an ass;

Behold the brazen statesmen as they pass.

—*Poetry.*

See mangy curs whose editorial ears

Prick to all winds to catch the popular breeze

Slang-whanging yelp and froth and snap and snarl,

And sniff the gutters for their daily bread.—*Men.*

The press is the mill that grinds the grist the boss-miller wants ground.

Presume—presumption. Don't presume too much on the weakness of your enemy or the strength of your friend.

Presumption leaps, knowledge creeps.

President. He wuz a great president—ful uf capital *I's* an' cullege-yells, an' everything but common-sense.—*Bronco Bill.*

Pretense. Loud crowing and flapping of wings, but he never gets above his dung-hill.

Prevention. It is better to prevent than to punish.

Price. A "cut" price is a pick-pocket.

If you "go the pace" you must pay the price.

Not every man has his price; the weak man has his price, if it's only ten cents' worth of flattery.

Pride. Ignorance is the mother of pride.

The littler the man the greater his pride.

Pride pays two per cent. per month to conceal his poverty.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.—*Franklin.*

Pride never listens to the voice of reason.

Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.—*Pope.*

Pride will na leave its master till he gets a fa'.
—*Scotch Prov.*

Pride is a weed that grows rankest on a dung-hill.

He wore a diamond on his busom an' tew patches on the seat uf his pants.—*Bronco Bill.*

Prince. Every prince has his parasites.

Princes and parasites comprise mankind:

To one wise prince a million parasites.—*Men.*

Principal. His principal business is poking his nose into other people's business.

His principal business is killing time.

Mein sohn, be a man of principal and make profit on it.

Principle. His principle is to add compound interest to his principal.

Men of principle should be the principal men.

Probability. Two probabilities don't make one fact.

Procrastination. Better be ten minutes ahead than ten seconds behind.

The procrastinator dies deliberating.

Precipitancy and procrastination are equal faults.

Prodigal—prodigality. Pinching economy saves for prodigality and prodigality runs down hill to penury.

When the prodigal returns to the family fold,
Take the poor hungry sinner in out of the cold;
Kill a hen or a calf, put a bottle on ice,
And call him to dinner and give him a slice.

Profanity. Profanity is a brutal vice and a sure sign of bad breeding.

Don't swar out loud.—*Bronco Bill.*

Profess. Profess nothing you are unable to do.
Better possess than profess.

Profit. Profit by the mistakes of others.
You can't afford to work for nothing and board yourself.
A prophet without profit.

Profuse. He that is profuse is never profound.

Progress. Behold the serried ranks of truth advance,
And conquering Science shakes her shining lance
Full in the face of stubborn Ignorance.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

If you are content with your progress you will cease to progress.

Progress, not precedent.

We hev got tu the pint in pollytics whar we're progressin' back'ards.—*Bronco Bill*.

Promise. Slow to promise, prompt to perform.

Hooks baited with promises catch gudgeons.

He that promises too much means nothing.

Promise may make a friend, performance will keep him.

Promises are cheap, performance dear.

Perform first, promise afterwards.

A promise is poor payment.

Swift to promise, slow to perform.

He lives in the land of promise and eats roast chickens before they are hatched.

A promise is a debt.

Better a dollar today than a promise of two to-morrow.

In pollytics don't promise nuthin till arfter yer beat.—*Bronco Bill*.

Prompt—promptness. Better be ten minutes ahead than ten seconds behind.

Be slow to promise, prompt to fullfil.

Property. Property has its duties as well as its rights.

The individual ownership of property is the foundation of civilization.

Prophet. Prophets seldom profit by their prophecies.

The best prophet of the future is the past.—*Byron*
The woods are full of prophets.

Thar ain't no profit in a prophet whose prophecies air—"I told yer so."—*Bronco Bill*.

Propitious. Watch for the propitious time.

Prosperity. They that sow in adversity may reap in prosperity.

Beware of the prosperity that loads you with debt.

In prosperity economy; in adversity, fortitude.

He who is insolent in prosperity will be a coward in adversity.

In prosperity friends flock to you; in adversity they scatter.

Hard work is still the road to prosperity.

Prosperity is the touchstone; it will prove the metal a man is made of.

All classes are benefited by the prosperity of one.

What prosperity conceals adversity reveals.

A lamb in prosperity, a lion in adversity.

In adversity calm; in prosperity calm.

In prosperity beware of your friends, in adversity they will beware of you.

Protect. Protect the toiling millions by just laws.

—*Men.*

Protection. Put up the bars; bar out the pauper hordes;

Bar out their products that compete with ours.

Give honest toil at home an honest chance;

Build up our own and keep our coin at home.

In vain our mines pour forth their tons of gold

And silver, if by every ship they sail

For London, Paris, Birmingham and Berlin.

—*Men.*

Protection shears our sheep; free-trade skins them.

Such protection as vultures give to lambs.

—*Sheridan—(Pizzaro).*

Proverbs. Proverbs are the condensed wisdom of ages.

Proverbs, wisdom boiled down.

Proverbs should be writ in pairs.

Patch poverty with proverbs.

Shakespur wuzn't no poet like me, Jo; he picked
all the best bones outer the proverbs, an' biled
'em with Bacon.—*Bronco Bill*.

Providence. God tempers the shorn lamb to the winds.

Hope and trust;

All life springs from out the dust:

Ah we measure God by man,

Looking forward but a span

On his wondrous, boundless plan:

All his ways are wise and just;

Hope and trust.—*Dust to Dust*.

The worm that crawls from out the sun-touched
sand,

What knows he of the huge, round, rolling earth?

Yet more than thou, of all the vast Beyond,

Or ever wilt. Content thee; let it be:

Know only this—there is a Power unknown,

Master of life and builder of the worlds.—*Beyond*.

Lo in the midst we stand: we cannot see

Either the dark beginning or the end,

Or where our tottering footsteps turn or trend

In the past orbit of Eternity.

—*The Reign of Reason*.

Stretch forth thy hand, O man,

To the winds and the quaking earth—

To the heaving and falling sea—

To the ultimate stars—and feel

The throb of the spirit of God—

The pulse of the Universe.—*Lines, etc.*

Plant and till your garden well and Providence
will give you a crop.

If you leap into the sea, Providence is not bound
to fish you out.

Rev. Mr.—“Trust in Providence, sister.”

Deaf old Lady: “I kin du better fer cash.”

Prudence. Prudence is the pivot on which a wise
man turns.

Fortitude and prudence make a good span.

Fortune is the friend of prudence.

Presumption leaps, prudence creeps.

Psalm. All the grub that war left fer them pore
shorn lambs

War a ferkin of pickled herrin’ an’ clams,
One ole black Bible an’ a Book uf Sams,
An’ forty bar’ls uf Holland gin.—*Bronco Bill.*

An’ the fust thing he did—thet Puritan kid—
Arfter singin’ a sam an’ prayin’ a pra’r,
War tu shute a Injun an’ skelp his har;
An’ Captin Standish an’ Elder Brewster
They patted thet kid an’ called ’im “The Ruster.”
—*Bronco Bill.*

The choir sang a psalm of praise—for themselves.

They sing ole Sams an’ Sagas,

An’ raise hell in ruta-bagas.

—*Bronco Bill, Cow Boy Ballads.*

Public. Who serves the public serves a fickle mas-
ter.

Who serves the public serves a poor paymaster.

Yer kin “dam’ the people,” but yer cain’t dam ’em
up.—*Bronco Bill.*

Public Opinion. In a republic public opinion is boss.

Nothing is more capricious than public opinion.
Men will face shot and shell rather than face public opinion.

Pudding. Keep your fingers out of my pudding.
He's a puddin'-head without plums.

Pull down. Pull down the toiler; lift the idler up?
The play is over; pull down the curtain. —*Men.*
Pull down the hawk's nest before the eggs are hatched.

Pull down the hornet's nest with a long pole.
A fool can pull down faster than a wise man can build up.

Pull up. It is easier to pull down than to pull up.
It is hard pulling up hill.
She pulls up her petticoats to show her silk stockings.

Pun. There's a bit of fun in a witty pun.
He is full of pickled puns.

Punctual—punctuality. If you would catch the train better be ten minutes ahead than ten seconds behind.

I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time.

Make punctuality a cardinal rule. —*Lord Nelson*
He wuz allus punctooal at "grub-time."

—*Bronco Bill.*

Punishment. To pardon the guilty is to punish the innocent.

He who sins inflicts his own punishment.
Nature never pardons; she punishes.
Punish crime to prevent crime.

Pure—purity. The finest diamonds have flaws.

There are spots on the sun.

She is pure as snow, and—as cold.

If you want pure water go to the fountain-head.

Puritan. The old Puritans tried to get to Heaven
on a bridge of sighs and psalms.

The Puritan hated bear-bating, not because it
gave pain to the bear, but because it gave
pleasure to the spectators.—*Macaulay*.

They muffled all the bells of gladness.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

Our Puritan fathers believed in witchcraft, and
at Salem hanged fourteen poor women to prove
it.

In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell.
—*Byron*.

He kim over, a kid, in the Mayflower flock;

In a blizzard they landed on Plymouth Rock.

They war out at the toes an' jist about froze,

An' hed a cant-tankerous twang in the nose.

All the grub thet war left fer them pore, shorn
lambs

War a ferkin uf pickled herrin' an' clams,

One ole black Bible an' a Book uf Sams,

An' forty bar'ls uf Holland gin.—*Bronco Bill*.

Purpose. Work steadily to a worthy purpose and
you will win.

Men lack purpose and persistence more than
talent.

Pursuit. It don't pay to pursue an express train
with a hand-car.

Half the pleasure is in the pursuit.

Push. Push your way—strike the iron till it is hot.

When yer agin the pricks don't push.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Pygmy. We only know that we are men—

Midge-midgets on this grain of sand

That rolls around our lesser sun

Where myriad suns obey His hand.—*Message.*

Most men are pigs; all men are pygmies.

He wuz the runt pig uf a litter uf pig-mies.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Q

Quack. Quack quackles quack when doctors disagree.

The quack is full of remedies for imaginary ills.

Every quack quacks and the biggest quack quacks the loudest.

Thet quack's quack won't kill yer ef yer don't take his pills. —*Bronco Bill.*

Quarrel. When steel strikes flint the sparks fly.

It takes two to quarrel.

He who quarrels with a skunk will get perfumed.

In every quarrel both sides are to blame.

It don't always take two to have a quarrel, a man can quarrel with himself, and often he ought to.

“Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in. Bear't that th' opposèd may beware of thee.

—*Shakespeare.*

If yer don't want a bloody nose don't poke it intu ether men's quarrels.—*Bronco Bill.*

I won't quarrel with my bread and butter.—*Swift.*

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just.

—*Shakespeare.*

Ef yer bound tu quarrl, pick some ether feller,
er kick the hindeend uf a mool.—*Bronco Bill.*

He wuz allus quarrelin' with his stumick an' the
Lord.—*Bronco Bill.*

Question. The quibbler quirks the question.

A prudent question is a proof of wisdom.

Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs.

—*Goldsmith.*

Quotation. An apt quotation is always short.

How glibly the devil quotes Scripture!

Better not quote than misquote.

He quotes Scriptur like a pulpit polytician.

—*Bronco Bill.*

With just enough of learning to misquote.

—*Byron*

He wuz ole "Quotation marks," he cud quote
anythin' from Cunnel Moses up tu Cunnel
Roosevelt.—*Bronco Bill.*

R

Rabid—rabies. The very babes barked rabies.

—*Men.*

Thet "reformer" rants like he hed the rabies.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Rage. Let rage waste itself in idle fury.

Rage is for beasts, not for men.

Rain. Let it rain, we are water-proof.

O fickle Fortune, how thy favors fall—

Like rain, upon the just and the unjust.—*Pauline.*

No atom lost and not one atom gained,

Though fire to vapor melt the adamant,

Or feldspar fall in drops of summer rain.

—*Beyond.*

One dumb, lone lark sits shivering in the rain.

—*O Let Me Dream, etc.*

If it rained gold coins he wouldn't be ready to catch them.

If it rained ducks his gun wouldn't be ready.

The rain does not fall "where it listeth," but where the law of gravitation draws it.

It rained pitchforks—tines down.

Let 'er rain; us cowboys ain't made outer sugar.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Ramparts. Thet gran' ole man, brave Brigham Young!

He sweetly thar reposes:

He war a bigger man thun Humer sung,

An' a better man thun Moses.

An' when they sent a army here—

Thet thar ole bump—Buchanan—

He found in thet brave pioneer

That these ram-parts hed a man on.

—*Bronco Bill, Cow-Boy Ballads.*

Ramshackle. In thet thar ole ram-shackle

Them Mormons call "The Tabernacle."

—*Bronco Bill, Cow-Boy Ballads.*

Rank. Rank goes by favor.

"I out-rank you," said the skunk to the badger.

His offense is rank, it smells of garlic.

The rank is but the guinea's stamp;

The man's the gowd for a' that.—*Burns.*

Rascal. No one so much resembles an honest man as a shrewd rascal.

Rash. Be neither rash nor timid.

May you never grow old till the end of Old Time;

May you never be cursed with an itching for
rhyme,

For in spite of your physic, in spite of your plaster,

The rash will break out till you go to disaster.

—*New Years' Address.*

Rattle. Let 'im rattle his little tin rattle,

An' root on his little tin horn;

He hez allus rattled an' tooted, yer know,

Since the day that he war born.

—*Bronco Bill, Cow-Boy Ballads.*

Thet jedge is jist big enuff tu rattle on the bench.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Reading. It is worse than time wasted to read
"yellow novels."

Read good books only, and winnow the wheat
from the chaff.

Wise men there be—wise in the eyes of men—

Who cram their hollow heads with ancient wit

Cackled in Carthage, babbled in Babylon,

Gabbled in Greece, and riddled in old Rome,

And never coin a farthing of their own.—*Men.*

It is thinking makes what we read ours.—*Locke.*

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready
man, and writing an exact man.—*Bacon.*

Ready. The wise man is always ready.

Be ready fer the wust an' yer'll du yer best.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Real. We chase the ideal and miss the real.

The Ideal blazes the trail for the Real.

Reason. Reason is the lamp-light of man.

Spice reason with wit.

Don't mistake your will for your reason.

Don't talk reason to gabbling geese.

Reason is God's best gift to man.

The most uncommon thing is common-sense.

—*Men.*

If you have no good reason for doing it, don't do it.

The wise are taught by reason, most men by experience, fools, by nothing.—*After Cicero.*

If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.—*Franklin.*

I have no other but a woman's reason;

I think him so because I think him so.

—*Shakespeare.*

What can we reason, but from what we know?

—*Pope.*

Men lift their foreheads to the rising sun,

And lo the reign of Reason is begun.

Fantastic phantasms fly before the light—

Pale gibbering ghosts and ghouls and goblin fears;

Man who hath walked in sleep—what thousands years!

Groping among the shadows of the night,

Moon-struck and in a weird somnambulism,

Mumbling some cunning cant or catechism,

Thrilled by the electric magic of the skies—

Sun-touched by Truth—awakes and rubs his eyes.—*The Reign of Reason.*

Let reason be our light, the only light

That God hath given unto benighted man

Wherewith to get a glimpse of his vast plan

And stars of hope that glimmer on our night.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Yea, superstition, since the world began,

Hath been a magic wand to govern man;

For men were beasts and brutal fear was given
To chain the brute till Reason came from heaven.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Reason was given to man that he might become
a god.

Temper all things with reason.

We are led less by reason than by custom and
habit.

Rebuke. The rebuke of the wise is better than the
praise of a fool.

If thy friend rebuke thee, thank him.

Reckon—reckoning. He reckons without reason.

If you will “flash,” pay the reckoning.

Recommend. Beware of the man who comes to you
highly recommended by himself.

Recreation. Unbend the bow or else the bow will
break.—*Pauline.*

A time for work and a time for play

Will make a man healthy, happy and gay.

The mind needs recreation as well as the body.

Redeem. Virtue once pawned is rarely redeemed.

If you have made a promise redeem it.

Reflection. He that will not reflect is ruined.

A wise man reflects before he speaks;

A fool speaks first and reflects afterwards.

Our passions are reflected in our faces.

Reform. I sings mein leetel song—“Reform”;

Dot shakes der goundry like a sdorm;

Und makes die peobles all pelief

I eats mein dinner on a tief.—*C. S. (Ms.)*

If you would reform a city, start in on the dog-catcher.

Loud-mouthed "Reformers" are always hungry—for office or notoriety.

The reform mayor wants an army of tax-eaters to reform the city.

You can't reform the world in a day if you preach all night.

I'm in fer "Reform;" let's begin on our forefathers; they need it the wust.—*Bronco Bill*.

Regret. Hope, ahead; regret, behind.

Youth is full of blunders that old age regrets.

Every old hat is full of regret.

Life is too short for regret,—go ahead, do better.

A month of bliss, a year of hell:

'Twere better if we had not met;

But only weaklings hug regret,

And so we part,—and it is well.

Regular. Always regular in his irregularities.

Relax—relaxations. Unbend the bow, or else the bow will break.

Religion. Religion is as natural to man as the air he breathes.

Bigotry murders religion to frighten fools with her ghost.—*Colton*.

"I have slight touches of it occasionally," said a deaf and rheumatic old lady, when the minister asked her if she had religion.

Superstition is the religion of the ignorant.

I don't like a hypocrite that's so full of religion that he hain't got no room fer honesty.—*Bronco Bill*.

He carries his religion in his pocket.

Thar ain't no authordox religion without a Devil in it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Every people make their own religion.

Don't mistake superstition for religion.

The true religion is to do right by your fellow-men.

My religion is to do good.—*Thomas Paine.*

All religions are the children of men; they are the true proofs of morality, principles and manners.—*Napoleon.*

Nothing renders a nation so despicable as religious despotism.—*Napoleon.*

Man has need of something wonderful. It is best for him to seek it in religion.—*Napoleon.*

The moral code of Jesus is the same as that of Plato.—*Napoleon.*

There are many religions, but there is only one morality.—*Ruskin.*

My creed is—he is safe that does his best.

—*Cowper.*

Religion at best is "a great Perhaps." Men will wrangle for it, fight for it, die for it; anything but live for it.—*Colton.*

My Religion: I believe in the fatherhood of God, the motherhood of Nature, and the brotherhood of man.

Liberty is my religion—liberty of hand and brain—liberty of thought and labor.

—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

I am the slave of no phantom; I am the serf of no book.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Just to the extent we become civilized ourselves
will we improve the religion of our fathers.

—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Every religion in the world has denounced every
other religion as a fraud.

—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Remember—remembrance. Remember your friends
and don't forget your enemies.

The remembrance of one's faults and follies leads
to wisdom.

Remembrance of one's good deeds is pleasant to
the soul.

Men are prone to remember your faults and for-
get your virtues.

Remorse. When a good man has done wrong, re-
morse gnaws him.

The bad man feels remorse when he is caught.

Repentance. The wolf repents that he failed to
catch the lamb.

The burglar repents because he blew the safe
open and found nothing.

"Mother," said Johnie in tears, "I repent." "What
have you done, my dear boy?" asked the mother.

"Nuthin," said Johnie, "on'y Bill Butler called
me a liar and I didn't lick 'im."

The best repentance is reparation.

Of what good is repentance without reform?

To do it no more is the true repentance.

—*Martin Luther.*

Report. False report goes by fast express; the truth
follows on a freight train.

You uncivil cit—you quote Barbour's Reports?

That's barbarous indeed sir, in civilized courts;

And "common Reports?" why, you know they're
all lies, sir,
And just made to order and all of assize, sir.
—*Quips and Quirks.*

Repose. Repose is power.
A flea can break the repose of a giant.

Republic. It takes a good many fools to run a
republic.
A republic damns her best men.
Republics breed thieves and demagogues, and end
in anarchy.

Reputation. Take care of your character and your
reputation will take care of itself.
A great reputation is a great noise.—*Napoleon.*
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.—*Shakespeare.*
Your reputation is what men say of you, your
character is what you are.
Reputation is rarely proportioned to merit.
"He had a big reputation cuz he blew a big mouth
an' a brass-band."—*Bronco Bill.*

Resentment. Resentment is right, but revenge re-
coils on the revenger.

Respect. Respect yourself if you wish the respect
of others.

Rest. Aye, in loved labor only is there rest.
The body will rest if the mind will let it.—*Poetry.*
Only dead men rest.
I have little time to rest now, I have an eternity
of rest before me.
In rest we rust.—*Poetry.*

Result. Look to the result.

Return. Her low "good-bye" and tender eye
 Implored him to return again.
 The lost day will never return.

Revelation. Without our reason how can we read
 "Revelation"?

A new fact discovered in Nature is a new revelation.

Revenge. Revenge is dear at any price.

Revenge is a much more punctual pay-master
 than gratitude.

How often do men prefer revenge to their interests.

He who punishes for revenge, himself commits
 a crime.

Revenge is the mother of miseries.

Fools think revenge is sweet; it is the bitterest
 of bitters.

Resentment is right, but revenge recoils on the
 revenger.

Revenge is the weapon of the weak.

The best revenge for a wrong is to forgive it.

Secret revenge is the weapon of the coward.

The big man is above revenge.

Revenge never paid ten cents on the dollar.

The shot that killed Alexander Hamilton killed
 Aaron Burr.

Life is too short for revenge, and eternity too
 long.

At an anti-England convention in Dublin it was
 unanimously resolved, "To gather up all the
 notes of the Bank of England and make a bon-
 fire and burn 'em"—for revenge.

Revolution. Revolution is evolution.

Revolution defeated is treason; successful, patriotism.

"Revolutions never go backward," but they often end at the end of a rope.

Reward. God is a prompt pay-master. He pays us what we earn—good or evil.

"Virtue is its own reward"? Durn pore pay, Mister, when a feller is out at the toes, an' jist about froze, an' his stumick is turrible gnawin' an' thin.—*Bronco Bill*.

Rhetoric. Truth is true rhetoric.

Wings and tailfeathers and squawk are the rhetoric of a "spread-eagle" orator.

Rhetoric is reason well dressed.

Riches. To leave a son a fortune is, nine times out of ten, to leave him a misfortune.

How many of his millions did Harriman take with him to invest on the other side?

It is better to live rich than to die rich.

—*Dr. Johnson*.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough.

—*Shakespeare*.

"Vat for you vill be poor, ven zwei glass lager vill mak you reech?"—*Hans*.

He that has enough is as rich as Rockefeller.

It is not what we *take* up but what we *give* up that makes us rich.—*H. W. Beecher*.

And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

—*Goldsmith*.

The rich plunder the poor and the poor plunder the rich.

As in a forest tall trees overshadow and dwarf
the small one, so in the multitudes of men, the
rich and powerful overshadow and dwarf the
poor and feeble.

Would'st thou be rich? The earth is full of
riches, dig.

Rich men without good sense are but sheep, and
everybody is ready to shear them.

Riches are a heavy burden, but most men are
anxious to carry it.

It is madness to live poor to die rich.

Ridicule. Who can argue against a horse-laugh?
The lance of chivalry was shivered by the goose-
quill of Cervantes.

The "Greeley wave" was turned into soap-suds
by the pencil of Thomas Nast.

Ridicule is more often effective than reason.

Ridicule is a weapon that only shrewd men can
handle.

Ridiculous. "It is only one step from the sublime
to the ridiculous" and the gentleman took it
with both feet.—Letter of Author, St. Paul
Globe, 1883.

Riding. Circus ridin' ain't no picnic,
Leastwise double ridin' ain't,
With one foot on the devil
An' the ether on a saint.—*Bronco Bill.*

Dr. Wood, he war the Cunnel, Rob;
But Teddy wuz the boss;
Our Ted he rid his bronco, Rob,
An' Wood—she—he—rid a hoss

Thet niver felt a currycomb
An' niver smelt uf oats;
An' he rid on a side-saddle, Bob,
In pantalets an' petticoats.

—*Bronco Bill, Cow-Boy Ballads.*

Right. It is better to be right than consistent.
We measure right by the hand of might.
I would rather be right than be president.

—*Henry Clay.*

Be sure you are right: then go ahead.

—*David Crockett.*

Ripe. When the peach is ripe, pluck it.
When the time is ripe God sends the man.

—*Columbus.*

Sooner ripe, sooner rotten.

Rise. This fellow falls from grace every day in
the week but one: he always rises again on
Sunday.

He is a strong man who can rise every time he
falls.

Risk. He who risks nothing will win but little.
If you bet on a "sure thing" you are sure to lose.
Don't pull the trigger till you are sure of your
aim.

If you are "between the devil and the deep sea,"
take the risk of "standing pat."

He who has nothing to lose may risk all.

Road. On the wrong road the faster you run the
farther you fall behind.

It is a bad road that leads to the poor-house.

It is a dangerous road that never turns to the
right.

Rogue. No honest man has need of a rogue.

The rogue that will steal for you, will steal from you.

Romance. Recipe for making a "yellow romance":

1 teacupful of honey, 2 ounces of gall-nuts, 1 pint of vinegar, 1 pint of sweet oil, 2 ounces of Cayenne pepper, 2 quarts of moonshine, 1 can concentrated *lie*. Mix and stir with a goose-quill.

Rome. In Rome, a Roman; in Greece, a Greek; in America—all sorts, from a Yankee to a Hot-tentot.

Room. In a log-cabin 12x12 there is room enough for two and happiness.

There is plenty of room on the roof.

There is always room at the top.—*Daniel Webster*

Rope. He is knotting a rope to hang himself.

You can't hold a bull with a "rope of sand."

Loop a rope for your enemy and put your own foot in it.

Rouge. Look out for vice in rouge and red petticoat.

Rudder. The ship without a rudder is bound for the rocks.

Be shore yer got a rudder hitched on before yer sail in.—*Bronco Bill*.

Ruin. His success was his ruin.

Rumor. Rumors, like snow-balls, gather as they go: to-day, a mouse; to-morrow, a mule, and next day a mammoth.

Rumor has a hundred mouths, a thousand tongues
and a voice like a brass-band.

Russian. Scratch a Russian and you will find the
Tartar.—*Napoleon*

Rust. Steel and the mind grow bright by frequent
use;

In rest they rust.—*Poetry.*

Better wear out than rust out.

S

Sacrifice. He would sacrifice his mother-in-law for
the sake of peace.

Sabbath. He prays on his knees on the Sabbath,
and preys on the public the rest of the week.

The Hebrew word Sabbath means simply a day
of rest from labor.

"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for
the Sabbath."—*Jesus. (Mark 2-27.)*

Sage. A sage is the son of ages.

Sail. Sail boldly when the wind is at your back;
When the wind is in your face, trim sail and
tack.

Sailor. More sailors are shipwrecked in port than
on the sea.

Saloon. Sign over the front door of a Montana
saloon—"Short line to Hell."

The best side of a saloon is the outside.

Salt. Mix a little salt with your pepper.

His wit lacks salt.

That's good to keep—salt it down.

Samaritan. The world is full of "Good Samaritans without the oil and twopence."

When I'm broke I can't find no "good Samaritans," but when I've got the "jingles" in my pocket they come a-runnin' with "sweet oil" an' wine.—*Bronco Bill.*

Sanctimonious. He wuz a sanctimoneyus "cuss"; he passed the contribution box an' stole the money.—*Bronco Bill.*

Sarcasm. Sarcasm is a chasm that many smart men fall into.

"Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the devil."—*Carlyle.*

Who has written more sarcasm than Carlyle?

He wuz a sarcaustic "cuss"—allus spittin' peppersass.—*Bronco Bill.*

Satiety. The sweetest harp of heaven

Were hateful if it played the selfsame tune

Forever, and the fairest flower that gems

The garden, if it bloomed throughout the year,

Would blush unsought. The most delicious fruits

Pall on the palate if we taste too oft,

And Hyblan honey turns to bitter gall.—*Change.*

Satire. Satire is all right on a satyr.

Ridicule and satire are the only pins that will prick through the hide of some people.

Sauce. "Labor is the best sauce;" it makes turnips taste like fried oysters.

Save. The alchemy that turns everything into gold—*save.*

A single nail may save a ship.

Savings-bank. It is like a mine; it is easy to get your money in, but sometimes hard to get it out.

A run on the bank: "I wants mein monish," said the Dutch depositor. "Here it is," said the teller. "You got 'im? Vell, you got 'im I no want 'im—you no got 'im I wants 'im right away quick already."

Say. It is easier to say it than to unsay it.
"They say" is an excuse for a lie.

Scandal. She sugars her tea with gossip and peppers her sauce with scandal.

Scape-goat. There are many scape-goats for our sins, but the most popular is Providence.

—*Mark Twain.*

Science—scientist. Science is the knowledge of our ignorance.

Behold, the serried ranks of Truth advance,
And conquering Science shakes her shining lance
Full in the face of stubborn Ignorance.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

How deep have our greatest scientists gone?
They have barely scratched the skin of the earth.

The discovery of truth is the aim of science.

Scruples. He has too many scruples to his dram.

Sea. He goes to sea in a gig and growls at the weather.

If you will swim in the sea, look out for the sharks.

Secret—secrecy. Pat: "Biddy, I've a gra-ate sa-cret, an' Oi want a woman te help me kape it." *

Never seek to know your friend's secrets and
never reveal your own.

Secrets are bats—they fly in the night.

There is only one to whom you can safely trust
your secrets—yourself.

Keep your secret in the ice-box or it will get you
into a hot-box.

Wine spills secrets.

Secure—security. Reasonable apprehension is
safer than confident security.

There is danger in too much security.

Too-sure is never secure.

He is cock-sure: take security.

Self. He knows everybody but himself.

He worships himself.

His worst enemy wears his hat.

Self-conceit. He who is full of himself is empty of
everything else.

He admires his own shadow.

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit?

There is more hope of a fool than of him.

—Proverbs—Old Test.

Self-conscious. Self-conscious like an old cheese
full of skippers.

Self-deception. If I am deceived I deceive myself.

Self-denial. Self-denial is a great virtue—in your
neighbor.

Self-denial is one corner-stone of a strong char-
acter.

Self-improvement. He who is satisfied with him-
self is past cure.

Self-interest. Our interests are centered in ourselves.

Self-interest and charity are compatible: I know men who give liberally to charity just to get their names in the newspapers.

Selfishness. We hate selfishness in others because we are selfish ourselves.

Fathom every human heart and you will find selfishness at the bottom.

Selfishness is self-protection, and self-protection is the first law of nature.

We air all uf us shell-fish.—*Bronco Bill.*

Self-knowledge. He knows everybody but himself. Study yourself.

Self-love. Self-love is the first law of nature.

Self-made. "I am a self-made man!" roared a member of Congress.

"That fact relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility," replied his opponent.

He is a self-made man and worships the maker.
—*John Bright.*

He is wondering whether he made God, or God made him.—*Rufus Choate.*

Self-praise. Self-praise stinketh in the mouth.

The man praises himself because nobody else will praise him.

Self-reliance—self-respect. Self-respect and self-reliance are cardinal virtues.

If you can't rely on yourself, on whom can you rely?

If you don't respect yourself, who will respect you?

Back-bone is the best bone in your body.
 Help yourself and God and men will help you.
 Fortune hate; *I Can't* and loves *I Will*.
 Self-reliance is a firm footing and a stout staff.

Self-will. The difference between self-reliance and self-will is the difference between a wise man and a mule.

Sense—sensible. The most uncommon thing is common-sense.—*Men*.

A pint of sense is worth a peck of learning.
 The only sensible thing he ever did was done by mistake.

Fill the basement with common-sense and the upper floors with learning.

Sensitive. He is more sensitive than sensible.

Sensual. Dust to Dust:

What is gained when all is lost?
 Gaily for a day we tread—
 Proudly with averted head—
 O'er the ashes of the dead—
 Blind with pride and mad with lust:
 Dust to dust.—*Dust to Dust*.

Sermon. The most effective sermon is to practice what you preach.

Serpent. Beware of the serpent that charms before he strikes.

The serpent in ourselves is the snake that stings us.

Servant—serve. A negligent master, a negligent servant.

He who serves himself has a good servant and a kind master.

Don't send a boy to mill: if you want your grist
ground go yourself.

A good master, a good servant.

Wealth may be the servant of good or the servant
of evil.

Shadow. When the sun is setting the shadows
point to sunrise.

Without light there is no shadow.

We fight for the shadow of things.

He is trying to run away from his own shadow.

Shaft. He bends a long bow, but his shaft is a
feather.

Shakespeare. I kin quote Shakespur by the yard,
Jo; 'thout crossin' an "I" er dottin' a "T." Har
goes a few:

"The fust thing we do, let's kill all the liars."

(Ye're off, Bill, it's "all the lawyers." Same
thing, Jo; don't butt in when I'm quotin' Scrip-
tur; "An' when I ope my lips, let no dog
bark.")

"Thar's small choice in rotten pertaters."

"A mool! a mool! my kingdom fer a mool!"

"Thar's a deviltry that shapes our ends."

"Let the galled jade wince, our widers air un-
wring."

"The devil kin cite Scriptur tu his puppies."

"Lord, whut fools these moralists be!"

"An' tew men ride on a hoss, one must ride on the
hind-eend."

"All the world's a stage, an' it needs must go,
fer the devil drives."

"Mine enemy's dog, an' tharby hangs a tail."
"Tu marry, this is the short an' the long uf it."
Ain't them "A hit—a very pulpable hit," Jo?
"Why, then the world's mine lobster."

—*Bronco Bill.*

Sharper. When sharpers pluck each other geese
are scarce.

Sheep. If you are a sheep put on a lion-skin; if
you are a lion put on a lamb-skin.

Shepherd. Trust paves the way for treachery to
tread;

Under the cloak of virtue vices creep;
Fools chew the chaff while cunning eats the
bread,

And wolves become the shepherds of the sheep.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

He is a good shepherd that keeps the wolves far
from his sheep-pen.

Ship. An empty ship is least able to breast the
storm.

Don't ship all in one tub.

The wust ship I ever sailed in wuz a pardner-
ship: me an' Jo got shipwrecked on a bunch
uf ole mools.—*Bronco Bill.*

Shoemaker. "I have pegged my last," said the dy-
ing shoemaker.

"You have lost your soul," said the priest to a
scoffer. "Bring 'im in and I'll peg on another,"
said the cobbler.

Short-cut. Most men find the short-cut by going
around.

Sift. You heard the speech: sift it—sift it.

Sift out the cheat and save the wheat.

In vain kings piled the pyramids;

Their tombs were robbed by ruthless hands;

Who now shall sing their fame and deeds,

Or sift their ashes from the sands?—*Fame.*

Sight. If our fore-sight were half as good as our hind-sight we wouldn't miss the mark so often.

Yer cain't see haf ez fur with yer fore-sight ez yer kin with yer hind-sight.—*Bronco Bill.*

Silence—silent. It is easier to look wise than to talk wise.

Silence is a hard argument to answer.

Nobody will repeat your silence.

A silent sage is like a bell without a clapper.

Beware of the man who is silent when he is angry.

His silence spoke louder than the voice of a multitude.

Keep your mouth shut. A dumb fool is often taken for a wise man.

Lay the finger-tips of silence on the shrivelled lips of time.—*Daniel.*

Silk. Vice is dangerous in silk stockings.

Although in silk the monkey dress

She's still a monkey nevertheless.—*Spanish.*

Silver. Fish with a silver hook.

He seeks for silver in the distant hills,

While in the sand gold glimmers at his feet.—*Men.*

Flattery is silver-tongued.

Simplicity. Simplicity is true to truth and nature.

Sin. We sin and blame the Devil for it.

If lightning struck every one who sins, there wouldn't be a "two-legged animal without feathers" left on this earth.

The virus of sin is in the blood of all men.

When we sin agin Natur we pay the price.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Single. He has an eye single to the main chance.

Thet ole mare is like an ole maid: she goes single fust rate, but she'll kick an' she'll balk ef she's hitched with a mate.—*Bronco Bill.*

Better go single than be hitched double with a kicking mule.

Skill—skillful. Skill rides; strength carries.

Better a skillful cobbler at his last

Than unskilled poet twangling on the lyre.

—*Poetry.*

Skin. He wud skin a skunk fer the perfume.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Charity is skin-deep; self goes to the bone.

The doctors an' the undertakers allus skin a dead man ef he hez any fat on 'im.—*Bronco Bill.*

Skunk. He likes perfume who kicks a skunk.

Sky-lark. She wakened the woods with her musical words,

And the sky-lark ashamed of his voice forbore.

—*The Feast of the Virgins.*

The silver dawn steals in upon the dark:

Up from the dewy meadow wheels the lark

And trills his welcome to the rising sun,

And lo another day of labor is begun.—*Poetry.*

Slander. And who escapes the tongue of calumny
May count himself an angel or a naught.—*Poetry.*

Slander is a Hydia, strike off one of its heads
and two will grow out in its place.
Slander has the scent of a hound, the eyes of a
cat and the tongue of a serpent.
If you fight slander take it by the throat.
The best shield against slander is silence.
Don't blow the coals of slander and they will soon
die out.

Slang. Avoid slang: the slang-whanger is never a
gentleman.

Boston slang—"I vow, an' I vum— I swow, an' I
swum."

Slavery. If we are slaves what matters it whether
our chains be of iron or of gold.

All men are slaves: yea, some are slaves to wine,
And some to women, some to sordid gold,
But all to habit and to customs old.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

We are still slaves to custom and fashion.

Sleep. He who riseth late must trot all day.

—*Benjamin Franklin.*

Die sonne, he know ven he petter git oop, mebbe;
aber Ich bin no leetel bird dot poke hees pill
out to be cotched py die vorm. I radder sleeb
a leetel bis die preakfast pees ready.

—*Hans.*

Ef yer huntin' Injuns, Jo, yer better sleep with
yer eyes open.—*Bronco Bill.*

Sloth. Sloth is always waiting and wishing.

Sloth is always waiting for something to turn up.

Slow. Go slow till you know.

Sluggard. The sluggard takes a hundred steps to-day where two would have sufficed yesterday.

The diligent says "To-day;" the sluggard says "To-morrow."

Small. Don't despise small things; a flea at midnight is worse than a wolf at midday.

Great things are made out of little things.

Smile. A smiler is often a beguiler.

He smiles with the smilers and weeps with the weepers.

He smiles on one side and frowns on the other.

He smiles to your face and bites at your back.

One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

—*Shakespeare.*

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant,

When life flows on like a song;

But the man worth while

Is the man with a smile

When everything goes dead wrong.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox (†).*

The world is a mirror: smile and it smiles; frown and it frowns.

A frozen smile is wus ner a frown—*Bronco Bill.*

Smudge. The gnats are buzzing: smudge!

Sneak. You can tell a coyote by his sneak.

I kin stand a "hold-up," but a sneak-thief is wus ner a cyote.—*Bronco Bill.*

Sneer. Half-way betwixt a snicker and a sneer.

Sneer-lipped, hawk-eyed, wolf-tongued oraculars.

—*Men.*

There was a laughing devil in his sneer.—*Byron.*

Who can refute a sneer?—*Paley.*

Soar. The higher he soars the louder he squawks.

Socialism. Socialism is despotism: it crushes the individual.

Let socialism prevail and the dunce and the wise
are on a dead level;

The worker and the sluggard are equal.

Democracy leads to Socialism, Socialism to Anarchy.

Society. Society follows the bell-wether.

Fashionable society is made up of toadies, tattlers
and Tomnoddys.

Society is now one polished horde,

Formed of two mighty tribes—the Bores and
Bored.—*Byron.*

Soil. The soil that grows nettles will grow corn.

Yer may soil yer hands in thet perairie soil, but
yer'll keep yer conscience clean.—*Bronco Bill.*

Soldiers. Beheld a score of battle-fields corpse-strewn,

Blood-fertilized with ten thousand flattered fools

Who, but to please the vanity of one,

Marched on hurraing to the doom of death.

—*An Old English Oak.*

Lo the blood-spattered bosom, the shot-shattered
limb

The hand-clutch of fear as the vision grows dim,

The half-uttered prayer and the blood-fettered
breath,

The cold marble brow and the calm face of death.

O proud were these forms at the dawning of
morn,

When they sprang to the call of the shrill bugle-
horn:

There are mothers and wives that await them
afar;

God help them! Is this, then, the glory of war?

—*Charge of "The Black Horse."*

He is a brave soldier—in slippers and pajamas.

Solitude. He who is alone with good books has
good company.

I love solitude with a few choice friends, a bottle
of wine and a box of cigars.

"It is a gra-ate comfort te be all alone by yerself,"
said Pat, "ef ye hev yer swateheart wid ye."

Something to say. Don't make a speech unless you
have something to say.

Son. The son at twenty knows more than his
father at fifty.

The best patrimony you can leave to your son is
a strong body, a sane mind, and plenty of hard
work.

Many a poor boy is ruined by his father's money.
He follows his father a long way behind.

Sore. Don't prod an old sore.

Every man has his sore spot.

"Ever man hez his sore spot," they say;

I hed tew on 'em the fust time I rid a buckin'
bronco.—*Bronco Bill.*

Sorrow. Sorrow is the shadow of pleasure.

Sorrows are mile-stones on the road to wisdom.

Hang sorrow; care'll kill a cat.—*Ben. Jonson.*

Soul. What is the soul and whither will it fly?

We only know that matter cannot die,

But lives and lived through all eternity,

And ever turns from hoary age to youth.

And is the soul not worthier than the dust?

—*The Reign of Reason.*

And is there life beyond this life below?

Aye, is death *death?* or but a happy change

From night to light on angel wings to range,

And sing the songs of seraphs as we go?

Alas, the more we know the less we know we know.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Of what good is a soul without a body or a body without a soul?

Sound. His voice sounds like a steam whistle in a megaphone.

His arguments are all *sound*.

Sour. He is as sour as a pickled crabapple.

Her sweetest smile would sour fresh milk.

The sweetest wine makes the sourest vinegar.

Sow. Sow good words and you will gather friends.

He sows good seed in sterile sand and trusts in God.

Nature sows thorns in the path of fools.

Sow cockle, reap cockle; sow wheat, reap wheat.

One sows, another reaps;

And still another—tolls the grain.

They that sow in adversity may reap in prosperity.

It is easier to sow than to reap.—*After Goethe.*

Spare. The mother who has ten children has none to spare.

"Spareribs," said a pert miss to a lean old maid.

To spare the guilty is to punish the innocent.

—*After Lord Coke.*

Speak—speaker. He's a wise man who knows when to speak, a wiser that knows when to be silent.
If you your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
To whom you speak, of whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

—*W. E. Norris*

Special—specialty. Concentrate all your energies on one line.
Make a specialty of success.
We are in the age of specialties: choose one good line and follow it for life.
Some men take special pains to show their ignorance.

Spectator. The spectator often sees better than the actor.

Speech. What goes in at the ear comes out at the mouth.
A soft speech may have a subtle poison.
Speech is the ripple of the rivulet; silence is the voice of the deep.
Clear thought, clear speech.
A soft speech turneth away anger.
He cain't make a speech, but he cain't hold his tongue.—*Bronco Bill*.

Spend. Don't spend what you haven't got.
He has spent all his money and is now spending promises to pay.
Life is spent before we know the value of it.
Don't spend your breath blowing cold coals.

Spirits. He is full of spirits—his bottle is empty.
He keeps his spirits up by pouring spirits down.

Spots. Spots become a leopard.

He is all right—in spots.

Squander. Eternity will not give back the hours
you squander.

He toils all his life to pile up wealth for his prodigals to squander.

Stale eggs. He is like an old hen trying to hatch
stale eggs.

"They are egging him on," said a wag when they
rotten-egged a stump-speaker.

Stand. You cannot stand still, you must go up or
go down.

Take your stand and stand by it.

Star. "Follow thine own star."—*Dante.* I would,
but I can't tell my star from a jack-o'-lantern.

If you trust in your star you will sup on moon-
shine.

The stars never shine clear till after dark.

Stars of hope that glimmer on our night.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

The stars are the faces of our fathers looking
down from their hunting-grounds.—*Dakota.*

State. The state is a great corporation: we are
all stockholders: watch the directors.

I am the state!—what is the Throne?—a bit of
wood gilded and covered with velvet.

—*Napoleon.*

The state is sick and every fool a quack

Running with pills and plasters and sure-cures,

And every pill and package labelled *Ism.*—*Men.*

Steal. He that steals for you will steal from you

Steel. When steel strikes flint then flies the fire.
Steel and the mind grow bright by frequent use;
In rest they rust. —*Poetry.*

Step. Step by step men go upward, or downward.
Step by step men climb the highest peaks.
The dead past offers us safe stepping-stones.
Precedents are "Oft stepping-stones of tyranny
and wrong," —*Pauline.*

Stick. Stick-to-it will do it.

Stoicism. Your bronze statue is your true stoic.
He snatched from the embers a red-hot brand,
And held it aloft in his naked hand.
He stood like a statue in bronze or stone;
Not a muscle moved and the braves looked on.
—*The Feast of the Virgins.*

Stomach. The stomach is the fire-box of the body
—it runs the machine.

Better have little food for your stomach than little
stomach for your food.

I kin stomick most anythin' but briled Injun and
fried sole-leather. —*Bronco Bill.*

Stop. Few men know when to begin or when to
stop.

Storm. A storm occasionally is better than a dead
calm.

In a storm the tallest trees fall first.

Turn your back to the storm.

Story. Don't make a short story long.

History is too often his story.

Every tale an' true his-story allus hez tew sides
ontu it. —*Bronco Bill.*

Stout. Stout legs to a steep hill.
Strong arm and stout heart.

Strength. Brains are better than brawn.
A woman's strength lies in her weakness.
There is strength in "I will."
Let not your strength become your weakness.
Few men are strong enough to lift themselves by
their own boot-straps.

Strut. In his own conscious insignificance he
struts.
He struts and gabbles like a turkey-cock in a
hen-yard.
Thar goes a suit of clo'es struttin' down the street.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Study. Man's blood and brawn demand a change
of food;
His mind as well. —*Change.*
The blush of sunrise found me at my books;
The midnight cock-crow caught me reading still.
—*Pauline.*
Learn to study and study to learn.
Study what you read—think.

Stumble. He stumbles at a straw.
A careless man stubs his toes on many a stum-
bling-block.

Style. There can be no clear expression without
clear thought.
The style is the man himself—(le style est
l'homme meme).
Truth is the touchstone of all genius. Art
In poet, painter, sculptor, is the same;

What cometh from the heart goes to the heart;
What comes from effort only is but tame.

—*Poetry.*

Thought is the body, style the dress.

High heels may be the style, but I don't want to
cultivate no corn on my toes.—*Bronco Bill.*

Sublime. It is but one step from the sublime to
the ridiculous, and the gentleman took it with
both feet. Author's letter: St. Paul Globe,
1883.

Submission. All my prayers are one:
"Father, thy will be done."

Subtlety. Subtlety deceives itself.

Success. Success is often the worst of failures.

Deserve success and then command it.

We estimate men by their success, not by their
deserts.

Prudence, patience, perseverance, command suc-
cess.

Study When, Where and How.

Everybody is a friend of success.

Success makes treason patriotism.

The man who sits down on the road to success
and waits for a free ride will get left.

The countersign to success is—*get at it and stay
with it.*

There are two doors to success—marked **Pull**
and **Push.**

How to succeed:—Catch on and hang on.

One success is a step toward another.

Remember your failures are your stepping-stones
to success.

His success was his ruin.

Sucker. Suckers are plenty in any pond.

Suffering. He who suffers learns to pity.
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.—*Longfellow.*

Sugar. Put sugar in your vinegar.
Sugar on the tongue, money in the till.

Suggestion. Teach by suggestion.
The loud mouth suggests a vacuum above it.

Suicide. The suicide is either a coward or a lunatic.

Sun. Midge-midgets on this grain of sand
That rolls around our lesser sun
Where myriad suns obey His hand.—*A Message.*
The sun is the electric light-and-power-plant of
our solar system.
The sun is the father and the earth the mother of
all.—*Dakota.*

Truth, like the sun, is often under a cloud.

Sunday. He prays on his knees, sir, on Sunday,
And preys on his neighbors the rest of the week.
Ole mother Natur works every day in the week:
She don't stop tu pray pra'rs an' sing sams on
Sunday.—*Bronco Bill.*

Superlative. He deals in superlatives and always
caps the climax.
Among asses he is the superlative jack.

Superstition. Superstition is the religion of ignorance.—*Burke.*

Old Superstition, mother of cruel creeds,
O'er all the earth hath sown her dragon teeth:

Lo centuries on centuries the seeds
Grew rank and from them all the haggard breeds
Of Hate and Fear and Hell and cruel Death.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Ah, ignorance and fear go hand in hand,
Twin-born and broadcast scatter hate and thorns;
They people earth with ghosts and hell with
horns,

And sear the eyes of men with burning brand.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

But superstition is a monster still.
An Hydra we may scotch, but hardly kill;
For if with sword of truth we lop a head,
How soon another groweth in its stead.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Men have been learning error age on age,
And superstition is their heritage,
Bequeathed from age to age and sire to son
Since the dim history of the world begun.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

How hard it is for mortals to unlearn
Beliefs bred in the marrow of their bones!
How hard it is for mortals to discern
The truth that preaches from the silent stones,
The silent hills, the silent universe,
While error cries in sanctimonious tones
That all the light of life and God is hers!

—*The Reign of Reason.*

But still 'twere wrong to speak but in abuse,
For priests and popes have had and have their
use.

Yea, Superstition since the world began
Hath been a magic wand to govern man:

For men were beasts and brutal fear was given
To chain the brute till Reason came from heaven.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Superstructure. The builder who builds the superstructure is as worthy as he who lays the foundation.

Don't try to build the top story first.

Sure-cure. The sure-cure for most ills is work.

The state is sick and every fool a quack
Running with pills and plasters and sure-cures,
And every pill and package labelled *Ism.*—*Men.*
Doctor, give us a sure-cure for the "can'ts."

Sure. The slow and sure overtake the swift.

The sure road is the short cut.

Be sure of your aim before you pull the trigger.
He is one of those cock-sure fellows whose cock-lofts need tenants.

Surface. Chaff and straw float on the surface, the wheat is at the bottom.

The froth is on top, the beer at the bottom.

Suspicion. When suspicion creeps in at the back door Confidence walks out at the front.

A woman who is prone to suspicion is rarely virtuous.

When men speak ill of us we should suspect ourselves, when they praise us we should suspect them.

Suspicion will pierce even the triple mail of wisdom.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.

—*Shakespeare.*

Swallow. "One swallow doesn't make it summer"?
—that depends on the liquor.

Sweet—sweetest. He deserves not the sweet who
will not sweat for it.

The sweetest wine makes the sourest vinegar.
Without a taste of the bitter we have little relish
for the sweet.

Sword. Yea, into plow-shares may these brothers
beat

Their swords and into pruning-hooks their spears.
—*After the Battle of Gettysburg.*

They first took the sword and they fall by the
sword.—*The Old Flag.*

Sympathy. Sympathy divides sorrow.

Symptoms. In morals, as in medicine, we doctor
the symptoms.

I wudn't say he's a born liar, but he hez all the
symptoms.—*Bronco Bill.*

T

Tact. Talents for a team and tact for a driver.

Tact teaches when to talk, what to say, and when
to be silent.

Tact and talent make a strong team.

Tail. Don't be the tail of any kite.

If you can't be at the head don't be at the tail.

Tale. Your tale is tu long, Jo; cut it off.

—*Bronco Bill.*

He paints his tale red.

It takes him tu long to git tu the tail-end of his tale. —*Bronco Bill*.

Talent. Men lack purpose and persistence more than talent.

Tact and talent make a strong team.

You can't hide your lack of talent "under a bushel."

One has a talent for poetry, another for mending shoes, and as a rule, both are cobblers.

Talk—talker. A fool cuts his throat with his tongue.

Talk little,—write less.

A long tongue rattles in an empty head.

There is no music so sweet to an ass as his own bray.

His talk is a synopsis of himself.

He talks all day and says nothing.

He who talks too much maketh himself cheap.

—*After Bacon*.

Ef yer hain't got nuthin' tu say, don't say nuthin'.

—*Bronco Bill*.

He who talks much hears little.

Who talks much says little.

Do-much talks little.

As a rule he who talks most says the least.

Talk less and say more.

Talk don't do the work.

Who talks sows; who listens reaps.

Tantalize. She would tantalize a statue.

Taste. "There is good 'taste' for you, Seward," said Lincoln, as they passed an old "darkey" munching a watermelon.

He has a very refined taste—for clabber and garlic.

Everyone has his taste. (German—Jedermann hat sein Geschmack.)

Tattle—Tattler. Who tattles to you will tattle about you.

She's one uf them teatotal tea-tattlers.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Taxes. Let vices and luxuries pay the taxes.

The "single-tax" advocate is a man of a single idea.

Monarchies tax the poor to support the rich; republics tax the rich to support the poor.

Protection shears our sheep; free-trade skins them.

These reformers reform the city with an army of tax-eaters.

The politicians "grind their axes" on the taxes.

Teaching. He who teaches himself has the best teacher.

Training is the best teaching.

Men in teaching others learn themselves.

—*Seneca.*

Tears. A woman's weapon is her tears.

With her tears she vanquished a whole brigade.

A few drops of salt water frum a woman's eyes

'll win the verdict uf a petty jury 'gin law an' evidence. —*Bronco Bill.*

In youth tears without grief; in age grief without tears. —*Father Roux.*

Teeth. He conceals his teeth with a mouthful of flattery.

He hain't shed his gorilla teeth an' wolf ears yit.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Pull his teeth an' his bite won't hurt yer.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Temper. Cultivate good temper; it is like dew and sunshine in your garden.

Brave men are good tempered.

Put a bridle on your temper lest it put a halter on you.

Temper your temper in sweet-oil.

A bad temper bites the biter.

Temptation. Where there is no temptation there is no proof of virtue.

Turn your back on temptation and it will tug at your coat-tail.

A strong man laughs at temptation, a weak man invites it.

"Tenderfoot." "Don't kick against the pricks;" let some other "tenderfoot" try it.

He's a "tenderfoot" from Texas.

Thanks. Thanks are good, but they won't buy bread.

"Thank yer" 'll du fer cold lunch, but it's a durn pore dinner.—*Bronco Bill.*

Theories. It is easier to plan than perform.

Test theory by practice.

A theoretical fact is often mere illusion.

It is a condition that confronts us—not a theory.

—*Grover Cleveland.*

He who follows theories will often bump his head against solid facts.

Theories lead to tests and tests lead to truth.
 What theory proves, experience often disproves.
 "He's a theoretical cuss;—he's goin' tu the moon
 in a balloon.—*Bronco Bill*.

They say. "They-say" is a gabbler.
 They-say is her-say.
 "They-say" is an excuse for a liar.

Thief. A little thief goes to prison, a big thief goes
 to Congress.
 He that steals for you will steal from you.
 Republics breed thieves.

Think. Think twice before you speak and thrice
 before you write.
 Think and read and read and think.
 Think all you say, but don't say all you think.
 With you, Bourrienne, I think aloud.—*Napoleon*.

Thinker. "God let loose a thinker on this planet,"
 when Shakespeare was born.
 Let the thinker guide the toiler.
 A man without a "thinker" wouldn't make a de-
 cent tinker.

Thorns. Don't tread on thorns barefoot.
 If you handle thorns put on gloves.
 Wisdom grows on thorns.

Thought. You may read all your life and never
 learn anything unless you learn to think.
 Our thoughts may be good yet produce no fruit.
 "I thought so" is often mistaken.
 "Things breed thoughts" — (*Tupper*), — and
 thoughts breed things.

Most of our "new thoughts" are older than the Pyramids.

They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Thorough. Whatever you do—do thoroughly.
Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well.
Don't stop half-way: work to the end.

Threat. He who threatens his enemy puts him on his guard.
Bite first and bark afterwards.
The thunder threatens, but the lightning strikes.
It ain't the curs thet bark thet bite,
But curs kin start a dog-fight.—*Bronco Bill.*
Don't threaten before you strike.

Thrift. Thrift beats swift.

Tickle. Tickle me now and I'll tickle you to-morrow.

Tide. When the tide comes in, come in on it:
When the tide goes out, look out.

Tiger. Pull his teeth and clip his claws and the tiger mews as meek as a kitten.
Don't "buck the tiger" unless yer a lion.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Time. Time is the eternal *Now*.
The sands of time are sands of gold.
Time is the teacher of teachers.
When it is time to strike, strike hard.
You are tethered to one point in Time.
To-day, to-morrow, yesterday are one—
One in the cycle of eternal time
That hath beginning none, nor any end.—*Men.*

How time gits away with our har, ole Jo!
Jist think uf it—twent—*thutty* years ago.

—*Bronco Bill, Cow-Boy Ballads.*

You can't "kill time"; you can waste it.

Time starts nowhere, stops nowhere, and runs
forever at the same pace.

The wings of Time are swifter than the feet of
men.

He spends his time whining that he hasn't time.
Time is a great teacher—after you've gone and
done it.

The observer who studies in the school of Time
learns much.

Every hour of lost time is a chance for future
evil.—*Napoleon.*

To choose time is to save time.—*Bacon.*

Most people spend their time, wise men save it.
If we idle, winter will ask us—"What were you
doing all summer?"—*Bohemian Prov.*

"Any time" is no time.

Nae man can tether time or tide.—*Burns.*

They that make good use of their time have none
to spare.

"What are you doing there?" said the farmer to
the tramp in his hay-stack. "Huntin' fer lost
time," said the tramp.

"Times." He is peevish who praises by-gone times
and sees no good in our own.

Keep up with the "times"; don't lag behind like
a lubber.

"Many times and oft" Nature gives her warning.

Titles. Vanity parts his name in the middle and
puts a handle on the front end.

He is descended from the royal house of "Stewards."

She sells herself and her fortune for a title and a puppy.

Titles earned are honors; titles inherited are often a reproach to the forefathers.

If you haven't earned a title don't wear it.

Toad. Better be a big toad in a little puddle than a little toad in a big puddle.

He isn't a toad; he's a toady.

Toady. He wears a pollywog coat and toadies to the "Four Hundred."

I would rather sit in the smoke of my own cabin than be a toady in the palace of a king.

When you are going uphill Toady is ready to boost, when you are going down Toady will give you a kick.

You know what a toady is—that agreeable animal you meet every day in civilized society.

—*Benj. Disraeli.*

Tobacco. Tobacco is a great blessin'; it kills cow-lice, an' ether vermin. —*Bronco Bill.*

Tobacco kills chicken-lice and a lot of "two-legged animals without feathers."

The tobacco habit is best cured by never beginning it.

Tobacco—the Devil planted tobacco on earth.

No gentleman chews tobacco.

Alas, when Columbus discovered America he discovered tobacco.

Sir Walter Raleigh took from America to Ireland a blessing and a curse—the potato and tobacco.

To-day. Ten minutes to-day are worth an hour to-morrow.

Do it to-day.

We lose to-day waiting for to-morrow.

The diligent says, "To-day"; the sluggard says, "To-morrow."

Better a dollar today than a promise of two to-morrow.

Toil—toiler. A goodly recompense

Comes from hard toil, but not from its abuse.

—*Poetry.*

Labor is the lot of mortal man,

Ordained by God since human time began.

—*Poetry.*

They toil most who do nothing.

Let the thinker guide the toiler.

Aye, in loved labor only is there rest. —*Poetry.*

Tolerance. Tolerance is a gret virtue in t'other feller. —*Bronco Bill.*

To-morrow. To-morrow, to-morrow, is the song of the idle.—(After Weisse.)

"To-morrow I made my fortune," cries the fool,

"To-day I'll spend it." —*Men.*

To-morrow is the first day in the fool's calendar.

One hour to-day is worth ten to-morrow.

To-morrow?—it is always *to-day*.

Tongue. There are many men who might govern multitudes if they could only govern their own tongues.

A prudent man is tongue-tied.

You can't control the tongue of others: you can do better—you can control your own.

If you can't hold your temper, hold your tongue.
Many a man has cut his throat with his tongue.
Put a bridle on your tongue, or it will put a halter on you.

The sting of an evil tongue is worse than the sting of an asp.

I want more head and less tongue.—*Napoleon*.

If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—*Quarles*.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.

Nature has given to us one tongue and two ears, that we may hear more than we speak.

—*Epictetus*.

Your tongue runs before your wit.—*Swift*.

The tongue is an index to the man.

I don't like raw tongue in a woman's mouth.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Too Much. Enough is often too much.

Yer kin git tu much uf anythin' but common-sense.—*Bronco Bill*.

Tools. The man who drops his tools where he uses them is the poorest tool on the ranch.

Language is only a tool.

The most wonderful tool is the human hand.

Top. It is hard to climb to the top; you can slide to the bottom.

Don't try to build the top-story first.

It is better to begin at the bottom and work up than to begin at the top and work down.

It is easier to get on top than to stay there.

If it were as easy to slide up-hill as it is to slide down-hill, we would all be at the top.

Trade. Let the cobbler stick to his last, the farmer
to his plow, the preacher to his pulpit, the doc-
tor to his pills, and the devil to his imps.

Buy-of the needy and sell to the rich.

He that hath a trade hath an estate.—*Franklin.*

Better a skillful cobbler at his last

Than unlearned poet twangling on the lyre.

—*Poetry.*

Trade the ole hoss fer a young un, an' git suthin'
ter boot.—*Bronco Bill.*

Don't trade your honor for office.

A Indiana circuit rider kin beat a "Posey county
long-legs" on a hoss-trade.—*Bronco Bill.*

Tragedy. He's a great actor ; he tears tragedy into
tatters.

Tragedy?—The world is full of it.

Deep tragedy is the school of great men.

—*Napoleon.*

Training. Training is the best teacher.

Trap. He sets a trap for others and puts his own
foot in it.

You can't fool a fox twice into the same trap.

Don't try to trap a fox with turnips.

Travel—traveller. Travel your own country first.

If you would gain knowledge by travelling, study
the country and the people as you go.

Travellers find many hotels and few friends.

Treachery. Of all the vices of human nature treach-
ery is the worst.

Trust paves the way for Treachery to tread ;

Under the cloak of virtue vices creep ;

Fools chew the chaff while cunning eats the bread,

And wolves become the shepherds of the sheep.
—*The Reign of Reason.*

Tree. Wisdom plants trees: Folly hacks them with his little hatchet.

He that plants trees for the future is a patriot.
Don't transplant an old tree.—*Arab Proverb.*

A family-tree—ape to Adam—Adam to ape.

Trial. Paul, O Paul, forgive and be forgiven;
Earth is all trial; there is peace in heaven.

—*Pauline.*

It is a weak virtue that cannot stand the test of trial.

Trial is the test of all things.

Try men before you trust them.

Tribute. We all pay tribute to success.
What right has Caesar to demand tribute?

Trickster. The trickster tricks himself.

Trifles. There are no trifles in this world.

Two atoms of cosmic dust unite, cohere,
And lo the building of a world begun.—*Change.*

Life is made up of trifles; take heed to the trifles.
When a hound is chasing a stag he doesn't stop to bite fleas.

Trifles and rifles won the day at Waterloo.

We are all trifles and triflers.

We trifle with Time, but Time doesn't trifle with us.

Don't trifle with trifles.

Triumph. Through love and labor, triumph.

We proclaim our triumphs and hide our mistakes.

Work and wait:

Ne'er despair and ne'er abate;

Work will triumph soon or late:

Work and wait.

He sings his triumph before the battle begins.

Trouble. Boil and bubble, bubble and boil—

Toil and trouble, trouble and toil.

The troubles that never come worry us most.

It is easy to double your trouble.

He who has no trouble of his own will borrow some.

Behold within thee the long trains of thy troubles.

—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Life is mostly froth and bubble;

Two things stand like stone:

Kindness in another's trouble,

Courage in our own.—*Adam Lindsay Gordon.*

Troubles are stumbling-blocks to the weak and
stepping-stones to the strong.

Don't trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

No man gets into trouble without his own help.

If you are hunting for trouble, make haste slowly.

There is one thing always best to be put off till
tomorrow—borrowing trouble.

But human bodies are sic' fools,

For a' their colleges an' schools,

That when nae real ills perplex them,

They mak enow themsels to vex them.—*Burns.*

The man thet borrs trouble allus pays tu much
fer it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Trout. Better one trout on the hook than ten in the brook.

True. Behold the brute's unerring instinct guides True as the pole-star. —*Men.*

Forget?—and yet—can I forget

That one was false and one was true?

Although true, be cautious about stating what appears to be false.

Ivery cratur is true tu natur. —*Bronco Bill.*

"It is true indade," said Pat, "but Oi don't belave it."*

Trust. He who trusts everybody will cheat himself.

Trust paves the way for treachery to tread.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

The greatest trust in America is the U. S. government.

Trust nothing; try everything.

"We trust the people," says the man who sells on the "installment plan."

"But we don't trust you," say prudent people.

Trust in Providence, but push the work.

Shoot straight, men; put your trust in your rifles.

—*General W. T. Sherman.*

Trust Providence, but look to your collaterals.

Trust is a dear shop to trade at.

Trust yourself and others will trust you.—(After Goethe.)

"Trust in Providence," said the Preacher. "I kin du better fer cash," said the deaf old lady.

Truth. Truth is the daughter of time and the mother of science.

Truth always follows a straight line.

Truth is the foundation of all greatness.
The greatest truths are the simplest, and so are
the greatest men.—*Ware.*

Every man seeks for truth. God only knows who
has found it.—*Chesterfield.*

The greatest friend of truth is time.—*Colton.*

It is much easier to recognize error, than to find
the truth.—*Goethe.*

Tell truth, and shame the devil.—*Shakespeare.*

Our enemies, in their judgment of us, come nearer
the truth than we do ourselves.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

The truth is always the strongest argument.

—*Sophocles.*

Truth is always an oracle.

To him fiction is a familiar friend, and truth a
stranger.

Beware of the truth that covers a lie.

One truth fits all other truths; a lie fits nothing.

The naked truth needs no cloak.

If it is the truth what matter who says it?

Truth always has the ring of the true metal.

Truth can go naked; falsehood needs fine clothes.

There is no religion higher than the truth:

Men make the creeds, but God ordains the law.

Above all cant, all arguments of men,

Above all superstitions, old or new,

Above all creeds of every age and clime,

Stands the eternal Truth—the creed of creeds.

—*Men.*

Behold the serried ranks of Truth advance,

And stubborn science shakes her shining lance

Full in the face of stolid Ignorance.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Truth, like a diamond, ever loves the light.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

God's right arm of Truth prevails in every field.

How hard it is for mortals to unlearn

Beliefs bred in the marrow of their bones!

How hard it is for mortals to discern

The truth that preaches from the silent stones,

The silent hills, the silent universe,

While error cries in sanctimonious tones

That all the light of life and God is hers.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Man who hath walked in sleep—what thousands
years!—

Groping among the shadows of the night,

Moon-struck and in a weird somnambulism,

Mumbling some cunning cant or catechism,

Thrilled by the electric magic of the skies—

Sun-touched by Truth, awakes and rubs his eyes.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

'Tis easier to believe

An old-time fiction than to wear a tooth

In gnawing bones to reach the marrow Truth.

—*The Devil and the Monk.*

When wine goes in teetotal truth comes out.

Let virtue be our helmet and our shield,

And Truth our weapon, weapon sharp and strong

And deadly to all error and all wrong.

The plainest truths are the prettiest.

Truth never grows old, but a lie soon loses its
teeth.

Let truth be your weapon and virtue your shield.

There is gold in all metals and truth in all
creeds.

Don't try to warp the truth to fit you; fit your-
self to the truth.

In all things truth is the climax.

Truth and good are one.

If you have a mouth full of truth, think twice
before you open it.

A half truth is a whole lie.

A lie is dangerous when it creeps under the
cloak of truth.

You can't help truth with a lie.

It is the truth that hurts.

Truth needs no armor but her naked breast.

Truth is due to the living and the dead.

Truth needs no ornament; she herself is a dia-
mond.

Truth, like the sun, is sometimes under a cloud.

To detect error start with the truth.

In most falsehoods there are grains of truth.

Truth does not need the aid of miracles.

—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Try. If one door is shut try another.

If one fish won't take the bait another will.

"Try" and "Stick-to-it" will bore a hole through a
mountain.

I'll pick my flint and try it again. *—Henry Clay.*

Turkey-cock. He struts and gobbles like a turkey-
cock in a hen-yard.

He looked like a turkey-cock on horseback.

Tyranny. The olden precedents,

Oft stepping-stones of tyranny and wrong.

—Pauline.

Tyranny is tyranny whether in one man or a mob.

There is no tyranny so despotic as public opin-
ion. *—Donn Piatt.*

Tyrant. A tryant is always a coward.

The worst of all tyrants is the mob.

U

Understand. It is folly to approve what you do not understand.

Unexpected. Prepare for the unexpected.

Union. All for each—each for all.

Unit. Moments are the units of eternity.

Atoms are the units of the universe.

In the vast universe man is but an infinitesimal unit.

It takes two to make one.

It takes more than a million decimals to make one unit.

Unity. Lo all-pervading Unity is His;

Lo all-pervading Unity is He;

One mighty heart throbs in the earth and sea,

In every star through heaven's immensity,

And God in all things breathes, in all things is.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Universe. Hope and trust:

All life springs from out the dust:

Ah, we measure God by man,

Looking forward but a span

On his wondrous, boundless plan;

All his ways are wise and just:

Hope and trust.

Hope and trust:

Hope will blossom from the dust;

Love is queen; God's throne is hers;

His great heart with loving force

Throbs throughout the Universe:

We are His and He is just:

Hope and trust.—*Dust to Dust.*

Measure the ocean in a drinking cup?
 Measure Eternity by the town-clock?
 Nay, with a yard-stick measure the Universe?
 Measure for measure measure God by man?—*Men*
 God's perfect order rules the vast expanse,
 And love is queen and all the realms are hers;
 But strike one sun-star from the Universe
 And all is chaos and unbridled chance.

—*The Reign of Reason*

The earth is but a grain of sand—
 An atom in a shoreless sea;
 A million worlds lie in God's hand—
 Yea, myriad millions—what are we?—*Fame.*

Star on star,
 System on system, myriad worlds on worlds,
 Beyond the utmost reach of mortal ken,
 Beyond the utmost flight of mortal dream.

—*Beyond.*

What you know is a grain of sand; what you don't
 know is the universe.
 In the entire universe the least is a part of all.
 The universe is a circle without circumference.

Unknown. We always magnify the unknown.
 Don't spend your life seeking the unknowable:
 make bread out of the known.

Unlearn. How hard it is for mortals to unlearn
 Beliefs bred in the marrow of their bones!

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Up-hill. On an up-hill road with a big load the
 patient mule will beat a thoroughbred.

If we could slip up-hill as easily as we slip down-
 hill we would all be at the top.

Up-stream. It is easier to float down-stream than
 to paddle up-stream.

Yer canoe won't float up-stream without a paddle.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Use—useful. The useful is always beautiful.

What is not useful to-day may be useful to-morrow.

How use doth breed a habit in a man.

Everything to its use.

—*Shakespeare.*

Use almost can change the stamp of nature.

—*Shakespeare.*

No use tryin' tu make a race-hoss outer a donkey.—*Bronco Bill.*

The evil lies not in the use, but in the abuse of the use.

Never use swar-words onless yer kicked by a mool.—*Bronco Bill.*

He wud never a-got the whiskey-habit ef he hedn't got uster it.—*Bronco Bill.*

The Cunnel got so uster swarin' thet he'd swar when he wuz sayin' his pra'rs.—*Bronco Bill.*

In the whole universe there is nothing in vain—nothing without its use.

I hain't got no use fer a man thet hain't got no use fer himself. —*Bronco Bill.*

V

Vacant—vacuity. He has a cranium full of vacuity.

His upper story is to let.

He is the picture of a vacuum.

Valor. He who faces his duty like a man is brave enough.

Valor is a whole battalion.

"The better part of valor is discreeshin," said the
Cunnel when he hid in the bresh.—*Bronco Bill*.

Value. Compel the world to value you at what you
are worth.

In the long run most men are reckoned at their
true value.

Vanity. Vanity is an expensive luxury.

The sting of vanity is sharper than the sting of
want.

Vanity is a disease: most people catch it.

It is vanity to disclaim vanity.

Vanity is the fool's glory.

Every man has a streak of vanity.

The vanity of the rich is a blessing to the poor.

Vanity is the well-spring of much generosity.

Variety. The sweetest harp of heaven

Were hateful if it played the self-same tune

Forever.

Nothing is pleasant that is not spiced with variety.

—*Bacon*.

Change is the order of the Universe.—*Change*.

"Variety is the spice of life," they say; Bill Jones
hez hed seven wives, an' he's huntin' fer
anether.—*Bronco Bill*.

Verbosity. All sound and no sense.

In the chaff of verbosity you will find few grains
of sense.

Full of verbosity he teaches "Theosophy"

In a muddle of mush and calls it Philosophy.

He would talk the hind legs off a hobby-horse.

Vice. All vices are blood relatives.

No vice, no virtue: no evil, no good.

Vice is ketchin': yer kin ketch a vice easier thun
yer kin cure it.—*Bronco Bill.*

We carry two burdens—our own vices and the
vices of our progenitors.

Vice never yields the fruits of virtue.—*Channing.*

When our vices leave us we flatter ourselves that
we have left them.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,

As to be hated, needs but to be seen;

Yet seen too oft, familiar with his face,

We first endure, then pity, then embrace.—*Pope.*

Never open the door to a little vice lest a greater
sneak in.

Under the cloak of virtue vices creep.

Look out for vice in rouge and red petticoats.

At the tap-root of every vice is a virtue.

Vice leads to crime.

You can't cure one vice by taking on another.

Men's vices are virtues run wild.

Vice assumes a garment of virtue if it is only a
fig-leaf.

The vicious are swift to condemn the faults of
others.

Victory. He has a won a great victory who con-
quers himself.

"To the victors belong the spoils," but the
"spoils" spoil the victors.

Vigilance. "Eternal vigilance" is the price of suc-
cess.

That watch-dog is a vigilance-committee of one.

Villain. The cunning villain glitters in his eyes.

Vinegar. He carries a vinegar visage that would
sour sauerkraut.

Put a little sugar in your vinegar.

Violence. Where violence begins, reason ends.

Virtue. Negative virtues are good; positive virtues are better.

Trust paves the way for treachery to tread;
Under the cloak of virtue vices creep;
Fools chew the chaff while cunning eats the bread,

And wolves became the shepherds of the sheep.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.—*Shakespeare.*

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plainest set.

—*Bacon.*

Virtue will catch by contact as well as vice.

—*Burke.*

The virtue that requires to be ever guarded is scarce worth the sentinel.—*Goldsmith.*

Virtue would soon falter if hope did not lead or fear follow her.

Virtue alone is happiness below.—*Pope.*

Let virtue be your helmet and your shield,
And Truth our weapon—weapon sharp and strong,

And deadly to all error and all wrong.

Golden darts will pierce even virtue's shield.

—*The Devil and the Monk.*

Virtue is a safe helmet and a sure shield.

All virtues are one.

Virtue is its own reward:—many people think it's poor pay.

Virtue is safe only when armed with knowledge.

A cracked cup is easily broken.

Virtue once pawned is rarely redeemed.

At the root of every vice is a virtue.

Vice assumes a garment of virtue, if it is only a fig-leaf.

Men are prone to remember your faults and forget your virtues.

Virtue is betrayed by weakness oftener than by vice.

Vixen. The vixen never comes to kiss unless she means to bite.

Voice. The voices of the hoar and hurrying years
Cry from the silence—"Change, perpetual Change."
—*Change.*

The hoarse, low voice of the years croaks on forever and aye—

Change! Change! Change! —*Daniel.*

He has a voice like a brass band.

He can out-bellow the bulls of Bashan.

There is no index of character so sure as the voice.—*B. Disraeli.*

Vows. A sailor's vow—forgotten as soon as the storm is over.

Marriage vows air like "swarin' off" on the fust of January.—*Bronco Bill.*

Vulgarity. Ignorance breeds vulgarity, and vulgarity breeds contempt.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

—*Shakespeare.*

W

Wag. He's a wag—he wags the tail-end of wit.

"My fawning dog," the sage satanic said,

"Wags not his tail for me, but for my bread."

—*The Devil and the Monk.*

King Drone, flat fool that weather-cocked all
winds;
Gulped gall and vinegar and smacked it wine;
Wig-wagged his way from gilded *Œil de Bœuf*
Through mob and maelstrom to the guillotine.
Wag-jaw is a wise fellow. —Men.

Wager. A wager is a fool's argument.

Waiting. He is wise who knows how and when to
wait.

Watch and wait.

Don't wait for something to turn up; go at it and
turn it up.

Want. Man's real wants how simple and how few.
—Men.

He is the least in want who wants the least.

—*One Hundred Years Ago.*

"We want but little here below, nor want that
little long," said the monkey when the dog bit
off his tail.

See man the picture of perpetual want,

The prototype of all disquietude;

Full of trouble, yet ever seeking more.

Give him the gold of Ophir, still he delves;

Give him the land, and he demands the sea;

Give him the earth—he reaches for the stars.

Doomed by his fate to scorn the good he has,

And grasp at fancied good beyond his reach,

He seeks for silver in the distant hills,

While in the sand gold glimmers at his feet.

—Men.

The sting of vanity is sharper than the sting of
want.

Want less and you'll have more.

War. War is a dog-fight; the bull-dog wins.

War is an arena where it is easier to find a grave than a monument.

War is the battle of beasts and the feast of vultures.

War is hell.—*Gen. W. T. Sherman.*

The spectacle of a field of battle, after the combat is over, is sufficient to inspire princes with the love of peace and the horror of war.—*Napoleon.*

War never leaves a nation where it found it.

—*Burke.*

There never was a good war or a bad peace.

—*Franklin.*

I have seen enough of war to make me look upon it as the sum of all evils.—“*Stonewall*” *Jackson*

Let us have peace.—*Gen. U. S. Grant.*

Nothing but a battle lost can be half as melancholy as a battle won.

—*The Duke of Wellington.*

“C’est magnifique, mais ce n’est pas la guerre.”—

It is magnificent, but it is not war.—*Marshal Canrobert* on viewing the charge of the “Light Brigade” at Balaclava.

Waste. Waste nothing; all things have their use; God has created nothing in vain.

“Dot ish all right, mebbe. I dink so nieder; aber vot for Gott mak dot leetel tam—vot you call. ’im?—mit die long pill und dot leetel puzz?”—*Max.*

Don’t waste your breath on cold coals.

Don’t waste time on trifles.

The worst waste is the waste of time.

Don't waste a dollar's worth of time looking for a lost penny.

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.—*Jesus. (St. John, 6-12.)*

Watch-watchfulness. Watch and wait.

Watch the watchman.

Set a watch on the watcher.

Watch a silent dog.

Watch-word. The watch-word is "Forward."

Water. He writes on the water and paints on the wind.

I s'pose worter wud du tu drink ef yer cud strain the micrabs outer it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Wax and wane. The law of wax-and-wane pervades the Universe.

Way of the World. It is the way of the world to hang a man first and try him afterwards.

Weak. Weak men chew the cud of bitterness; strong men eschew it.

Weakness. The weakest spot in most men is where they fancy themselves the strongest.

A woman's strength lies in her weakness.

Search out and mend thine infirmities and thy virtues will take care of themselves.

No man is perfect: every man has his weak spot.

The weakest link breaks the chain.

Wealth. Wealth in the hands of the unwise creates more wants than it supplies.

Wealth has always been the first title to consideration.—*Napoleon.*

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.

"Get and Save" lead to wealth.

One little grain of wheat has benefited man more than all the diamonds dug from the earth since the days of Adam.

The multi-millionaire—an ass staggering under a load of bullion.

Wealth unemployed is a useless burden.

Who accumulates wealth accumulates care.

We carp at wealth, like the fox that couldn't reach the grapes.

Diogenes lived in a tub because he couldn't afford a cabin.

We affect to despise wealth and wear our soles (souls) out running after it.

We curse Cræsus, because he won't divide.

"Jim Hill is a robber!" cried the Governor of Minnesota. "While I am giving bread to tens of thousands you are doing your level best to pull down the bakery," replied Hill.

Great wealth is great poverty.

Wealth may be the servant of good or the servant of evil.

Pat said: "Wan bottle av 'Auld Oirish Tay' 'll make a mon a millionaire."*

Weather-cock. The higher you elevate a weather-cock the easier he turns to the breeze.

Wed—Wedlock. The "outs" want in and the "ins" want out.

Weed. Weeds and flowers grow in the same garden.

All our cultivated vegetables were once weeds.

Weed out your faults and cultivate your virtues.

We can tolerate a few weeds in a good garden.

The rankest weed has some use; nothing is made in vain.

I guess thar's sum pertaters in thet patch, but yer got tu pull a darn lot uf weeds tu find 'em. —*Bronco Bill*.

Kill the weeds when young.
It takes a hard frost to kill weeds.
Where weeds grow corn will grow.

Weel. He's a chiel o' the Deil—he's a ne'er-do-weel.

Welcome. Baked potatoes and welcome make a feast.
Unbidden guests are often welcomest when they are gone. —*Shakespeare*.

Well-doing. Whatever you do, do it well.
Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. —*Chesterfield*.

Well-done. If you want it well-done do it yourself.

When. Few men know when to start and when to stop.

Where. "Where have you been, Pat" "Oi dunno whar the divil Oi hev bin, fer Oi didn't git thar."*

Whim. The whim of youth may become the habit of age.

Whiskey. Thet Salt Lake whiskey, Jim, is dam-nashin distilled by the devil.—*Bronco Bill*.

Whisper. I hear the whispers of the Universe.
So whispering courage to my timid heart.
—*Pauline*.

I hear the low, hushed whispers of the dead.
His whisper sounds like a megaphone.

Whistle. He thinks his whistle is a bugle call.

"Why did you whistle?" said the teacher. "I didn't do it," said Johnnie, "it whistled itself."

Why. Wherefore? Look out upon the babbling world—

Fools clamoring at the heels of clamorous fools!
I hungered for the sapless husks of fame.

—*O Let Me Dream the Dreams of Long Ago.*

The eternal *Why*.

Wickedness. Wickedness breeds wickedness.

He is wicked who is cruel to God's creatures—
man or beast.

Widow. "Beware of the vider"; she wears weeds
for her dead husband and sighs for a live one.

Yer can't ketch an ole bird with chaff.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Thar ain't no dew-drop kin dry quicker nur a
wider's tears.—*Bronco Bill.*

Comfort the widow and the fatherless.

Wife. A frugal wife is better than a big income.
The woman that goes far for a husband has need
of a mantle of charity.

A termagant wife is like a horse-fiddle in a sanctuary.

Nine times out of ten the wife is what the husband makes her.

A wife dutiful is a wife beautiful.

The good wife commands her husband by obeying him.

Men choose a tree for its fruit, a wife for her beauty.

Here lies my wife: here let her lie!
 Now she's at rest, and so am I.—*Dryden* in "Suggested Epitaph."

Wild. She's a little wild? there's time a-plenty;
 She'll be tame enough at ten and twenty.
 Gamins—see the animals run wild.
 It is not far back to the time when our fore-
 fathers were wild animals.

Will. All my prayers are one:
 Father, thy will be done.
 Will without reason is a balky horse.
 He has a forty-horse will-power and no engineer.
 If you will, you can.
 Be there a will and wisdom finds a way.—*Crabbe*.

Willing. The willing mule balks at last.

Wills. Execute your own will.

Win. Watch out and win out.
 When you begin go in to win.

Wind. A drop of wisdom in a bag of wind.
 He has bellows enough to drive a wind-mill.
 "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."
 "I tank not. I tank Gut he demper ze leetel
 sheep to ze wind."—*Ole Olson*.

A wind-bag with a tin horn in it.
 See mangy curs, whose editorial ears
 Prick to all winds to catch the popular breeze
 Slang-whanging yelp and froth and snap and
 snarl,
 And sniff the gutters for their daily food.—*Men*.

Wine. Wine is a great tattler.
 When wine goes in teetotal truth comes out.
 —*The Devil and the Monk*.

Wine and wenches bury men in trenches.
To shake a little Shakespeare in the wine:
Some rise by sin and some by virtue fall.

—*The Devil and the Monk.*

Wine spills secrets.

Wine wisely used is a friend; to excess, an enemy.

O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains.—*Shakespeare.*

When wine is in wit is out.

More men have been drowned in the wine-cup than in the sea.

Wings. Aye, is death *death*? or but a happy change
From night to light—on angel wings to range?

—*The Reign of Reason.*

All wings and no feet.

He flopped his wings an' fluttened his tail-feathers an' squawked a spread-eagle speech.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Winter. A summer friend is a friend to feed;

A winter friend is a friend indeed.

"Lo I blow my breath," said Winter,

"And the laughing brooks are silent:

"Hard as flint become the waters,

"And the rabbit runs upon them."—*The Sea-Gull.*

Waziya came down from the north, from the land of perpetual winter:

From his frost-covered beard issued forth the sharp-biting, shrill-whistling North-wind;

At the touch of his breath the wide earth turned to stone and the lakes and the rivers.

—*Winona.*

It's a hard winter when wolf eats wolf.

Wisdom. Wisdom and goodness go hand in hand.
Wisdom feeds on folly.

Sorrows are mile-stones on the road to wisdom.
He who discovers that he is a fool has found
the right road to wisdom.

Confession of ignorance is the beginning of wisdom.

Wisdom grows on thorns.

Man's chief wisdom consists in being sensible of
his follies. —*La Rochefoucauld.*

It is easier to be wise for others than for ourselves. —*La Rochefoucauld.*

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her
paths are peace. —*Solomon.*

He hez a head full uf wisdom, an' a hat full uf
holes. —*Bronco Bill.*

One gathers the nuts, another cracks them.

The wisdom of most men is too early or too late.

He is a wise man who knows his own ignorance.

A truly wise man is a freak of nature.

The wise man gathers wisdom from all men,

As bees their honey hive from plant and weed.

Yea, from the varied history of the world,

From the experience of all times, all men,

The wise man learneth wisdom. —*Men.*

Wise men there be—wise in the eyes of men—

Who cram their hollow heads with ancient wit

Cackled in Carthage, babbled in Babylon,

Gabbled in Greece and riddled in old Rome,

And never coin a farthing of their own. —*Men.*

Wise men there be—for owls are counted wise—

Who love to leave the lamp-lit path behind.

And chase the shapeless shadow of a doubt. —*Men.*

Folly sows broadcast: wisdom gathers in. —*Men*

Alas, the more we know the less we know we know. —*The Reign of Reason.*

For ages have the learned of the schools
Furnished pack-saddles for the backs of fools.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Weak men chew the cud of bitterness, wise men
eschew it.

The mistakes of a wise man are more instructive
than the wisdom of a fool.

He whom wisdom guides walks safely.

Wit and Wisdom—pepper and salt.

You can spin even wisdom too fine for the masses.

Wise. A wise man sometimes changes his mind,
a fool never.

No man can be wise on an empty stomach.

—*George Eliot.*

Full of wise saws and modern instances.

—*Shakespeare.*

A wise man begins at the beginning, a fool, at
the end.

The wisest men are sometimes foolish.

A wise man never speaks unless he has some-
thing to say.

A wise man is never ashamed to confess his ig-
norance.

I do not think much of a man who is not wiser
today than he was yesterday.—*Abraham Lincoln*

Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.

—*Jesus.*

The wise head bends like a ripe ear of corn.

A wise man may learn much from a fool.

An ass looks wise to an ass.

A wise man is always a good listener.

The desire of appearing to be wise, often prevents our becoming so.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

Zeal is good for the wise and fatal to fools.
The wise seek the services of the wise.

Wishes. The wish of to-day is the spur of to-morrow.

Wishes won't make pertaters grow onless yer plant 'em an' hoe 'em.—*Bronco Bill*.

Wit. Let not malice sharpen thy wit.

His tongue runs away with his wit.

Wit is the wine of life.

Wit without wisdom is a dangerous weapon.

All wit and no wisdom is sauce without meat.

Wit is a keen weapon in the hands of a wit, and a boomerang in the hands of a dullard.

Wit and wisdom are sword and shield.

Wit without wisdom is lime without sand.

He "wags" the tail-end of wit.

When a wit sits at the dinner table the sauce peppers the meat.

Mix a little salt with your pepper.

Put sugar in your vinegar.

Wit and wisdom combined make a strong man.

When wine goes in wit comes out.

Better fore-wit than after-wit.

A joke without wit is a joke on the joker.

Wolf. Grown fat and arrogant on power and pelf,
The old time shepherd has become a wolf,
And only feeds his flock to feast himself.

—*The Devil and the Monk*.

When you hear a wolf let the dogs loose.

I had rather eat a wolf than have a wolf eat me.

It's a hard winter when wolf eats wolf.

Woman. I like a she-woman and a he-man.

The strength of a woman is in her weakness.

Beauty intoxicates a woman and makes a fool of a man.

Man cannot dispense with woman; he couldn't be born without her.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly"

She'll put both feet in willy-nolly.

Woman is the weaker vessel, but she often breaks her husband.

The society of ladies is the school of good manners.

A woman may lose her diamonds a dozen times, her honor but once.

Woman in public is an actress on the stage; study her behind the curtain.

There is no devil like a she-devil.

A prudent woman is, betimes, deaf, dumb and blind.

The tenderness of a faithful woman is a refuge: it is the port after a storm, the rainbow after a tempest.—*Napoleon.*

Women are always much better, or much worse than men.—*Napoleon.*

Purity of mind and conduct is the first glory of a woman.—*Mme. de Stael.*

Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

O woman, in our hours of ease, —*Shakespeare.*

Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,

And variable as the shade

By the light quivering aspen made;

When pain and anguish wring the brow,

A ministering angel thou!

—*Sir Walter Scott.* (Marmion.)

She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;
She is woman, therefore may be won.

—*Shakespeare.*

Man's best possession is a sympathetic wife.

—*Euripides.*

Men make houses, women make homes.

Woman brings to man his greatest blessing and
his greatest plague.—*Euripides.*

Petticoat-patriots, *sans bas* and *sans culottes*,
Rampant in rags and hunger-toothed, uproar
Paris the proud.—*Men.*

A shrewd judge of men is easily duped by a
woman.

There is nobody so intolerable as a woman pro-
moted by sudden wealth from a wash-tub to a
drawing-room.

A woman's head is in her heart.

Honor the woman who mends her husband's
stockings.

Better live with a yawling cat than a brawling
woman.

A woman's weapon is her tears.

Women take pride in what is on them rather than
what is in them.

Don't marry a woman without faults.

Woman Suffrage. His wife hez gone intu polly-
tics, an' he hez tu swing the dish-rag an' tend
the butt-end uf the baby.—*Bronco Bill.*

Did the women turn out and vote in your pre-
cinct, Pat? "Ivery mon av 'em," said Pat.*

Wonder. The head of Ignorance is full of wonder.
A wonder explained ceases to be a wonder.
It's a wonder whar all them cullege-bred fellers

thet air beggin' beans an' sleepin' in hay-stacks
cum frum.—*Bronco Bill.*

Wool. He pulls the wool over his own eyes.

"All Wool": it uster grow on sheep, but most
uf it grows on cotton-bresh now-a-days.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Words. The wise weigh words; fools measure them
by the yard.

Words are flowers, deeds are fruit.

Fair words are pap for fools.

"I am a mon of few words," said Mike.

"Thru indade," said Pat, "but ye spake 'em te
iverybody."*

Bind an honest man with his word, a knave with
a log-chain.

Weigh thy words: thy words will weigh thee.

Big words, little deeds.

Deeds are more eloquent than words.

Words are clumsy wings for burning thoughts.

Word o' mouth is slippery; let it be writ.

Work. Work hard and think harder.

Workmen are plenty, but the masters few.

Genius is patience, labor and good sense.

Steel and the mind grow bright by frequent use;

In rest they rust. A goodly recompense

Come from hard toil, but not from its abuse.

—*Poetry.*

Time and patience change the mulberry-leaf

To shining silk; the lapidary's skill

Makes the rough diamond sparkle at his will

And cuts a gem from quartz or coral-reef.

—*Poetry.*

Work wins.

Work makes the workman.

Good work requires good tools.

You can't afford to work for nothing and board yourself.

Trust in Providence, but push the work.

Work and wait;

Ne'er despair and ne'er abate;

Work will triumph soon or late;

Work and wait.

There is always plenty of work to be done; the difficulty is to find willing men fit for the work.

Everyone is the son of his own works.

—*Cervantes*.

Work is as necessary as eating and sleeping.

—*Baron von Humboldt*

Work is the true source of human welfare.—*Tolstoi*

There is no work so tiresome as doing nothing.

Work strengthens, worry kills.

The sure cure for most ills is work.

Our work is never done till we are done.

It is the duty of society to furnish work for the willing and needy.

World. The beginning of the world was the union of two atoms of cosmic dust.

The world is entering the twilight of dawn.

We must take the world as we find it and improve it if we can.

The world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.—*Horace Walpole*.

Let's make the most of this world; no flyin'-machine, so far, kin take us tu anether."

—*Bronco Bill*.

The world is a combination of contraries.

The man who said, "One-half the world does not know how the other half lives," didn't live in a country village.

The world is like a mirror; smile and it smiles,
frown and it frowns.

If we despise the world, the world will despise us.
Let the world wag: it will wag anyway.

Worm. The reef that wrecked the battleship was
the work of little worms.

The worm that crawls from out the sun-touched
sand,

What knows he of the huge, round, rolling
Earth?

Yet more than thou, of all the vast Beyond.

Worry. Work strengthens, worry kills. —*Beyond.*

Worse. No man is the worse for knowing the
worst.

"It might a-been worse," said the widow when
her husband was hanged.

Worship. He who worships himself worships a
wooden calf.

Most men worship the Golden Calf.

Man always worships something.—*Carlyle.*

He boasts that he is a self-made man: everybody
can see that he worships his maker.

Wound. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
—*Shakespeare.*

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike.—*Pope.*

Wretched. The way to make yourself wretched
is to fancy that you are wretched.

Write. I had rather write one word upon the Rock
Of Ages than ten thousand in the sand.—*Poetry.*
Say little, write less.

It gin 'im the "blues" an' he tackled the Muse,
An' he tuk a pen an' writ. —*Bronco Bill.*

Writing. There is sweeter poetry in the hearts
of men

Than every poet wrote or minstrel sung.

The only word written by Jesus —*Poetry.*

Was *Charity*—writ in the sand.—*Charity.*

Wrong. When we are on the wrong road the fur-
ther we go the further we fall behind.

He who wrongs you will never forgive you for it.

If you wrong another you wrong yourself.

Let there be no room in thy heart for the mem-
ory of a wrong.

There is often a wrong way to do right, but never
a right way to do wrong.

Y

Year. The years of God are one.

Yesterday. The eternal yesterday is yours; study
it.

Young. Be old when you are young, and you will
be young when you are old.

Kill the weeds when the weeds are young.

Man is young: the Earth is old.

Your own. There is no fruit so sweet as that from
your own planting.

If you don't blow your own horn nobody will
blow it for you.

Better baked beans in your own house than
roast turkey in another's.

Plant your own field first.

Yourself. Fear no man but yourself.

Trust yourself first.

Never ask your friends to do for you what you can do for yourself.

All great men have defects; you have a few yourself.

Self-deception is a pit-fall dug by yourself.

If you would amend men, begin with yourself.

Trust yourself and others will trust you.

If you want your secret kept, keep it yourself.

If you want it well done, do it yourself.

Don't send a boy to mill: if you want your grist ground go yourself.

Say nothing good of yourself: you will be distrusted; say nothing bad of yourself: you will be taken at your word. —*Father Roux.*

If thou be wise thou shalt be wise for thyself.

—*Solomon.*

He is not wise who is not wise for himself.

—*After Franklin.*

Youth. Mold the clay of youth while it is moist.

Youth is full of blunders that old age regrets.

There is no cure for the follies of youth but age.

Youth is a seed-field; beware what you sow in it.

Youth is continual intoxication.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret. —*Benjamin Disraeli.*

Z

Zeal. Zeal is good for the wise and fatal to fools.

Zeal is a fire that needs watching.

Zeal without discretion is a braying ass.

Zeal without knowledge runs into ditches in the dark.

Irish Bulls and Irish Wit.

(The author claims to be the "original author" of those marked with a *)

Said Pat to the priest: "Father, Oi hope Oi may live te hear ye prache me funeral sermon."

Said Mike to his wife: "Whin Oi married ye, Biddy, ye hadn't a rag te yer back." "True indade, Mike, an' now it's all rags," said Biddy.

"Is your sister's baby a son or a daughter?" asked a friend of Tim. "Faith," replied Tim, "Oi dunno yit wheder Oi'm an uncle er an aunt."

"Darlint," said Pat to his sweetheart, "Oi love ye as well ez Oi wud ef Oi hed knowd ye fer siven long years, an' a gra-ate dale bether."

Mike O'Rourke went to confession and told the priest a lot of his peccadillos. "Have you told me all?" asked the priest. "Barin' wan," said Mike; "Oi stole Widdy Maloney's pig." "Ah, Mike," said the priest, "you must make restitution; you must return the pig to Mrs. Maloney." "But Oi can't," said Mike, "he's kilt, an' Oi ate 'im." "Then you must pay her double the value of the pig or you'll never get into Heaven," said the priest. "But nobody but me an' yerself knows it, an' ye daren't pache on me," said Mike. "Ah, Mike," said the priest, "when you get up to St. Peter's gate you'll find Widow Maloney an' her pig both there to confront you." "Father, be ye shure thot Widdy Maloney an' her pig'll both be there?" "Sure," said the priest, "unless you make restitution." "Thin," said Mike, "Oi'll make reshtitution: Oi'll tell Widdy Maloney te take her dom pig."*

"Come in ye spalpeen," said Biddy to her drunken husband "ye must be fatagued, walkin' a long road

fer a jug av whuskey." "Arrah!" said Pat, "it wuzn't the long uv the road, but the broad av it, thot fatagued me."

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge, when Pat was arraigned on a criminal charge. "How the divil kin Oi tell till Oi hear the ividence?" replied Pat.

"Ah, Mike, ye've gone an' sold thot old pot thot's bin in this family fer three ginerations. What made ye do thot?" said Biddy. "Oi wudn't be afther partin' wid it," said Mike, "on'y fer four 'bits' te buy a bag av patetates te bile in it."

"Pat," said Tim, "don't marry young. Oi wuz on'y twenty-wan whin Oi got married, an' Oi'll niver marry so young agin ef I live to be ez old ez Methuselum."

Two Irishmen were working at a mine. One of them fell into a deep pit. The other yelled down to him, "Say, Pat, be ye kilt?" "Not intirely," replied Pat, "but Oi'm knocked spacheless."

"I am waiting for a patient like Patience on the monument," said a young doctor to his Irish servant. "An' whin yez gits wan," said Pat, "it won't be long befor the monument be on the patient."*

"I have a very dangerous case here," said the country doctor. "Yis, indade, an' it's yer midicin-case, docthor," replied Mrs. Maloney.*

"Plaze give me a dose av yer midicin, docthor." "What kind?" asked the physician. "Ony kind ye carry, docthor." "What ails you, Pat?" "Oi'm tired o' foightin' wid Biddy, an' Oi'm dyin' te be kilt," said Pat.*

"Me pore brother Mike hez gone te the divil," said Tim. "Indade, is he dead?" asked his friend Flanagan. "No; it's woorse," said Tim, "he's gone te a lahyer."*

"Whar be ye goin, Pat?" asked a friend who met him on the road. Pat replied: 'Me boy, Tim, hez rooned away and gone te the divil, an' Oi'm goin' afther 'im.'*

"Thim dom biled eggs hez checkins in 'em," said Mike to his friend at a lunch-counter. "Spake aisy, Mike," said his friend, "er they'll charge ye extra fer the checkins."*

"Whar hev ye bin, Pat?" "Oi dunno whar the divil Oi hev bin, fer Oi didn't git thar," said Pat.*

"Oi'm a mon av few wor-rds," said McGroarty. "Thru, indade," said Tim, "but ye spake 'em te iverybody."*

"Lind me five shillin Tim, an' Oi'll make ye a millionaire," said Mike. "Arrah, ye spalpeen, whin will ye make me a millionaire?" "In twinty minits," said Mike.—"wid a bottle av 'Auld Oirish tay.' "*

"Widdy O'Brien," said Pat, "Oi hev a gra-ate sacret an' Oi nade a woman te help me kape it."*

Pat, who had just arrived from Erin, and voted the "Dimecratic ticket" in New York, saw for the first time a steam-shovel at work. "Bad luck te yez, ye dom Nager Republikin machane!" growled Pat, "Ye kill the pore wor-rkin' mon an' thin stale the bread out av 'is mout. Ye kin toot-toot, an' poof-poof, an' dig-dig, but—Glory be te God!—yez can't vote."*

Mike wrote from New York to his brother in Dublin: "Come over, Pat. This is the land av Liberty. In New York they lets ye vote the Dimecrat ticket nixt day afther ye land; an' phot's bether, they pays ye two dollars a head fer it."*

"Oi've cotched a Tartar," yelled Pat from the picket line. "Bring 'im in," replied his Captain. "Oi can't," said Pat. "Then come in yourself, Pat,"

said the Captain. "But the dom Hathen won't let me," said Pat.

(This is the origin of "Caught a tartar," and nearly equivalent to the "*Auribus teneo lupum*" of Terence.)

"It be a long road thot niver raches the ind," said Mike.*

"Avide ony road thot tur-runs te the left," said Tim, "it allus lades te the divil."*

"Yer auld frind Mac hez got a job at lasht," said Pat. "Whar?" asked Sam. "In the pinetinchery," said Pat.*

"My conscience aches," said a penitent at a camp-meeting. "It be achin' fer a plashter av 'green-back,' " said Hooligan.*

"I'll give you 'ninety days' and the 'gold cure,'" said the police judge to Pat, arrested for being drunk on the street. "Oi don't nade the ninety days, Joodge," said Pat, "but Oi'm pore an' nady, an' Oi'll take the goold cure, plaze."*

"Jisht befor the Battle av the B'yne began" private Pat Murphy was handed an iron "breast-plate" by his Captain and told to strap it on over his vital parts. Pat proceeded immediately to strap it on over the bigger port of him "behint." The Captain laughed and passed on. After the "retrate" Pat pulled off his breast-plate and found the mark of a musket ball on it. "Look o' thot, Captain," said Pat; "the inemy knowed whar me 'vital pairts' be, ez well ez Oi knowed it mesel."*

Champ Clark, an Irishman from Cork, went fishing for cat-fish in the "Missouree." He finally caught one—a forty-pound cat-fish, and for safe-keeping, lugged it up the steep bank and deposited it in a mud-hole. Then Champ went back and fished till

sundown, but "he didn't git nary nuther bite." Meantime a darkey, who had been fishing down below, and caught only one little two-pound "cat," came along. He fished out Champ's forty-pounder, dropped his two-pounder in the mud-hole and skipped. Champ finally crawled up the high bank and poked around in the mud-hole for his big fish. He found the little cat—the only fish in the hole. Champ looked "fatagued," but he braced up "wid a sup av coold tay frum his impty jug," and picked up the little "cat." "It be a cot, sure," said Champ, "an' the on'y fish in thot hole. It musht be me cot-fish. Beloike thot coold tay maggefoid 'im a bit whin Oi cotched 'im, but, nay-the-less,—loike me frind Tiddy—Gorry moighty—how he be shrunk!"*

At a regimental parade, after the final victory at Ladysmith in the Boer War, the colonel of a "crack" British regiment ordered Corporal Pat Nolan to step two paces to the front. "Corporal Nolan," said the Colonel, "I am ordered by her Majesty, the Queen, to pin this bronze medal on your breast for your gallant conduct in the defense of Ladysmith, and to deposit in the bank, at interest, payable to you annually for life, this ten-pound note of the Bank of England." "Kin Oi spake wan wor-rd?" asked Pat with a salute. "Proceed," said the Colonel. "Ef it be all the same te yerself an' the Quane," said Pat, "plaze pin thot tin-pound note on me breasht, an' put the midal te me credit in the bank."

"It is wid gra-ate pleasure thot Oi extind te ye me hear-rt-felt sympathy on the death av yer beloved husband," wrote Desmond to Mrs. Parnell.

A young lady at a crowded concert was looking for a seat. A polite Irishman (who was occupying one himself), said to her: "Oi wud be plazed te

give ye a sate, Miss, but ivery wan av the impty sates be all full intirely."

An Irishman whose feet were of different size ordered a pair of boots made accordingly. They were delivered, and, as he tried to get his larger foot into the smaller boot, he broke out: "Dom thot shoemaker, Oi told 'im te make wan boot larger than the ether, an' the dom fool hez made wan boot smaller than the ether."

An Irishman got out of a train at a lunch station, and while he was eating his lunch the train pulled out. "Hould on!—stop!" yelled Pat, "thar's wan passenger on boord thot ye've left behind."

"It is very sickley here this year," said one resident of Dublin to another. "Yis, indade," said the other, "mony people hev died this year thot niver died befoor."

"Where is the other end of this rope?" demanded the mate of an Irish sailor. "It's cut off, sor," said the sailor.

"Me grandfather is dead, an' he willed all his property te me," said Pat. "Whin did he make his will?" asked Mike. "Immadiately afther he died," said Pat.*

"Misther Dobbin, I want ye te make me will," said Mike. "What disposition do you want to make of your property?" asked Lawyer Dobbin. "I want te lave it all te meself entirely," said Mike.*

"Afther he wuz past cure the docthor give 'im a dose av midicin thot cured 'im immadiately," said Mrs. Ryan.*

"Ef ye don't recave this lettther, ye may be sure it hez got losht in the post, so plaze answer it immadiately," wrote O'Brien to his wife.

"Oi beg yer pardon; Oi ought te hev answered

yer letther two weeks ago, but Oi recaved it on'y this mornin'," wrote McGroarty to Dougherty.

"Hev ye a drop av the 'cratur' wid ye, Pat?" "Oi've on'y an' impty bottle filled wid wather," said Pat.*

"Mr. Spaker," said Sir Boyle Roche, in the Irish Parliament (1775), "it is the juty av ivery lover av his country te give his lasht guinea te save the remainder."

An Irish soldier who ran upon a sleeping Boer in the night, and blew his brains out, remarked: "He'll be surprised whin he wakes up in the mornin.'"*

"There wuz nobody in the coach but two passengers on the outside," said Pat.

Pat, who had never seen a railway engine, came over from Ireland. His brother Mike, who was a section boss on the Harlem, just above New York, met him at Castle Garden and took him up the Hudson in a sailboat. After dinner they took a walk up the track over a fill and into a deep cut. Just then the "Albany Flyer" came tooting down the track. "Roon, Pat—roon fer yer life!" yelled Mike as he ran up the slope of the cut. But Pat took the track and he ran for the fill.

The cow-ketcher ketched 'im an' over the grade Tumbled Pat an' a dale av a moanin' he made; Frightened Mike he ran down where poor Patsy was spilt:

"It be a mi-racle, Patsy, that ye wuzn't kilt; Why didn't ye roon, Pat?" "An' didn't Oi roon? But thot dom snortin' cratur cud bate a balloon." "Dom it, Patsy, why didn't ye roon up the hill? Yez come nigh a-gittin' a ride te the devil."

"Aw, Mike," stammered Pat, as he limped on the fill,

"Ef Oi cudn't bate the dom baste on the livil,
Sure, how cud Oi bate 'im a-roonin' up hill?"*

—*Pat and the Flyer.*

"It is a gra-ate comfort te be all alone by yerself,"
said Pat, "ef ye hev yer swateheart wid ye."

"Mike, I'm goin' te build me a new house; Oi'll
pull down the old wan an' use the metarial in build-
in' the new wan." "Where will ye live, Pat?" "Oi'll
live in the old wan till the new wan be finished."

Tim wired from New York to the coroner at Los
Angeles: "Oi'm afeard thot unknown mon thot wuz
drownded on Dead-man's Island is me long lost
brother. Plaze look 'im over wid care an' see ef he
be near-sighted an' hev an impidiment in his
spache."*

"Thar is not wan man in the House of Commons,"
roared an Irish member, "thot hez not felt the thruth
of me argyment throbbin' in his hear-rt fer a thou-
sand years."*

"Oirland," roared an Irish member in the House
of Commons, "'ll give England her death-blow, an'
she'll niver recoover frum it in a hundered years."*

"It wud be bether, Mr. Spaker, te give up a part
av the Constitution, or aven the whole av it, te save
the remainder."

—*Sir Boyle Roche in the Irish Parliament.*

"Gentlemen, isn't one man as good as another?"
cried the stump-speaker. "Av coorse 'e is—an' a
dom sight bether," yelled an excited Irishman.*

At the battle av the B'yne not a mon av me com-
pany escaped alive except foor thot wuz drownded
in the river.—*Capt. Connor.*

Olives. People fond of salt-pickled Spanish olives
can appreciate the following: An Irish judge (jus-

tice of the peace) who resided and held court at Boolyglass, County Kilkenny, had many friends who had emigrated from that county to the police force in New York City. On the pressing invitation of the members of the "foorce," including "Croaker," the boss, the "Joodge" came over to New York to meet his Hibernian friends and be hailed and feasted by them. They gave him a royal reception and a banquet at Delmonico's. The "Joodge" had never seen an olive. When the champagne and "auld Irish tay" had taken effect, and "Erin-go-Bragh" got "fast and furious," the "Joodge" discovered a small plate of green pickled olives near his plate, and tried to eat one. He spat it out. He tried another, and with a wry face spat it out vigorously. He looked indignant as he arose: "Gintlemin," said the Joodge, "Oi don't wish te dishturb the hilarity av this gra-ate occasion, but Oi feel thot the dignity av meself an' the High Coorts av Ireland demond thot Oi make a remairk."

"Remairk! Remairk! Remairk!" was yelled unanimously by the ge-lorified Sons of Erin; and the Joodge proceeded: "Gintlemin, Oi'm plazed te be compilled te make the remairk thot the gintlemon ez pished in the pickels is no gintlemon at all."*

"We Hinglishmen live better than you Hirishmen," said a Briton to Pat in the town of Tipperary; "we 'ave roast beef and potatoes for dinner every day." "A divil a bit kin ye bate us," said Pat, "thot be jisht phwot Oi ate fer me dinner three toims ivery day—barin' the bafe."*

"Oi'd loike te twisht the tail av thot 'divil' in the prentin' office ez bod ez he twishted me tale this morning," said a Dublin reporter.*

"Be ye huntin' a job?" asked the section-boss of

a tramp. "Yis, an aisy wan," said the hobo. "Gwan!" said the boss, "ye'll find it in the jail."*

An Irish policeman on Broadway was trying to make a crowd of people standing in front of a shop move on. "Gintlemin, plaze move on," said he. "Ef ivery mon av yez stands blockin' the way, how the divil kin the rest av yez git by?"

It was a Dublin paper that reported in 1890 that "The health of Mr. Parnell has lately taken a bad turn, and serious fears of his recovery are entertained."

"Dochthor," said a very sick Irishman, "whin Oi die, be sure te make a post-mortar examination and find out what ails me, fer Oi'm dyin 'te know."

Said Pat on his death-bed: "Don't bury me alive till afther Oi'm criminated"—(cremated).*

In a legal argument before the Court an Irish barrister exclaimed: "Thot hez bin the lah, yer Honor, frum time immemorial fer the lasht tin years!" The "Coort took it under advisement" for the next tin years.*

"An' ye're fayther is dead?" said Mike." "Indade he is," said Tim. "An' it's what we'll all hev to come to if we live long enough."

"I'm fighting for my dear people," cried a candidate for Congress. "How mony av 'em hev yez in yer family?" asked Pat.*

"Gintlemin, Oi can't boasht av me ancestors," said Pat, "but Oi kin boasht av me posterity fer Biddy an' me hez twinty-wan av 'em."*

"My forefathers were noblemen," said an Englishman.

"An ef yer mether hed bin a 'onisht 'oman yez wodn't a-hed but wan av 'em," said Pat.*

At an anti-England mass-meeting in Dublin, it

was vociferously resolved "to gather up all the notes of the Bank of England to be found in Ireland, and make a bonfire and burn 'em."

"We hev five hunderd thousand min in Dublin, drilled, airmed an' equipped, an' ready te march agin auld England fer Irish Liberty," said Pat. "Why don't ye march then?" said a man from Belfast. "The dom police won't let us," said Pat. *

"Do you understand French, Pat?" "Sure Oi duz ef ye spake it in Oirish," said Pat.

"What be yer politics?" asked the Tammany boss of the Bowery, of a "raw recruit" from Erin who wanted a "star on the Foorce." "Oi be agin the goovernmint," said Mike. "Why be ye agin the goovernment?" asked the boss. "Me grandfayther, me fayther an' ivery dom mon in Oirland allus be agin the government," said Mike.*

"What are you doing there?" yelled the major at Color-sargeant Pat running to the rear with the flag. "Oi'm flaggin' the inemy te folly ef they dare," said Pat.*

"Boys," said the captain when the battle began, "you're going into hell. Remember your country and follow the flag." "Plaze take the lead wid the flag yerself, sor, an' we'll folly ye te the gate," said private Pat.*

An Irishman, who had never seen a canary bird, came over from the land of the "Green" and hired out to a Yankee in Hoboken. The next day Pat discovered a "yellow-jacket" wasp nest in the stable. "Phot be thot?" asked Pat of his employer. "It's a nest of canary birds," said the Yankee wag: "hold your hand up under the nest and a beautiful little bird will come out and sing ye a song." Pat put the back of his hand up under the hole in the bottom

of the nest, and immediately a "yellow-jacket" came out on his hand.

"Ah," said Pat, "ye purthy little cratur, ring-straked an' speckled wid goold! Now, ye darlint little boord, sing me a song—sing 'Erin-go-Bragh' fer me, plaze—Ouch!—howly Moses! how it bur-rns whar she puts her little futs!"*

Mike fell in a fit and remained so long unconscious and rigid that all thought he was dead. They put him in a box and held a "wake" over him. Past midnight, in the height of the hilarity, his old chum Pat put a bottle of whiskey at the head of the "corpse." "Take a sup av it, Mike," said Pat. Immediately Mike grabbed the bottle and rose up in the box. The women screamed, but Mike's old chum had nerve: "Howly Gosht! Mike, lie doon: ye be dead ez a salt mackerel, an' we be holdin' a 'wake' over yez, Mike, an' the praste be prayin' ye out av Purgatory," said Pat.

"Arrah," said Mike. "De ye think Oi be sic a dom fule to be dead, wid a bottle av 'Erin-go-bragh' at me head?"*

"Halt," yelled the sergeant to private Pat breaking for the rear in a smart skirmish; "yer no brave man, Pat." "Sure, Oi'm brave enough meself," said Pat, "but Oi can't kape me dom legs frum roonin' away wid me."

The following dialogue occurred in Los Angeles between Captain Murphy and Corporal McGroarty: "Wuz ye in the Civil War, Mac?" "Sure, Oi wuz, Murphy, fer six long months an' tin days." "War yez an officer, Mac?" "Indade Oi wuz; Oi hild a commissary frum the Prisidint ez Carporal in the 'Tammany Tigers.'" "How auld be ye, Carporal, an' hev ye a pinshun?" "Oi be pasht sivinty-wan an'

Oi niver axed fer a pinsion." "De ye know," Corporal, ye be intitled te an auld-age pinsion av \$15 ivery month? Ye shud apply fer it immadiately." "Shure Oi knows it, but Oi wouldn't tech an auld-age pinsion wid a tin fut stick: thim auld-age pinsioners be all dyin' aff ivery day," said McGroarty.*

"Bad luck te Auld England!" cried an Irish member of the House of Commons; "ye hev took iverything from Oireland but the taxes, an' now ye be thryin' te take away the taxes."*

In the presidential campaign of 1856 the Hon. Sam. Gordon, of Delhi, New York, was making a speech for "Fremont and Jessie" to a crowded audience in the court-house at Poughkeepsie. In reviewing Buchanan's political career he exclaimed for the third time: "And in that matter, gentlemen, he had his eye on the presidential chair." An excited Irish democrat rose up in the rear and yelled: "Yis, be Jasus, an' the foorth av Mairch next he'll hev his arse on it!" When the laughter subsided, Gordon replied: "I hope not, my Irish friend, but if so, the presidential chair will be occupied for the first time by an ass." And then the Republican audience yelled.

"Gentlemen, I am running again for the presidency," said Bryan on the rear end of his car in his third campaign.

"An' how mony toims moor be ye goin' te run on wan leg on the hind ind av the race?" asked "Croaker."*

"My hat is in the ring," said Teddy at Cleveland.

"An' the ring be in the '*Steal Trust*,'" said "Widdy" Wilson.*

"Me ould grandfayther is dead," said Pat, "an' he's the on'y survivor av the battle av Waterloo."*

"The Irish Bull broke inty the House of Commons," said Redmond, "an' they've been milkin' him ever since."*

"What has posterity done for us?" said Sir Boyle Roche in a speech in Parliament. There was much laughter. "Oi don't mane our ancestors—Moses, an' Abraham, an' the loike," said Roche, "but the min thot came immediately afther thim." And then the House roared.

"I'm sorry, Pat. I see that you and your partner have gone into bankruptcy. "Yis, indade; bad luck te specelation. We wuz driv inty the bankrupt coort be a foor harse tame av mools."*

"It's true indade, Pat, but Oi don't belave it," said Mike.*

"You need good manners more than money," said an American to an importunate beggar in Dublin.

"Faith, Oi' axed ye fer the on'y thing ye hev te spare," said Pat.*

"Is this the right road to Limerick?" asked an American tourist of Pat. "Indade it is," said Pat; "kape strate ahid till ye coom te the farks av the road."

"Which road shall I take then," asked the tourist.

"Take the ether wan," said Pat.*

Mrs. McFinigan called on the judge at Chambers and said: "Jedge, Oi want a disvorce from me good-fer-nothin' husband, McFinigan," "What's the matter?" asked the judge, "does he beat you?" "Bate me!" said Biddy. "Indade, ef he attimpted thot Oi'd bate the livers out av 'im." "Is he a steady worker and a good provider for the family?" "Well, yis," said Biddy, "he buys the petates, an' he swapes the flure an' gits the supper and washes

the dishes afther he gits home frum his wurruk." "Does he drink, Mrs. McFinigan?" "No, Jedge, not fraquently; wonct in a while he stales a sup out av me jug." "You must have good grounds for divorce; what grounds, then, have you, Mrs. McFinigan?" "Sure, Oi hev the besht grounds in the wurruld, Jedge—infidility: McFinigan is not the fayther av me lasht child."*



Cow-Boy Ballads

(Laramie "Round-up" 1918)

BRONCO BILL**Bronco Bill:**

Ole Pete, I'm dry 's a fish agin,
An' I guess it's up tu you, Pete;
Wal, pard', I'll take a mug uf gin—
Yer payin'?—I'll take tew, Pete.

Them hits the spot; it's gittin' hot;
Now, Sambo thar, start yer catarrh,
An' diddle yer fiddle, ole Gumbo;
I hain't felt so good sence the Cuber war,
An' we're goin' tu hev a—"Jumbo."

Thet's it, Gumbo; saw thet ole fiddle,
An chip in the tamborino;
Don't play us a sam: I'm a mountin lamb,
But, thank yer, I ain't a merino.

Now, Bob, dog-gon, du give us a song,
Off-hand, axtemporary;
An' I'll foller suit, but I ain't so cute—
I'm a jay-bird, an' nary canary.

Coyote Bob:

I wish I war a leetle boy—
A leetle boy agin;
Ful of frolic an' the colic,
Ful of soda-pop an' sin.

I wish I war a boy agin,
Tudle, dudle, Andy;
With curly har and blumin' skin;
Tudle, dudle, dandy.

Then I wud go an' see Shy Ann,
An' dear Miss Ana Conder,
An' tramp agin tu Anaheim
Tu see my granny yonder,
An' play tu them young Deutcher geese
A gay ole mountin gander—
Eat schweitzer-kase an' butter-grease,
An' see ther flocks uf kids increase.
Thet 'ud tickle Ted, by dunder.

"Race-suicide," says Teddy—
An' it makes his busom bleed—
"We'll all be Yankee-doodled
Ef we don't brace up an' breed."

Jackrabbits breed in litters, Bill,
An' the Niggers an' Chinees,
An' the lazy, lousy "Greasers," Bill,
An', by gosh, why shudn't we?

The brush air ful uf beauties,
All a-waitin' tu be tied;
Go, Pard', an' take Miss Giggles,
But I'll take Sue-aside.

Bronco Bill:

Pass the "lemonade," Jim Dairy-Maid,
An' I'll Sarah-nade the hul brigade.
I'm feelin' like a lark, Boys,
In a clover-field in June, Boys,

Jist arfter it's bin dark, Boys.
Ef yer wanter har a hummer song,
Jist shet yer mouth an' hark, Boys:
Hump-te-dudle, hump-te-dudle,
Hump-te-dudle-dew-de!
That now I've ketched the tune, Boys.

Oi'd loike te be a b'y agin;
Houly Patherick! but Oi wud thot!
Oi'd drap thot whusky an' thot gin,
An' dhrink me port an' blume me skin,
Loike a rael auld Oirish gintlemin.

An' wed Tim's widdy Mariar—
Wid her five spalpeens—in a minit.
Mebbe Oi shud—Pat says Oi wud—
Put me auld fut right in it.

Oi wud nat loike that, te be sure, me dear Pat,
Te put me fut inty a bear-trap!
But Oi'd bang me auld hat
Te see yer tom-cat
Put his divil fut inty a hare-trap;
Fer all the night long he be singin' a song,
Loike the waul av a Kilkenny cryer—
An' the same auld chune frae October te June—
Mariar—Mariar—Mariar!

In the mid o' the night Oi awake in a fright,
An' bang me auld goon at thot cat on the roon,
A-yellin' Mariar—Mariar!
Hip a hurrah—Erin-gobragh!
The life av a lone mon be sorry;
An' Oi guess Oi will go an' see father McGraw,
An' bid te the widdin' temorry.

Ki-yi, me b'y, how's thet fer high?
Now, Teddy Bismarck, git up an' bark,
Er howl us a song a yard er tew long;
Jist gulp a gin-fiz an' git down tu "biz";
Er a stein uf Rhine wine er a bar'l uf beer,
An' we'll stay har—a week—tu har yer squeak.

Teddy Bismarck:

I'll take just ein schnitt
Mit drei steine damit,
Und sing ein leedel goot gesang—
Nicht ganz ein hundert meilen lang.
Yah, ich bin Teddy Roosterbelt!
Ich bin der sohn von Prinz Bismarck!
Aber he keep eet in ze dark—
Und sendt mir, dann und wann, das silbergeld.
I vish I vuz a poy some more;
I vish I var; yah, don't it
Und ef ich war ein leedle poy,
Ein leedel boob I pees already.
Meine gute mutter
Gibt mir ein stück brod und butter,
Und nennt mich "Lieber Teddy."
So ich bin ze "Bull-mooser" chief,
Und sing mein laut gesang "*Reform,*"
Dot shakes ze goundry like a storm,
Und makes ze peoples all belief
I eats mein dinner on a tief.
An' so I scream ze eagle
Und fight agin mit Siegel—
Or any udder feller—
Darein dem lager Reichs-Rath-keller.

Wo geht das leedel hundchen mein,
Und laszt mich spielen ganz allein,
Wann ich ein kleiner knabe war?
Dann bin ich grimmig ganz und gar.
Der hund er gibt mir nodings rest;
He roon away und stay all day
Dabei dot damphool shootzen-fest.

Und wenn er kommt mir spät zurück
I gibt dat leedel cuss a kick;
Aber wenn er cry und yellt ki-yi—
Mein leedel lieber bube kind—
Dann hab ich Sorge on dot pore dorgie,
Und kicks michselbst drei mal behind.

I vish I var ein boob; by gar,
Wie ich war in alt Deutchland dar—
Darum-darauf-darunder!
Toodel, de oodel, de noodel!
Und wenn ich bin I vill ride agin
Auf dot Yankee mool, py dunder.
Wie dann wir rittsen?—donner und blitzen!
Dot Yankee mool go kicken und schlitzen,
Und I fall ab und ketch ein kick
Daran mein hinter rumpf zu guick.

Dann dot ole mool he runs away,
An' sweesh hees sweif, an' kick hees heels,
An' mack 'eem laut a blenty bray,
Und lacht behint on mir und squeals.

Er besser kick mich mit ein brick;
Dot vas I call 'em Yankee trick,
Und eef I komm jemals zurück,
Dann vill ich kick
Dot ole mool mit ein brick-stein brick.

Yust wie Prinz Bismarck play in ze dark,
An' ketch dem damphool Polliwogs,
An' lick 'em quick mit hees war-dogs;
An' take Paree an' push 'em hard,
An' mach 'em pay fer all ze fun
Mit Alsace-Lorraine und ein milliard.

Hoch, Kaiser Bill, how's dot fer hoch?
Yust put 'eem in yer pfeif' und smoke.

Bronco Bill:

Now, Johnny Crapaud, gulp yer corbeau
With yer eau-de-vie, an' tip yer chapeau,
Ez yer uster tip it, yer durn'd ole dandy—
Down thar across the Rio Grandè—
Con Cuero de pulque an' a bottle of brandy,
Al fandgo-vaquéros, fiesta de toros,
Juego de gallos, o juegos mas malos
Con las señoritas in Mejico.
Limber yer fingers an' rosin yer bow,
An' fiddle yer song ez yer hobble along.

Johnny Crapaud:

Coq Alleman', crow tantque you can;
Some tam yer hear os yell again
Gloire! Gloire! Gloire! Gloire!—
De Nice et Marseille à la Loire—
De Brest et Paree à la Lorraine:
Alors le combat com agin;
Les braves Français vill knock yer out,
An' spill yer lager an' sauerkraut
"Unter den Linden" in Berlin!

Allons—allons, mes cher garçons!
Mon grand-grand-grand-pere—eh, bien!
He vas le grand Napoléon;
Et la mère, elle—sa fille de chambre;
La quelle?—parbleu!—une dans le nombre.

Hélas, mon mauvais violon,
De trop he sing an' bust hees string
En cette fandango-Mexicain-quadrille.
Bientôt je quit cet counteree;
Eet geet trop tam big hot pour moi.

Avec mon Oncle, pore Jeem Hill,
Longtemps nous cam de Montreal
Pour aller pecher en ville Sang Paul.
Jeem ketch ze sucker an' ketch ze gold;
Mais je stan' roun' an' ketch ze cold.

A pied je voyage à Winnipeg
Pour dompter chevaux et—rompre mon leg.

Mon Oncle Jeem—mon cher ami—
Il bin toujours si bon to me,
Et plein de Chretienne charité—
Si tot it cam le traîneau frost
He send me dix sous par la poste.

Je pay twelf sous impôts on cette lettre—
Et tout de suite—mon leg ees better.

Alors je punch la vache, py gar,
An' tweest ze ranch steer on ze tail,
Whilst Oncle Jeem, in hees gran' car,
Boss hees own cinq-mille mile de fer,
An' rides ze Nordouest on ze rail.

Pour thirty year, o mas, hélas,
Parfois j'ai monté ze brake-beam bar,
Mais jamais je n'ai pas ketch une "passe."

Un tam I pay mon billet-fare
Du Lac du Diable, en caboose-cair,
Jusqu'à Sang Paul on Jeem Hill's rail,
An' bring heem big bag duck an' quail.
He tank me plenty donc, by gar,
An' gif me un cinq-sou cigar.

Eh bien! pourquoi je bin si poor?
I stan' aroun' tout mes boux jours,
Pendant que Jeem Hill ketch millions more.

Je bin trois ans in Mejico;
Je punch les vaches et les chevres;
An' some tam les autres animaux.
I like I stay in ce pays forevers,
Mais—Crac!—Hell go poppin' in Mexico!

Bronco Bill:

Now, Yaqui Jack, jist take a whack:
Yerk yer serapè-overcoat,
Tip yer pig-skin uf ole mescal
Tu clear yer eyes an' wash yer throat,
An' sing yer song uf the mountin-goat.

Yaqui Jack:

Buckéros Galopando:
No habl Espan',
O Francais Dutch, o Yankee slan';
Yo 'sto un Toltec-Yaqui man.
Un tan yo march a Mazatlan,
En breech-ban, descalzo—ze bes I can;
Pero no ketch me mucho Espan'.
Yo 'sto un Toltec-Yaqui man—
Bastante buen por pobre mi;
So yo canto Toltec-Quiché.

Quetzalcoatl, Nahuatlacatl—
Toltecatl log Tolatatl
Batl Tulatatl og Chula-atl:
Quiche, Quatematl,
Con cabraotl log Cochinillotl,
Wiggl log woggl dan Yucatan.

Chinatchapi, Japatchapi y Chinookachapi,
Datl com squatl en Tenoclan.
Bombitl com atl ze Spanish man—
Cortethatl log fire an' rattl.
Mochtezuma bogl an' wogl an' dogl,
An' Corteth ketch ze Aztec lan'.

Porfirio Diaz—gran' Dios de Aztecatl—
Make Anahuac un gran' Countree—
Cabrones, carneros an' plenty fat cattle,
Ferrocarriles, minas de oro y de plata:
Yo ketch plenty wild goat in Sierra Madre,—
An' paz an' pesos, de pe a pa, en mi countree.

Pero Roosterbelt fight hees tsetse-fly battl,
An' kill all ze leons en Africo;
Dotl he cam back con hees big brass-bans,
An' blood on hees eye, an' hees nose, an' hees
hans,
An' holler an' rattl an' punch ze cattl,
An' hell go a-poppin en Amerigo.

Pronto Popocatepetl bile hees big kittl:
Aquel big snake, Quetzalcoatl,
He cock up hees tail an rattl hees rattl,
An' he an' Mexitl jomp out uf zet kittl,
An' hell com a-poppin' en Mejico.

Johnny Crapaud:

Bullee, Yaqui!—encore—encore!
Je hear ce chant no more before,
Mais j'ai ketch ze Chinachapi en le Tehachepi,
An' see plenty Japachapi dans la ville de Los Angeles.
Et plus des jackassapi sur tout le counteree.
En Toltac et Aztac, et tout cet la Quiche-quac,
Ce Yaqui Jack, nous tous ve know eet—
Il est le chef—le tete-top poete;
Bet you dix sous you deedn't know it—
Mon oncle Jeem Hill est un gran' poete.
Il chante son jubilaire Chant du Rail,
Comme un rossignol ou la matin caille.
Eh! je smell mescal en cette pig-skin bottle!
Mais—yimminee kreips—où est cette go-at?

Un tam je clam Popocatapetl,
Pour ketch un condor an' fry mon kettle;
Je no ketch le condor, mais he ketch me;
La poudre no go en mon ole fusil
Longtemps we fight; je bleed plus little;
He smash mon flacon d'eau-de-vie—
Je ketch une plume; bientôt, amis,
Je saute a bas sans fusil an' kittle:
Je sauve une pièce de chemise on mon breast,
Et la front-pièce du mon pantalon—
He ketch ze rest.

Bronco Bill:

Nu, Broder Knute's yer turn tu toot;
Pul uf yer durn ole dog-skin coat,
An' sing a song er ride the goat.

Broder Knute:

Min Ko-Boy Brödre—een an' all—
Jeg takker eder, stor an' smaa;
Nu, sukkrer op det alkohol;
Saa synger jeg min god Norsk sang,
No mer as ti ski-hopper lang.

Naa jeg bin hört fra Nord Dakoter's
Round-Op af dem Svenske voters—
Dem sheep-coat, agerkultur pioneers.
De bin fuld af tricks in politics;
De malk de ko an' malk de steers.
De spotte de Nowidgeon;
De got a slem religion;
De syng' ole Psalms an' Sagas,
An 'raise hell an' ruta-bagas.

De lid' ze smel af ole gaas-grease,
De lid' ze smel af whiskee strang,
De lid' ze smel af Limburg-cheese,
Men, not ze smel af Norske sang.

"Don't yer wanter work for Jesus?"
Said the preacher to Ole Robb.
"Nay, ay tank nat, meester Priester;
Ay gota better yob;
Ay eata min pore syster;
Ay werk fer Badger Bob."

Nu, brödre Boys, I gif min word;
Jeg bin born ved det samm Norskland Fjord,
Og in det samm ole slot—Bilskirner,
Hvor min stor Stamfader Thor,
Der fight det Midgard-Slang' var born—
Seks tusind aar og mer siden.

He var stærker end fem hundred men;
He slog det big brun bar—Bjorn
Der weigh ti tusind pund og mer;
He crack hans skal med hees big Hammer,
An' tog de skind for hees Sove-kammer.

Jeg ketch ze bars een gang i hjörne
Med hjelpe af min magisk Norn,
An' slog minselv en dusin björne.
Da jeg var netop seks aar old,
An' de vejr det var snappen cold.

Nu, Poys, I toot min Hulder-horn,
An' "bunch" de cattles for de Lord.
Min stamfädre sail fra Noraway
Down til de Zuyder Zee, Min Herr;
De var Vikings old an' fighters bold,
Ez ever sailed de sea, min Herr.

For de var fed on spruce-bark bread,
On stok-fisk an' bar-grease, sar.
Der' haar var red; the life de led
Var rovin' on the seas, sar.

De var ten fut tall, an' over all
A bar-skin til the thighs, sar;
Der' legs var bar, oxcept the haar
Fra der' toe-nails till der' eyes, Min Herr.

De struck a calm at Amsterdam,
An' tog she-Dutch tu wife, sar;
Som af 'em settled Rutterdam,
An' ruttet all der' life, Min Herr.

Med big bar-traps an' Danemark dogs
De ketch wild Irish in der' bogs;
De skind an' tog der' hairy pelts
For bench-rugs in der' Aeger-Sal.

De fit the Briton an' the Gaul,
De robbed the Saxon an' the Celt,
An' the biggest fightin' cock af all—
Hees nom var Tiddig Roosterbelt.

Nu, sukkrer op det alkohol;
Must haf free sukker for det water—
Saa yer vill see de voters all
Run fer det sukker in det water,
An' hör de womens all, an' de babies squall,
For min Onkel Knute in Minnesoter.

Ve'll keep den turiff on det corn,
On wheat an' meat, turnups an' taters,
On sheepskin coats, on sheeps an' goats,
An' "militants" in petticoats,
An' svin an' ko's an ether craturs.

Ellers our pore farmer go forlorn,
An' live on shucks, fer dem "Canucks"
Vill send en army af invaders,
Med vogn-loads af frosted taters;
An' corn, bananas, an' garden-trucks.
An' hens an' geese an' Switzer cheese,
Turkies in flocks an' eider-ducks;
An' pork an' beans, sardines an' greens,
An' den new harvester machines—
Det "International" ketch-em-all
Det mak de turiff-tinkers squall.

Og logs an' lum'er an' ice all summer,
On skies an' skates, bob-sleds an' vogns;
An' plenty French girls on toboggans,
Med bob-tail cats an' coctail hats,
An' smirks an' smiles an' teats-fer-tats;
Med maple-sukker an' apple-jelly,
An' all god tings for back an' belly.

Saa de pore farmer—what he do
But help hees fro to malk de ko?
Ja, ve skall keep det turiff on,
Eller all our penge soon be gone;
An' saa ve swoller bitter pill.

Ve bedre keep det turiff on;
(Men af det sukker—cut 'eem all,
An' af det Svenske alkohol);
Saa eef ve got som peng' to spill,
It bedre be for charitee,
An' gif it all til pore Jim Hill.

Nu, brödre all, komm til Sankt Powl,
On det nex "Round-Op"—een an' all—
Det bin min "Round-Op"—jeg bin dar;
Det bin, I tenk, nex fall fem aar;
Da vil ve mak os blenty cheer
Med stokfisk, sur-kaal an' bock-beer.
Saa ve round-op dem sheeps agen.

Farvel—Amen!

These stray "chicks" of mine are not at home here. They were hatched after my *Indian Legends and Other Poems* were out, and I want to give them a roosting-place and save them from the wolf — for a time — if I can.— Hanford L. Gordon, Los Angeles, Cal., September 1, 1918.

Colonel Wilkin.

(Read at the unveiling of the statue of Colonel Alexander Wilkin, at the Capitol, St. Paul, Minnesota, September 8, 1910.)

I knew him—that fearless Wilkin —
Bundle of nerves of steel;
I knew him—that gallant Wilkin—
Captain of Company "A"
Of the "North Star's" famous "First."

I saw him—that dauntless Wilkin—
Bundle of nerves of steel—
When the Bull Run rout begun—
Holding his company steady
When hell broke loose on the hill—
Holding his company steady
When most of us broke and run,—
Holding his company steady
With saber and gun and skill:
Nobody thought he could do it,
But Wilkin said "*I will!*"

I heard of him—Colonel Wilkin—
In that bloody fight at Gun-town—
Where the stalwart "Ninth Minnesota"
Breasted the Rebel charge;
Where the color-guards fell by the colors,
And sergeant and colors went down.

The brave ranks faltered a moment,
 And a few of them broke—but—*No!*
 That Scotch-grisled Sergeant Macdonald,
 Sprang to his feet and flaunted
 His flag in the face of the foe.
 And he—that gallant Wilkin—
 Aflame with heroic zeal—
 Covered our flying disaster
 With his iron men of the “Ninth”
 In a blazing wall of steel.

I heard of him—Colonel Wilkin—
 That bundle of nerves of steel—
 When he won the battle of Tupelo,
 And fell, like a Spartan, fighting
 For our country’s cause and weal.
 “Boys,” he said, “I am blinded;
 Everything looks so dark;
 I can’t see the colors, Comrades,
 Everything looks so dark.”

Comrades, we are dropping—
 Only a few of us left;
 The bravest have gone before us—
 Only a few of us left.

But swing your hats and the colors;
 Send up a ringing cheer
 For our hero—the gallant Wilkin—
 Bundle of nerves of steel—
 Who fell like a Spartan, fighting
 For his country’s cause and weal.

Comrades, we are dropping—
Only a few of us left;
The bravest have gone before us—
Only a few of us left.
Don't you hear our Comrades cheering
Over the River?—Hark!
I can't see their beaming faces—
"Everything looks so dark."

But swing your hats and the colors;
Send up a ringing cheer
For our hero—the gallant Wilkin—
Soldier with nerves of steel—
Who fell, like a Spartan, fighting
For his country's cause and weal.

Comrades, we are ready:
Let the bugler bugle "*Taps*":
But hold the colors steady:
We've had our day of toil and play:
Gray bugler, toot the "*Taps*":
But we'll swing our hats before we go,
And yell once more, as they yelled that day,
For the hero of Tupelo.

Au Revoir.

I'm going out—I'm going out
 Upon a starless sea:
 There is no light to-night—to-night—
 On ship or shore for me.

My bark's adrift; O Lord, I lift
 My craven prayer to Thee:
 I'm going out in mist and doubt
 Upon the shoreless sea.

I'm going out—I'm going out
 Upon a starless sea:
 I see no light to-night—to-night;
 I only hope; I can not doubt
 Thy father-care for me.

Later

Good-night—good-night: I'm going out
 Upon a *star-lit sea*.
 At last to-night I see the light—
 God's beacon-light for me.

I'm going out—I'm going out
 Upon the star-lit sea;
 No more I fear—no more I doubt:
 I see the beaming beacon-light
 An Angel holds for me.

The winds are still: His mighty will
 Hath stilled the stormy sea:
 Good-night—Good-night; I see the light—
 I see the light—I see the light
 An Angel holds for me.

December 30, 1911.

A Song for Christmas.

A song for this Christmas day, my dear,
A song in this wintry weather;
For what does it matter—the time o' the year—
When you an' I are together?

What matters it, dear, the time o' the year,
Or the gusts o' the wintry weather?
For the fire burns bright on the hearth to-night,
An' we're growin' gray together.

A song for the dear old apple-trees,
An' that bunch o' bloomin' heather,
Where we first met that summer day,
An' stammered an' blushed together.

A song for the love of our love, my love,
That holdeth our hearts in tether;
All seasons are summer to me, my love,
Since we locked arms together.

December, 1912.

The Hermit of the San Gabriel.

Leave me alone with myself to-night:

Leave me alone:

Under the pines and the stars to-night

Leave me alone.

Let me dream of the years and the dear ones gone:

Leave me alone.

Under the pines and the stars to-night

I am alone—

Alone with my soul and my God to-night;

His stars above are my only light,

The light of the eyes that I loved is gone,

And I am alone—

Old and alone.

December 30, 1912.

Joaquin Miller.

Gray minstrel of the mountain peaks,
 Grim poet of the desert wild,
 In whose weird songs Dame Nature speaks
 The language of her chosen child,—
 Companion of the honey-bees
 That sipped the dew of Helicon,
 Pale harper on the shoreless seas,
 On earth your songs "sail on and on."

Men gather gold from mountain streams,
 From desert sands and flinty quartz;
 He gathered gold from golden dreams
 And sunset skies and human hearts.
 Men fling their gold to wassail wine,
 To hazard games and magdalen;
 In songs of sea and peak and pine
 He gave his gathered gold to men.

February 21, 1913

BUTTERCUP.

(A Baby-Song.)

Sweet little Buttercup,
 Sunny-haired Buttercup,
 Dear little Buttercup,
 Hold up your chin;
 Here is a pearly drop,
 Dear little Curly-top,
 Open your mousie
 And I'll drop it in.

Buttercup—Buttercup,
Hold your dear mousie up,—
Buttercup—Buttercup,
Hold up your chin;
Here is a honey-drop,
Dear little Sunny-top;
Hold up your mousie,
And I'll drop it in.

The Pilgrims.

They weighed the anchor from the deep,
They cast the cable from the shore—
While brothers pray and women weep:
The uncharted ocean lay before;
Beyond, the savage wilderness,
And toil and danger and distress.

Before them, o'er the western sea,
A golden cloud arose by day,
By night, a blazing star, and led
The daring Pilgrims on their way.

A storm arose and lashed the seas—
Lashed the mad billows main-mast high;
Grave Brewster fell upon his knees;
A hand of fire flashed in the sky!
"God's hand is over our heads," he said;
The roaring seas fell into calm;
Then on the drenched deck Brewster led
In fervent prayer and holy Psalm.

With battered sides and broken rails,
With weakened stays and tattered sails,
The Mayflower braved the icy gales.

O'er wan, wild shore one winter night,
 At last they saw that red star stand,
 And from the star there spread a light
 O'er stormy sea and somber land.
 There, on that wild and rugged shore.
 They landed, haggard, weak and sore.
 Miles Standish drew his brave broadsword,
 And good John Carver thanked the Lord.

They builded high a great camp-fire ;
 Grave Brewster read the Holy Word ;
 An hundred voices blent in choir,
 Around that blazing, cheering fire,
 Chanted the praises of the Lord.
 And while they sung and the forest rung,
 And echoed to the holy hymn,
 Peered from the shadowy thicket dim—
 A wary savage and adroit—
 The gleaming eyes of Massasoit.

Famine and cold and fell disease,
 Long winter-long brought woe and death ;
 With Psalms and prayers on bended knees,
 The Pilgrims held their holy faith :

And westward, like a blazing hand,
 That wondrous star still beamed at night ;
 And it hath lit a mighty land,
 From sea to sea, with holy light.

The seed sown on that rugged strand
 Hath grown and spread from shore to shore,—
 O'er grassy plains and desert sand ;
 To tropic gulf and ice-bound land ;

Beyond the sunset mountain-peaks,
Far to the islands of the West—
Wherever son of Pilgrim seeks
The game of gold or palms of rest.
And still the seed the Mayflower bore
Spreadeth and sprouteth more and more.

June 5, 1913.

"The Night Cometh"

(Voltaire

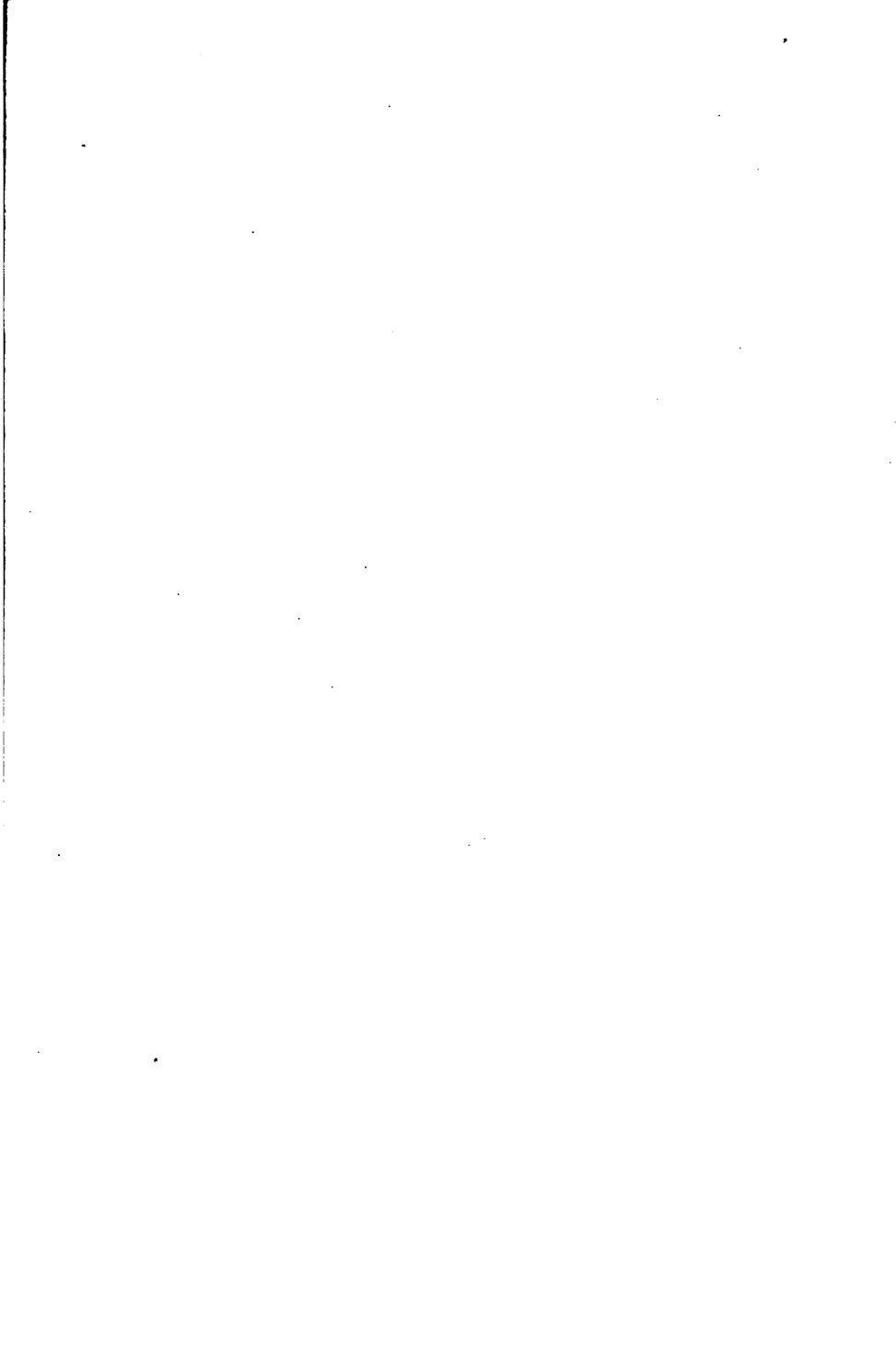
On his death-bed to his adopted daughter Reine,
whom he pet-named *Belle et Bonne*.)

Lay your hand on my head, my dear;
The long day waneth, the night is near.
The day was chequered, the day was long,
But I lightened my labors with love and song.

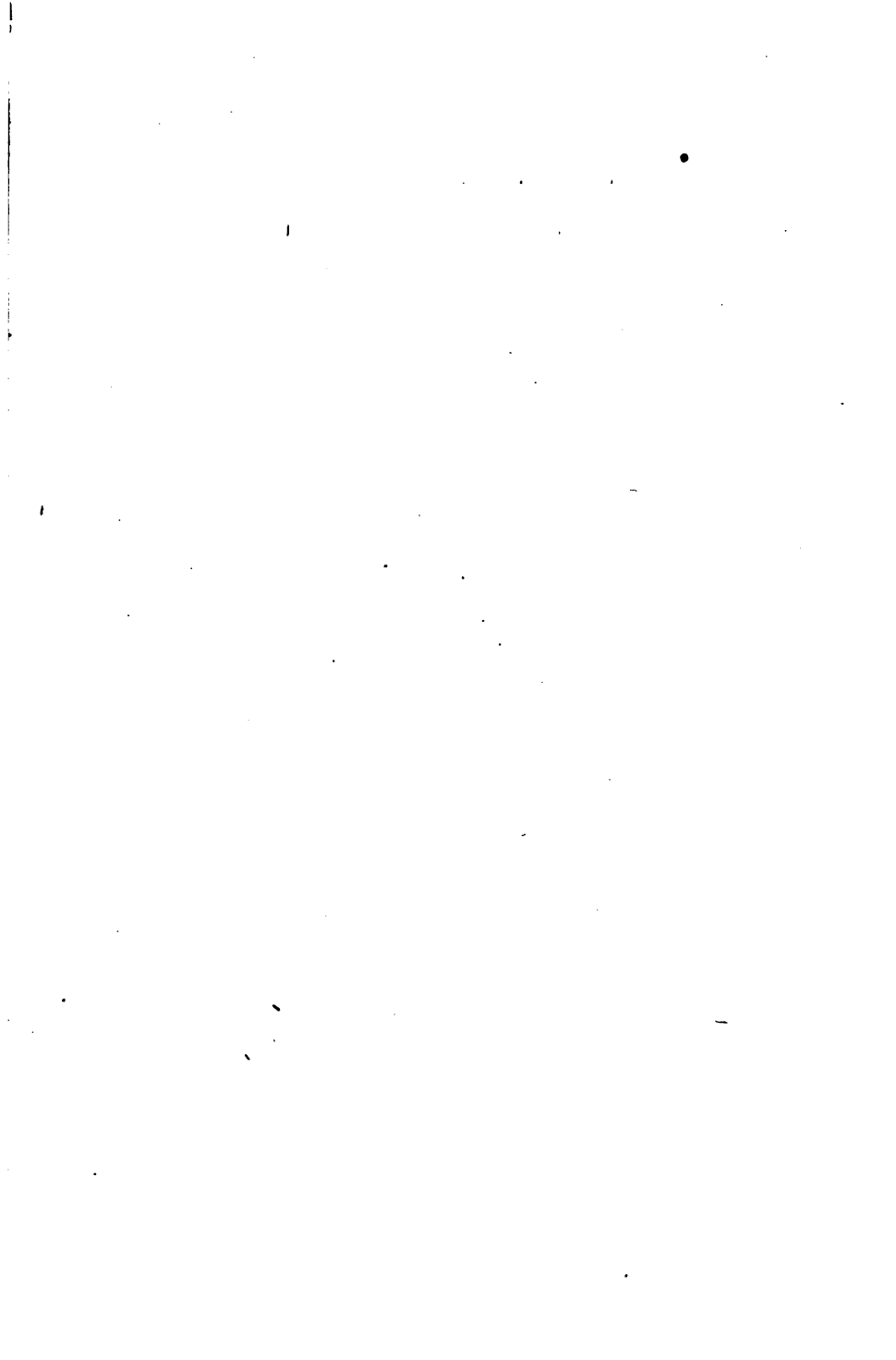
Shed not a tear for me, my dear;
Lay no flowers on my grave or bier:
They will fade and wither and soon be sear,
While I drift and drift on the unknown sea
Whose shores are the shores of Eternity.

List not for a voice from that silent sea;
Look not for me through the mist and fog,
But take kind care of my little dog:
Poor little *Cher*—he will mourn for me.

July 20, 1913.







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